

EXCLUSIVE!
MRS. JAY MCINERNEY'S
INSIDE, ULTRAVOYEURISTIC ACCOUNT
OF HER DOOMED MARRIAGE
TO THE AUTHOR OF
BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG CITY

MCINERNEY DEAREST!

PLUS
SLUMLORD HAVE MERCY—
IT'S AN ALL-NEW
FATHER RITTER SCANDAL!

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AMERICA!**

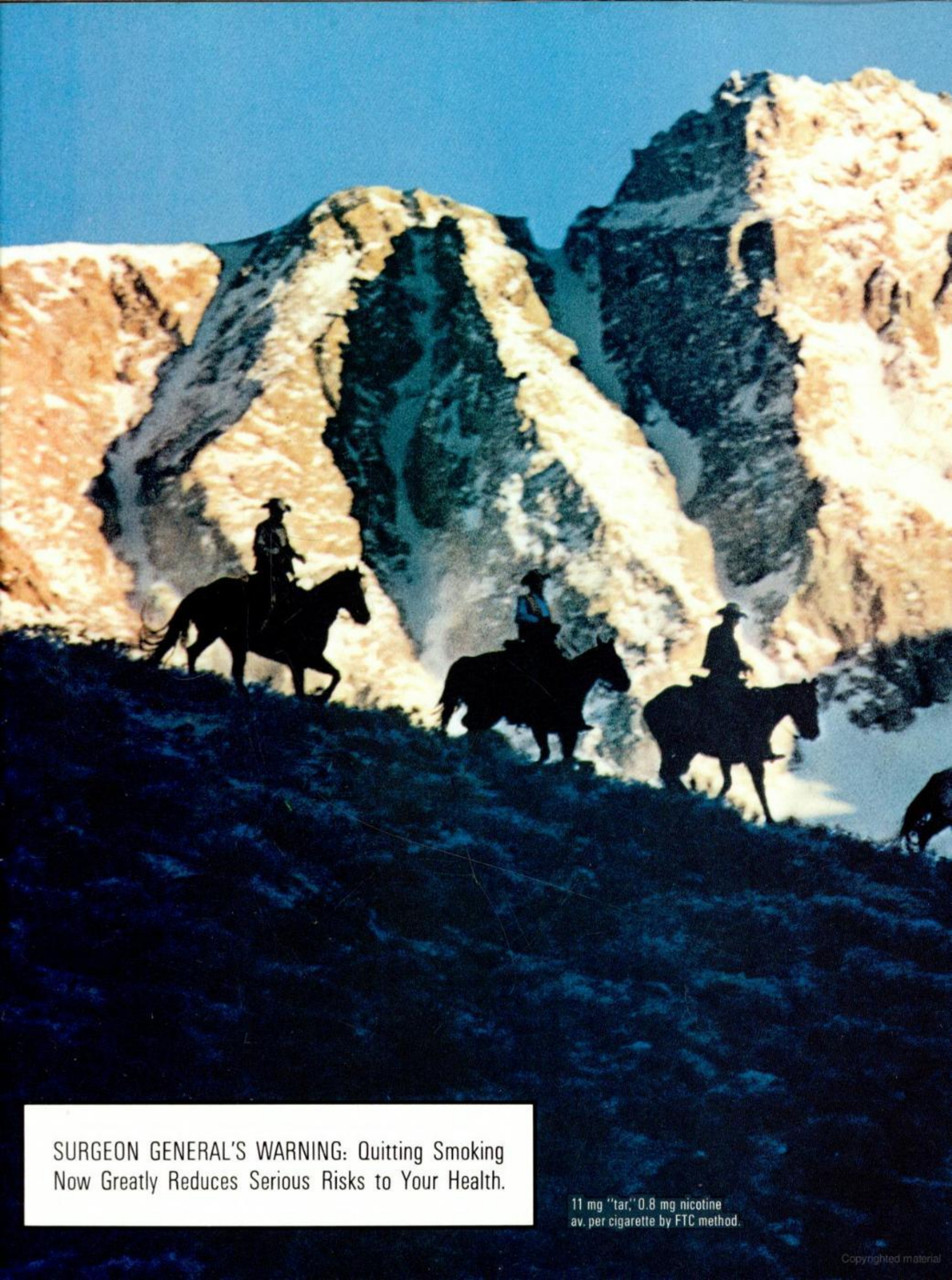
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OF THE RICH
AND FAMOUS

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DEPARTMENTS

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NAKED CITY



► Macho love guys Barry White and Placido Domingo square off! Martha Stewart dispatches cute, downy little creatures! Facial hair on thirtysomething proliferates! A satirical magazine—this one—launches a nationwide talent search for the new Mrs. Donald Trump...and she could be you! Plus: **The Webs** makes its *Naked City* debut as RING NORRIS explains why Dan Rather looked so grouchy when the U.S. invaded Panama 22

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43RD AND HELL

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A STAR IS BORN 1990

► One rises, the other dims. Funny how life imitates the cinematic art of Janet Gaynor and Fredric March, or Judy Garland and James Mason, or—what the heck—Barbra Streisand and Kris Kristofferson. Because, as HENRY ALFORD found out, behind every real-life Madonna lurks a real-life Sean Penn. And the same goes for Snoopy and Charlie Brown 58

STORY OF HER LIFE

► She didn't like him at first—she thought he was a buffoon, a name-dropper. Nevertheless, in 1984 she married Jay McInerney, the soon-to-be-successful young novelist. Now, six boozy, Bright Lights-like years and one urine-filled soup tureen later, Merry McInerney has quite the tale to tell 66

ASSUME THE POSITION, AMERICA

► Masters of the universe today, they paraded around in burlap sacks back in college (or so we're told). BOB MACK examines the, uh, frat-boy-ification of America, whereby eager young men survive paddlings and alcohol poisoning and grow up to become Dan Quayle, Lee Atwater, Mike Ovitz, Kurt Vonnegut and more 76

COLUMNS

► HENRY "DUTCH" HOLLAND plunges into the lurid world of cat-care journals and gun-nut rags in **Review of Reviewers**; BOB KATZ listens in on some aging jocks who've made a big **Business** out of reminding drowsy conventioners to go for it!; and ELLIS WEINER endures Italian bistro dining in his continuing saga of **How to Be** 84



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OUR UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE

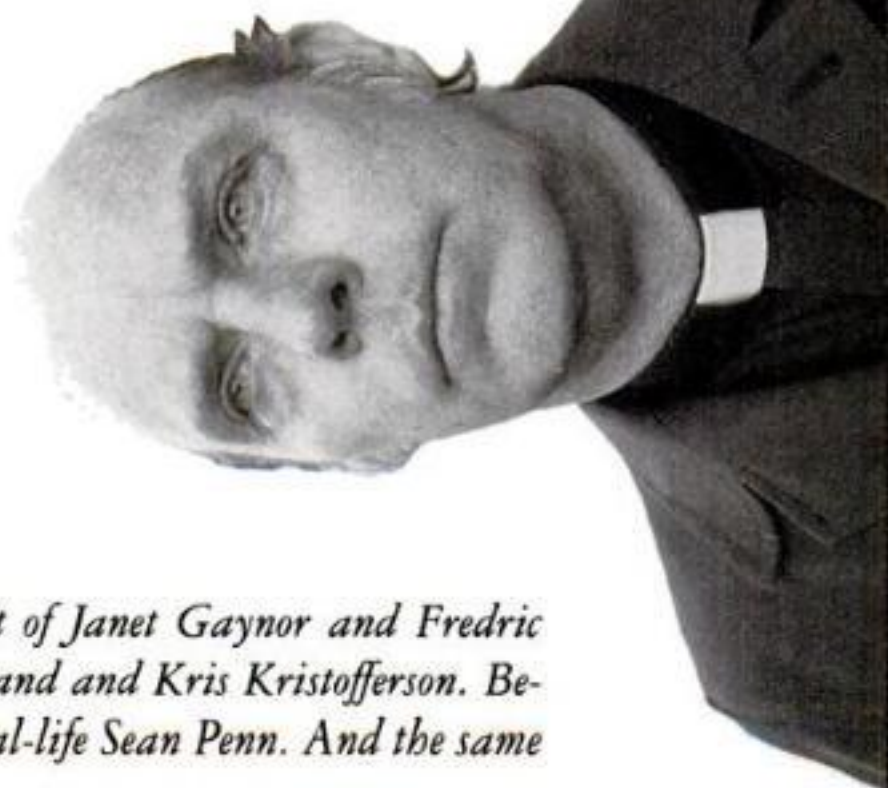
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► Your name here? Introducing our superuseful, ground-breaking new guide to getting the most out of every SPY 94

THE COVER

Jay McInerney photographed by Ron Galella. Drawings by Ben Chase.



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running A-1."—Donald Trump, when asked if news accounts of his divorce had affected him negatively
news accounts of her divorce had affected her negatively

THIS APRIL
WE'RE PRETTY
DARN PROUD.

Not specifically we
at SPY, although the
happy confluence of
another issue on the
newsstands, our first
television special and
the successful caulking
of a madden-

ing hole in the art-department ceiling is reason enough to
break out the bottled water ("Oh my God," said the owner of
Le Cirque when informed of the Perrier crisis. "Oh my God," said
the owner of Lutèce when he heard the news) and ease
into a late-afternoon work slowdown. No, it's more universal than
that: we're proud *as a species*. And no one embodies the
moment better than Ken Kragen, the organizer of "We Are the
World" and USA for Africa. Kragen is so pleased with his efforts
of five years ago that he now wants to spend \$500,000

of the group's remaining funds to make
a movie about USA for Africa's philan-
thropy. 📌 "We're pretty proud of what
we've done," he said. "The documentary
would be a legacy." Indeed it would: a

sort of *The Making of...*, presumably starring, well—Ken Kra-
gen. And with that awful hunger situation in Africa all cleared
up now, what better way to spend half a million dollars? Yes,

it's time to kick back
a bit, think about
posterity, take a little
credit. 📌 Justifiable
pride is everywhere.

New Yorkers' most monstrous hotel is also
their most highly valued one, at least in the
view of the city's tax authorities. The Mar-

riott Marquis on Times
Square was recently as-
sessed at \$143.15 mil-
lion—only a bit less
valuable, in the tax as-

sessors' eyes, than the Empire State Building. *One hundred forty-
three point one five million dollars!* Sounds like a lot to us, but even
with a sudden infusion of that kind of money, RJR Nabisco
wouldn't quite have broken even for the last quarter of 1989.
Still, the fact that the junk-bond-encumbered food-and-tobacco
combine lost almost the equivalent of one monstrous Times
Square Marriott Marquis hotel in just three months—and
\$1.15 billion during the year—was taken as a sign of business
prowess by securities analysts. "I thought it was excellent," the

T
his April

we're pretty

darn proud



"The last three days my casinos in Atlantic City are leading the whole town. The Trump casinos are
"Actually, business is up."—Plaza Hotel executive Ivana Trump a few days later, when asked if



analyst John C. Maxwell Jr. said of Nabisco's performance. "If they can do this well [now], think what they can do next year." We're beginning to understand what's going on: repositioning as a nonprofit organization will be the most significant corporate trend of the new decade. And if Nabisco's losses can be held to the low billions again in 1990, the company will really owe itself a documentary.

This peculiar nineties-vintage rah-rah spirit, composed equally of pride, wishfulness and flexibility of outlook, is

tamale filling. But there were other opinions. "We're sure it was cocaine," insisted the colonel whose troops had made the discovery. "It was not cocaine," a Pentagon spokesman said a month later. Later still: "It was not tamales." In the end, it turned out the ingredients the army had confiscated were farina, cornmeal and lard, wrapped in banana leaves—a cache probably earmarked for use in voodoo ceremonies, not in nasal passages or combination platters. Loss of military face? No way. *Too proud.*

Noriega—"a hard guy to get to know," according to his pal and former minister of commerce—is probably one of the people Secretary of State Jim Baker had in mind when he told a gathering of government officials

that "power doesn't really bring the fulfillment that many think it does." To help him keep things in perspective, Baker belongs to a kind of Power Brokers Anonymous, attending weekly prayer meetings with a small group of "very normal guys who just happen to hold positions of power and influence in Washington."

Power and influence in Washington sounds very much like what Senator Alfonse D'Amato once had. And will have again, in the unlikely opinion of one fellow politician. "As soon as he gets vindicated, he'll go up so fast, so far, it'll change everything," said Mario Cuomo, presumably referring not to D'Amato's hitherto unreported experiments with helium but to his popularity. So, the governor was asked, *do you think will be vindicated?* "I hope he will be. What do you hope—he gets convicted of something?"

Well...yes. Speaking of Italian-American New Yorkers' getting vindicated, at plumbing-supplies salesman John Gotti's trial a witness named Vinnie "the Fish" Cafaro took the opportunity to describe his initiation into the Genovese crime family, which was held in the basement of a restaurant near Canal Street. The guidelines for members, recalled the Fish in testimony, were: "You can't fool around with an *amico's* wife. You can't fool around

with junk. No pornography and no government bonds." No government bonds? What a drag. Is organized crime too *proud* to get involved in government bonds?

The scientists who seven years ago introduced the phrase *nuclear winter* aren't too proud to change their minds—and so they have. *Nuclear winter*, they've decided, is hyperbolic. *Nuclear autumn*, it turns out, would more accurately describe the result of a spirited exchange of hydrogen bombs. (Do we hear *nuclear Indian summer*?) "My personal opinion is that the human race wouldn't become extinct," said Dr. Richard P. Turco, who coined the original phrase, "but civilization as we know it certainly would."

Unfortunately, that probably includes Geraldo and Roseanne, and that would be tragic. Especially now. Tribune Entertainment, *Geraldo's* distributor, has promised a "more sensitive, more concerned, more humanitarian" show. And a TV executive connected with *Roseanne* has in effect made the equivalent promise—a more sensitive, more concerned, more humanitarian Roseanne Barr, a Roseanne Barr who will no longer misbehave. And *why* won't she? Because she doesn't want to put any potential syndication money at risk. "She now understands," said the executive, "the concept of immense wealth."

Which brings us, of course, to the fifth installment of *1999: Casinos of the Fourth Reich*, our serialized blockbuster novel of the fin de siècle. In the last episode, Prince Johannes and Princess Gloria von Thurn und Taxis were about to have 1,500 people over to celebrate the 500th anniversary of the German postal service. Now it seems that a sizable portion of the guests could have carpooled in one Ferrari. Not any Ferrari, but the custom-built, 5-axled, 30-foot-long stretch Ferrari that turned up recently at a Stuttgart car show and that we expect—we desperately *hope*—to see careening down Fifth Avenue any day now: the perfect Donald Trump datemobile.

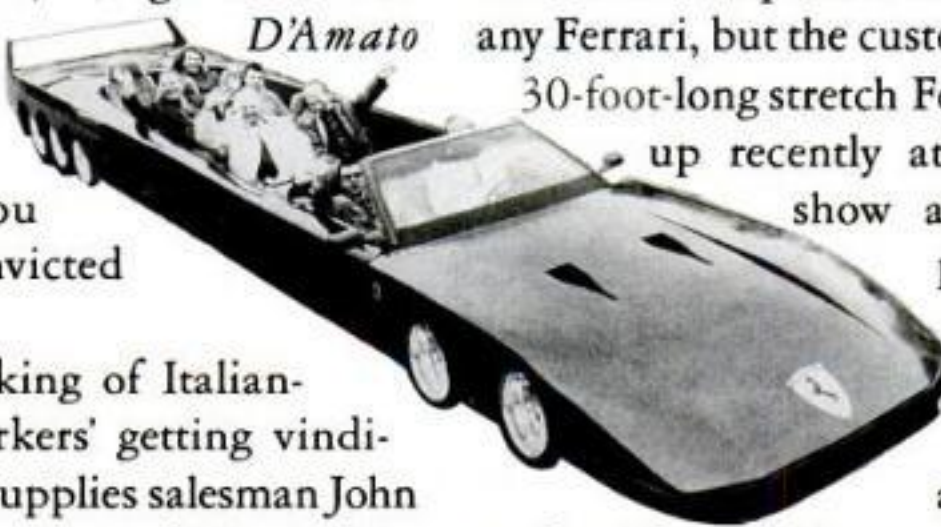
Clearly we—as a species—have not yet seen it all. In the meantime we—as a magazine—don't mind saying that at this rate *1999: Casinos of the Fourth Reich* has great possibilities. We're pretty darn proud of it. We're even thinking documentary. ☛



shared by Drexel Burnham chairman Fred Joseph, whose disintegrating company lost a mere \$40 million in 1989. "I had the best hand going into the decade, and I have the worst hand coming out," Joseph said days before filing for bankruptcy. "[But] I see daylight. *The worst is behind us.*"

That's a sentiment the people of Romania would do well to cling to, and in fact that nation showed an admirable rah-rah spirit of its own when the time came for Nicolae Ceaușescu's top aides to explain themselves. Before live coverage of their trial began, Romanian TV, striving to establish a certain national mood, broadcast Stanley Kramer's *Judgment at Nuremberg*. This leads to speculation about what might have happened if the Ceaușescus themselves had had the benefit of a televised movie as the curtain raiser for *their* trial. For example: Would things have gone better for them if the entire nation had first sat down to a nice romantic comedy? And what if a programmer had decided to play devil's advocate by showing, say, *The Ox-Bow Incident*? Might the couple be alive today? We'll never know.

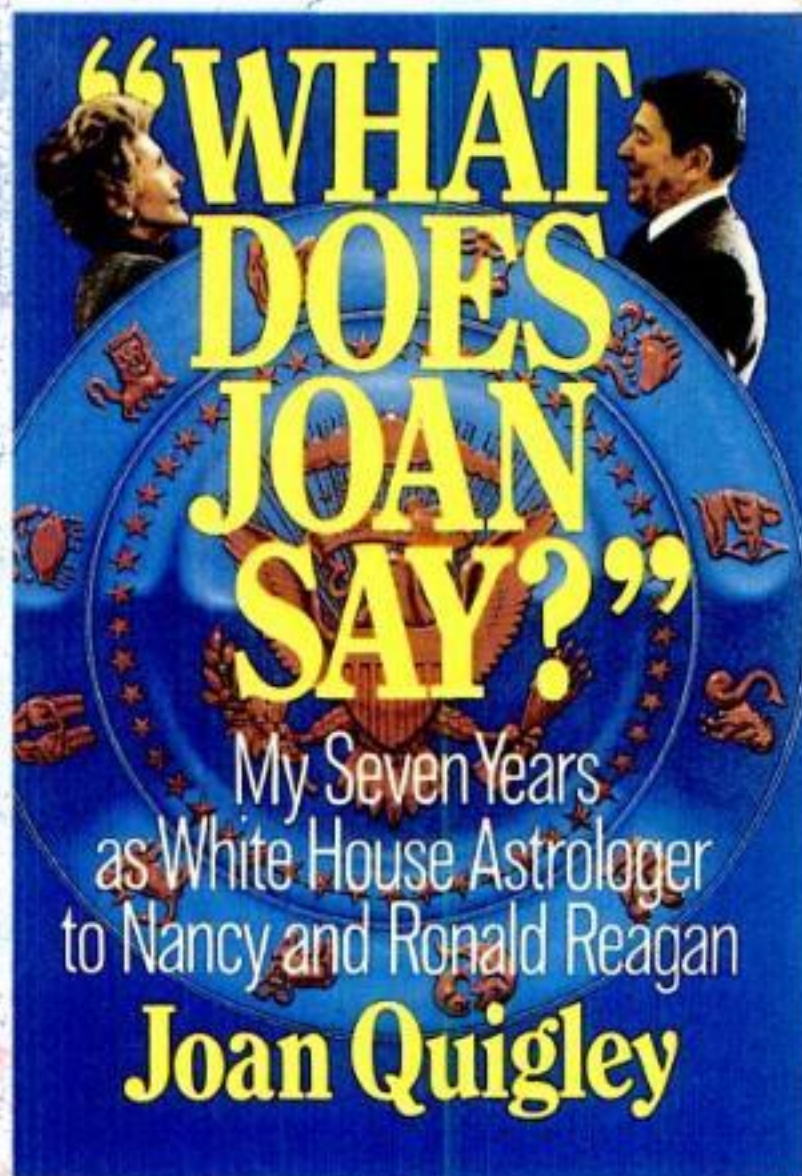
The U.S. Army is proud by definition, so it's easy for them to come right out and admit it when they break into a Panamanian dictator's home and seize his Mexican food. At least that's what one American on the scene thought the 50 pounds of a suspicious powdery substance at Manuel Noriega's residence looked like—



The very last word Nancy Reagan said was, “Lie.”

“What Does Joan Say?”

My Seven Years as White House Astrologer to
Nancy and Ronald Reagan
by Joan Quigley



During the Reagan years, the most important matters of the nation were under the control of the First Lady's astrologer. Not since the days of the Roman emperors—and never in the history of the United States—has an astrologer played such a significant role in a nation's affairs of state.

According to Reagan's Chief of Staff Donald Regan, “He—or in this case she—who controls the President's schedule controls the workings of the Presidency.” Joan Quigley controlled that schedule, and *much, much more*.

She was consulted daily, sometimes hourly, regarding every decision affecting the President. Beginning with Ronald Reagan's campaign for the Presidency in 1980 to the end of his second term, Quigley provided the advice and guidance that shaped major world events:

- She set the time for all press conferences, most speeches, and State of the Union addresses—scheduling *virtually every item* on the President's agenda.
- She was responsible for Reagan's historic shift from viewing Russia as the Evil Empire to accepting Mikhail Gorbachev as a leader who sought peace and reconciliation.

DRUGS AND YOUTH:



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- Her influence in the creation of major U.S. policy included the Bitburg crisis, the Geneva and Reykjavik summits and the INF Treaty.

- She helped re-create Nancy Reagan's public image—from the Wicked Witch of the West to the Lady of Good Deeds and Causes.

- And much more.



The very last word Nancy Reagan said to Joan Quigley, if she should be asked about sensitive matters, was “lie.” For the sake of history and to set the record straight, the author reveals in this book the entire and startling truth about her crucial role in the Reagan White House.

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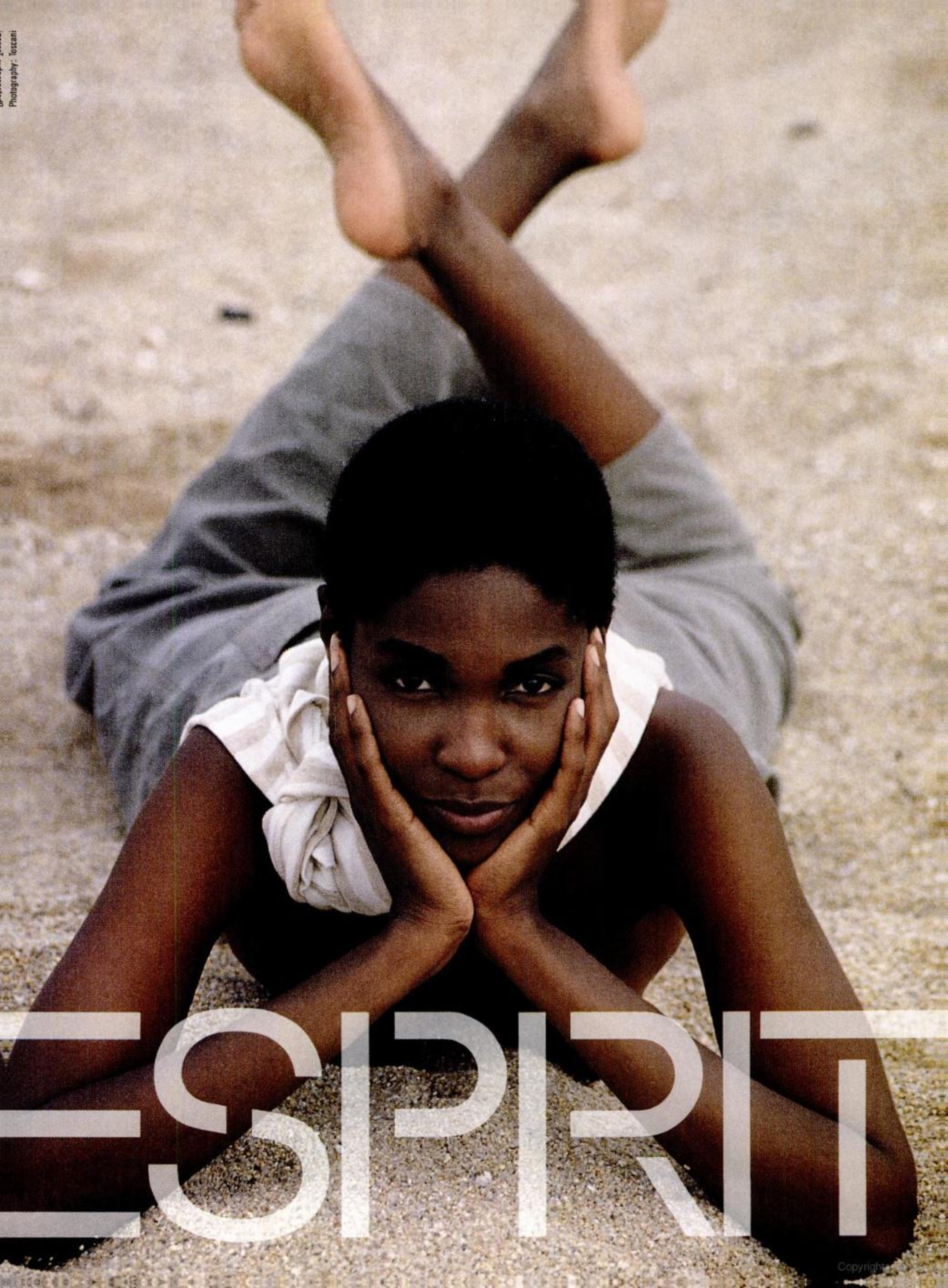
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From the SPY mailroom: What is our reward, after 38 issues, for having trained a faithful readership to read SPY cover to cover, no matter how fine the print (our reward, that is, apart from the profits we accrue via our interest in certain ophthalmological concerns)?



Our reward is grief; the attention to detail we've come to demand of you has backfired. But it's our own

fault. We're talking about how we've been tormenting you with *conflicting signals*.

Subscription-renewal notices dangling the low, low annual rate of \$21.24 have been going out to some subscribers. At the same time, the subscription card inserted in SPY has been offering the even lower, lower rate of \$19.95. To complicate matters — and test reader alertness — the tiny print on our Contents page was, for a while, advertising the fairly low, low rate of \$21.77. So: \$21.24, \$19.95, \$21.77. The first and third figures are, frankly, silly, and it's the middle, more subscriptionally one that's correct. If you get a reminder asking for \$21.24, send \$19.95.

Mark W. Doyon of Burke, Virginia, has mailed us a cassette of his "obscure yet arrogant" band, the Wampeters. In a shameless play for free publicity, Doyon writes that their album, *Folk Medicine*, is "SPY set to music." We're not going to comment beyond expressing our appreciation for the lines in one song that go, "I renew all my subscriptions/on the first notice of warning/to keep 'em coming." Thank you for *not* singing, as you probably could have, "I renew all my subscriptions/on the first notice of warning/to keep 'em coming/but what is the actual price/but what is the actual price."

Jane Hunter of San Francisco has sent us the business card of a children's-clothing store called Trumpette. Thanks to you, Ms. Hunter (and to us), Donald Trump's lawyers will soon be in touch with these poor people, once they're done with Ivana. And Martin Gershon of Manhattan has sent us a clipping from the *New York Lawyers' Guide* on their "Entrepreneur of the Decade," Donald J. Trump, which refers to Ivana as "a past member of the Czechoslovakian Women's Olympic Ski Team and a successful fashion model." Not ▶

DEAR EDITORS I would like to assure you, after reading your November 27 *Newsday* comments and those by Lewis Grossberger in *7 Days* [December 13], that I am NOT "rattled" by the SPY Tote Board. In fact, I consider it a great compliment to receive so much attention and space from you. I particularly enjoy it because it is like a nonsense game and seems to bear little resemblance to any reality. It is sometimes very amusing. The Tote Board has certainly made me better known than any other kind of exposure I have ever had, and it has given me a new, youthful audience.

You have certainly misunderstood my defense of Abe [Rosenthal] and Shirley [Lord] — much to my amusement. They are merely part of the whole.

Liz Smith
New York

Ab. What?

DEAR EDITORS We here at *Car Stereo Review* were pleased to see attention given to the glories of auto sound in your annual SPY 100 list [No. 60, "Speakers With Cars Attached," October 1989]. As we felt the need to make the roads safe for thumping tunes, we conducted a special lab test, using SPY as our barometer for barrage. Procedures and results are explained in our January/February 1990 issue ["We used a '73 Buick Le Sabre...to determine how many issues of SPY we'd have to stack on top of the speaker grilles to muffle the effects of proliferating sound waves....Using the

128-page October issue as a prototype, we found 12 to be the magic number. Installer's tip: Spread-eagle the magazines over the grilles to cover potential sound leakage; use WD-40 to tweak as needed"].

Michael K. Mettler
Associate editor
Car Stereo Review
New York

DEAR EDITORS While reading the SPY 100 issue, I flipped on the TV to find Robin Williams discoursing at length about his penis, "Mr. Happy." No matter where in his monologue he might roam, he'd always return to his universal reference point, Mr. Happy.

You know: nuclear war, the Reagans, Mr. Happy, AIDS, game shows, Mr. Happy.

So it struck me—is Donald Trump SPY's Mr. Happy? Can this explain the (mostly male) editors' obsessive and increasingly annoying fixation on Mr. Trump? Think about it: nuclear war, the Reagans, Donald Trump! AIDS, game shows, Donald Trump! This neurotic compulsion reached its height in the October issue, when Mr. Trump became a measure unto himself, the Trump Factor. What better measure to compare the world against than your own personal Mr. Happy!

Catherine Engelke
Cambridge, Massachusetts

DEAR EDITORS Yes, interior designers/decorators do have more power than they deserve, but whose fault is it ["But Was the \$18,000 Curtain Beautiful?" by Michael Walker, October]? The Giacometti-like wives of the rich aren't the only ones to blame. Interior designers have been creeping into positions of power in architectural firms at an alarming rate, especially commercial firms.

But then again, unless you're I. M. Pei, as an architectural firm you don't design buildings. You program and plan studies for the reconfiguration of space that, in the end, the client decides to do in-house after all. Beyond this, the best it gets fee-wise for any architectural firm is when the interior designer brings in a little cash with specifications for mauve wall coverings and periwinkle laminate surfaces.

Here in San Francisco the designing of

LETTERS TO SPY

our own Main Library was awarded to Pei, further subjecting our wee but energetic architectural community to endless hours of servitude as liaisons between government agencies and clients, providing specifications for work spaces that won't be built and generally accumulating unbillable hours under the sharp-eyed scrutiny of the neofascist company accountant. What a life.

Deborah L. Alpi
Pacifica, California

DEAR EDITORS Your recent parody of David Mamet's work was damned funny ["Speed the Play: Presenting the Collected Works of David

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to mention past member of the Trump management team and successful—even top—divorcée.

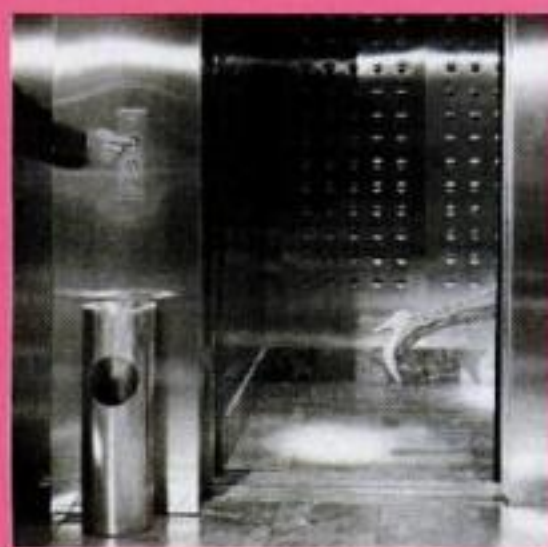
"Dear Sirs: Whatever happened to 42nd St.? 6th Ave—or the Automat?—or the Rockettes—where are they at?" writes Charles Skelley of Bellflower, California. "Too," he continues, "where went all those landmarks of significance, Columbus Circle, PARKS, And street corner speakers along with the preachers? What did you do, gobble 'em all up in a corporate package...?" We can assure you that we did no such thing, Mr. Skelley. But we know exactly how you feel.

When Doug Marsh, who used to work at a TV station in Oklahoma City, received a promotional flier from The Alcor Foundation, a California organization that promotes cryonics—freezing bodies after they die—he couldn't help noticing that SPY wasn't included on Alcor's list of media entities that have done stories on cryonics. We're heartbroken, given our in-depth investigation ("The Good News: It's Possible to Live Forever. The Bad News: You'll Be a Sno-Kone," by Ned Zeman, May 1989) and the fact that we *could* have been mentioned in the same breath as *Good Morning America*, *People* and Larry King.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourselves, burdening the federal prison system with unauthorized material? Worse, that goldenrod copy of form BP-328(58) goes on potential subscriber No. 35060-066's 'jacket' (i.e., C-File, or Central File) and will follow him wherever he goes in the federal prison system." This from Subscriber No. D-34430, for the last four years "a guest of the California Department of Corrections." That's right—more correspondence from inside the Antique Rolltop of the Beast (see *From the SPY Mailroom*, January, February and March). "What you send is less important than how you send it," continues Subscriber No. D-34430, a man in a position to know. "Although I have had musical cards, laminated cards, decals, newspaper articles, catalogs and human hair turned away, I have yet to see any unauthorized material returned to the sender when it is a magazine enclosure. Sealed plastic mailing envelopes seem to inspire a great deal of prison-mailroom confidence." SPY-mailroom confidence seems to depend entirely on a ▶



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high proportion of subscribers writing to us from behind bars. Lately, anyway.

Craig Stein of Bloomfield, New Jersey, forwarded evidence that *Sport* magazine has ripped off George Mannes's *Celestial Hindsight*, which has appeared in *Naked City* since March 1988. We asked a *SPY* staff member with a deep voice and a tendency to drop his g's to phone *Sport* and see what was what. Sure enough, Terry Mulgannon, an associate editor at *Sport*, broke down under brutal interrogation and admitted they were trying to enliven their magazine. The quick-thinking Mulgannon added that everyone there was a *big fan* of *SPY*. Oh, we suppose that makes it all right, then. Here's another issue full of ideas—help yourselves!

"It is my pleasure to thank your fine magazine for making my Christmas a happy one." The pleasure is ours, Joseph Sparacio of Seattle. "The subscription I bought for my mother was very much appreciated, but never so much as the night after Christmas when she discovered a small (or not so small, by northwest standards) viciously burrowing its way through her ceiling. Defending herself and her family she attacked the creature with the only weapon at hand—the first issue of her *SPY* subscription." This is a Christmas story that's destined to become a classic, maybe turned into an animated TV special. One minor point, though: when you say your mother discovered a small, what exactly do you mean? We're not from the Northwest.

"I don't know who some of those are that you feature in 'Separated at Birth?,' so I figured it could be the same for me," Monica Lane of Briarwood, New York, wrote on a snapshot of herself. "People wouldn't know who I am, but they'd know Billy Idol. I think we were separated at birth!" Liberace and Leona Helmsley, Sam Donaldson and Mr. Spock, Monica Lane and Billy Idol—always the same tired suggestions. ☹

C O R R E C T I O N

In The Fine Print in February, *SPY* reported that the restaurant Good Enough to Eat had been cited for health code violations. Though indeed cited, the restaurant contested the inspector's findings and was exonerated. *SPY* sincerely regrets including that restaurant on our list. ☹

Mamet in *Just Under Four Minutes*," by David Ives, November 1989]. However, at least two misreadings of *Glengarry Glen Ross* inform your satirist's version of that play. First, Scene 3 of Act I is not a blatant existential monologue by Roma but rather a sales pitch disguised as a colorful questioning of life, sex, money—anyway, more hypnosis than Platonic dialogue.

Second, Roma *never* says anything that could be construed as "Life...is life" at the end of *Glengarry Glen Ross*. The expurgated version would more accurately read:

WILLIAMSON: Sorry, Levene. *You* broke into the office last night and stole the leads. (To POLICEMAN) Take Levene away.

(ROMA enters as POLICEMAN starts to take LEVENE away.)

ROMA: Wait! Can't we have lunch first?

(POLICEMAN takes LEVENE away.)

(To WILLIAMSON) Fine. From now on, I get half of Levene's take, okay?

WILLIAMSON: Forget it.

ROMA: (Whining) Jo-o-ohn! Gimme half his take!

AARONOW: Duhh?

ROMA: I'm *still* going to eat lunch.

CURTAIN

This revision adds two and a half seconds to the performance time.

Michael Redhill

Toronto, Ontario, Canada

DEAR EDITORS **Y**our staging of *Speed-the-Play* at Lincoln Center one night last November, complete with actors Joe Mantegna, Bob Balaban and Treat Williams, was a rare example of art imitating art imitating art imitating life. Will we see a review of its reviews in Review of Reviewers?

Bill Graff

Memphis, Tennessee

Rather than a critique, we prefer to offer this authentic, oddly Monheitian blurb from *Newsday's* review of *Speed-the-Play*: "I laughed, I cried... Yeah!"—Linda Winer. (Actually, the exclamation point's ours.)

DEAR EDITORS **R**egarding "Inside Bohemian Grove" [November], Philip Weiss should avoid topics of which he knows nothing, such as economics and political science. Weiss described Michel Rocard as being a "right-wing socialist," a moronic oxymoron of the

worst kind. If this were true, it would mean Rocard believed in nationalized free-market collectivism (!), low tax/confiscation of moneys and property (!?), and state-owned churches and synagogues (!?!). Weiss should follow this simple rule: Don't play with big concepts until you've learned what they consist of.

Socialism and the right wing are at opposite ends of the spectrum and have such dissimilarities that they cannot mix. Weiss is trying to breed a peregrine falcon with a woolly mammoth. If Rocard prefers socialized farming, then he is a socialist, period. If Rocard dislikes socialized farming but allows it nonetheless, it shows where his priorities lie: state power is more important than economic freedom. Which puts him in your camp, SPY—he's a leftist liberal to the core. Both Weiss and Rocard should have spent time in the Santa Rosa jail.

John A. Lord III

Brooklyn, New York

Philip Weiss replies, "I didn't invent Rocard's reputation; it's based on his stated positions—limiting immigration, fostering free markets. Within the Socialist Party, he's on the right wing."

DEAR EDITORS **R**emember *National Lampoon*? One of their memorable covers from the seventies pictured a dog with a gun to its head. The headline: IF YOU DON'T BUY THIS MAGAZINE WE'LL SHOOT THIS DOG.

Remarkable similarity to your December 1989 issue.

Gerald Privin

McDonough, Georgia

You're kidding!

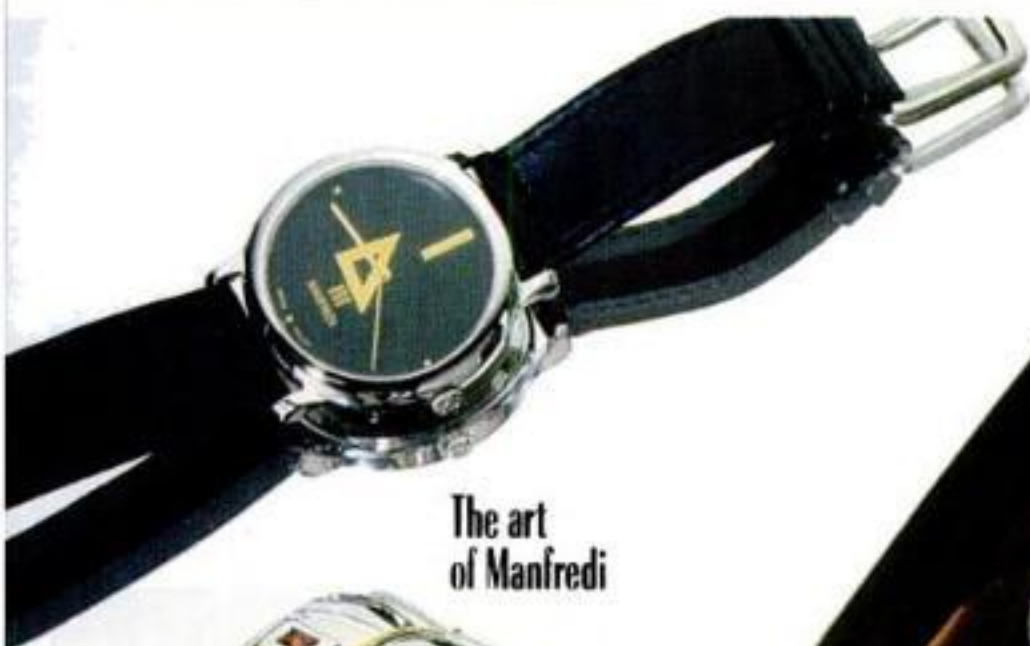
DEAR EDITORS **H**urrah for SPY! You have taken a positive stand on flag burning ["The Star-Spangled, Windshield-Wiping, Stir-Fried Banner? Making the Flag Safe for the 1990s," by Bruce Handy, December] when our Supreme Court, in its wishy-washy action of ultraliberalism, has taken a gutless view and come up with an ultraliberal decision.

The flag is America. Its 13 stripes signify those 13 states that stood up to and fought against the taxation and oppression of England's King George III. The ever-changing arrangement of stars on the blue field, each representing a state, is a

symbol of the unity that is America. Even during the Civil War, when some states advocated slavery and seceded, the stars that represented these states still remained on "Old Glory."

Those Americans who died for America, and liberty, and justice, and truth, for a better life for those they left behind, are returned home in a flag-draped coffin. Before they are buried, the flag is carefully folded and presented to their next of kin. How, then, must these survivors of those who gave the ultimate—their lives—feel? And were those in their graves to rise up, would they perhaps ask, "Is this what I have died for?" How can any of these Americans rest peacefully when this symbol of that for which they died is desecrated?

It seems to me that wild-eyed ultraliberals with Middle Eastern European names are the prime leaders of the "Burn the flag" movement. They are the children and grandchildren of those who fled the pogroms of Eastern European oppression. When the parents and grandparents of these ultraliberals came to America, and when they saw the Statue of Liberty, they knew they were in a new, free envi-



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ronment. They worked, they contributed, they became Americans. They were proud to be Americans. But now their overeducated superliberal descendants have nothing better to do than to go about advocating harebrained liberal philosophies and burning flags to get attention for their goofy ideas and causes.

I am proud to say my Irish great-grandfather fought for the Union. He gave up his life for a struggle against slavery and oppression. He fought for a country of his adoption that offered him more than a country of his birth. I am an American, and like George M. Cohan, who wrote "You're a Grand Old Flag," I stand up, salute and respect the flag. I love America and respect its traditions. SPY is right: LOVE AMERICA OR LEAVE IT.

Patrick Hughes
Mountain View, California

DEAR EDITORS It is troubling that even staunch defenders of the law such as legislative aide Scott Celly could believe that in regard to flag desecration, "what matters is intent." The Texas flag-burning law was determined

unconstitutional *because* it drew distinctions based on intent. Burning the flag, an otherwise legal act, became illegal when it was performed as a political protest. If the Texas law had been upheld, any otherwise legal act performed with political intent—telling Dan Quayle jokes, strolling past city hall, writing snide letters to SPY—could, by extension, become illegal.

In their infinite wisdom, Congress has passed, and George Bush has signed into law, a measure that gets around those pesky constitutional considerations by making flag desecration illegal *regardless* of intent. Desecrations now forbidden include all those listed in your article—and incidentally, burning, shredding or otherwise mutilating your December issue, which is cluttered with representations of Old Glory.

I will soon be sending inspectors over to your new office to make certain that SPY and its employees have not, inadvertently or willfully, got rid of spare copies of the December issue in a less than reverent manner. Incidentally, the only proper way to dispose of a flag is to burn it.

Elaine Chen
Cambridge, Massachusetts

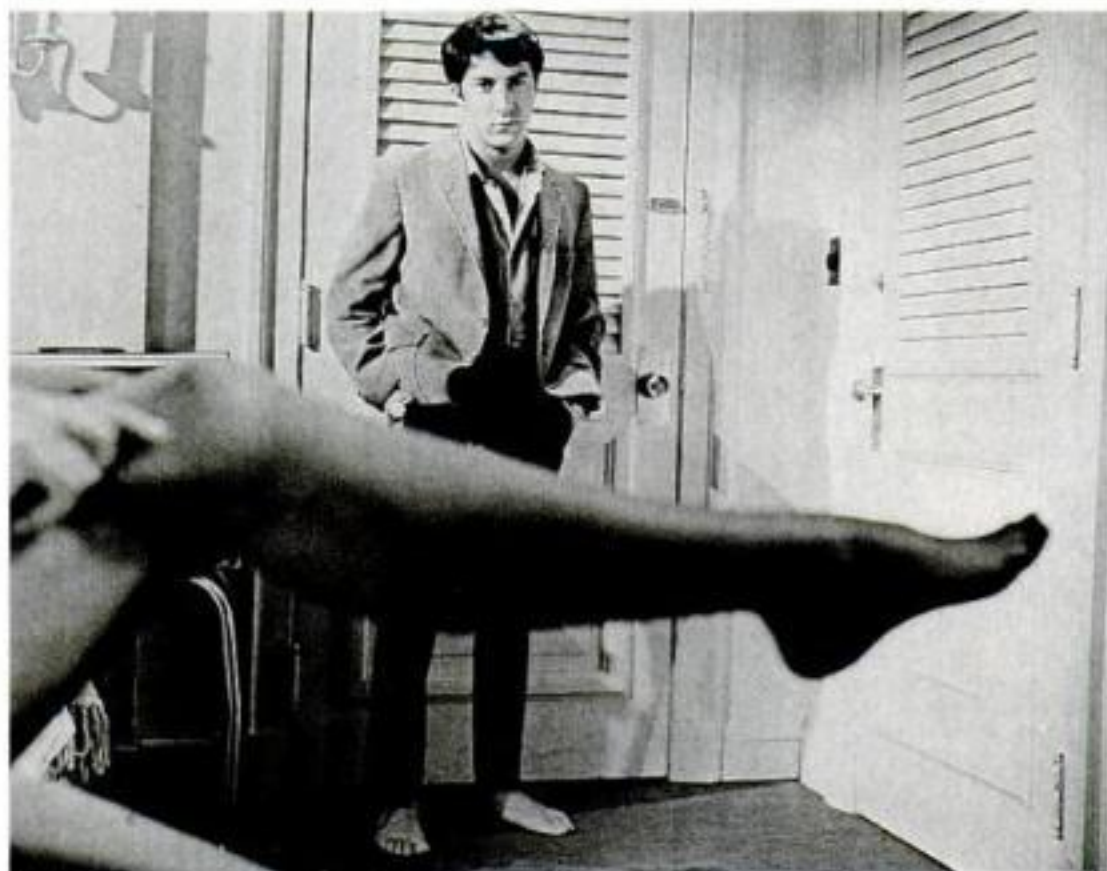
DEAR EDITORS After seeing your article in December's issue about flag desecration, I am even more happy that I have *not* renewed my subscription. Those pictures made me sick, and the feeble attempt at humor was exhausting. As a matter of fact, the past year's subscription I paid for was the worst purchase I ever made! I never laughed. Your magazine is boring and a waste of an intelligent person's time. Give it up! Try getting a job at a fast-food chain, but do not include SPY on your résumé.

I would like to see you print this letter for your readers. Any guts?

Troy Warren Bess
Raleigh, North Carolina

DEAR EDITORS After noticing newspaper gossip columnists quoting SPY for some time now, I have just purchased my first copy, the December issue. I wanted to read your article about the NRA convention ["Guns 'n' Moses: Partying With Charlton Heston and 15,000 Other Gun Nuts at the NRA's Annual Convention," by Ned Zeman]. I've always been a little bit fearful just

"Mrs. Robinson, you're trying to seduce me, aren't you?"



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knowing that folks like this are walking about the streets, same as you and me, but now I'm really worried. Just considering some of the conversation overheard at this quaint gathering is enough to give anyone serious cause for concern. And the previous and current presidents of the United States are both lifetime members! Please tell me it's all a bad dream.

*Beverly Boynton
San Francisco, California*

DEAR EDITORS **I**t is a fantasy of misinformation and heroic posturing to imagine that gun ownership is some ultimate line of defense to keep this nation from ever being "taken over." We *could* be brought to our knees if we are kept from oil imports. If an army *did* invade, control of only a few key highways and industrial centers *would* eventually bring all the obese gun owners out on their knees for food and other necessities.

We live in a modern industrial society, and defense doesn't operate by the rules of little villages defending against Viking raids.

*John Bridgman
Edina, Minnesota*

DEAR EDITORS **I** thought the article about Judy Price ("Nightmare on Park Avenue," March) by Jennet Conant was right on target.

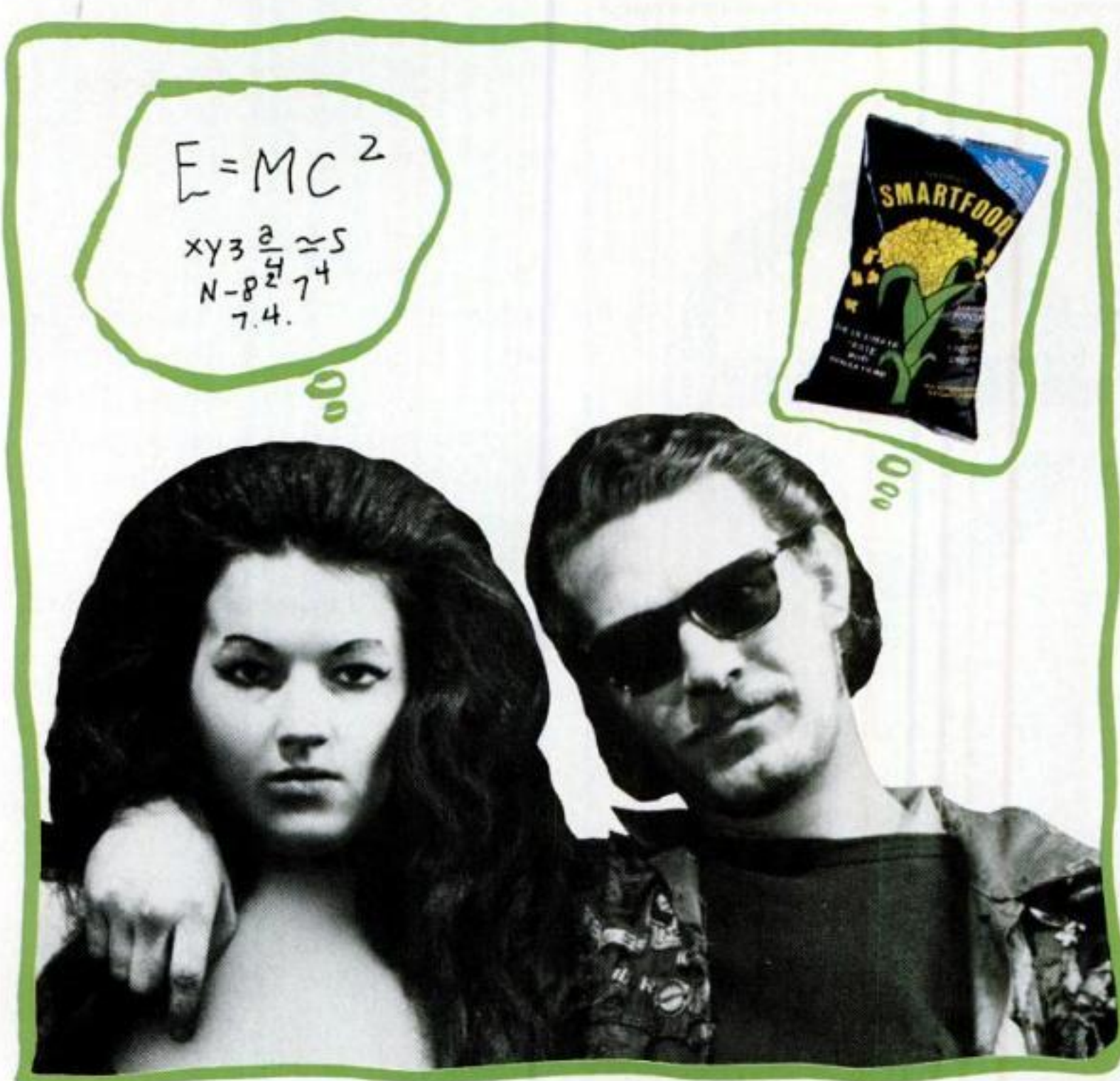
*Sylvia Mitnick
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Mrs. Mitnick is Judy Price's mother.*

DEAR EDITORS **P**lease clarify SPY's editorial policy for me. I'm a UCLA journalism student confused by your December issue. In it you condemn Michael Coady for urinating at New York rituals ["I'm Michael Coady—I Rule Seventh Avenue!," by Mark Lasswell], but with gibes you condone soiling the U.S. flag.

My journalism faculty is awed by New York publications and says we students must discern their editorial slants. But if I read you correctly, your editorial policy is oxymoronic.

Yes? No?

*Julian Bud Lesser
Los Angeles, California
As you read this, our editorial board is gather-*



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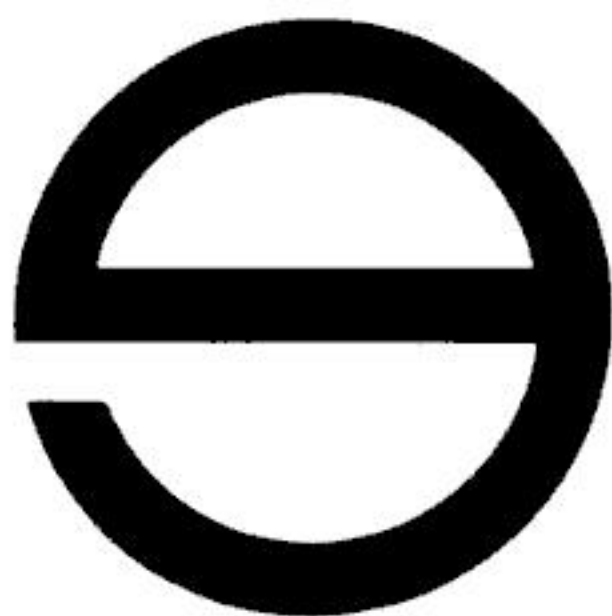
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ing in Bermuda for its winter-spring policy meeting, and one major item on its four-day agenda is the very urination/flag-soiling consistency issue you raise.

DEAR EDITORS I suppose the intent of Mark Lasswell's profile was (a) to raise a few laughs and (b) to inspire loathing of the subject. Lasswell's breezy style ensured the success of (a), but I must report his efforts left me with the impression that Michael Coady is a likable old goat, whereas Lasswell comes across as a fellow who'd take six bites to eat a cherry.

As for Coady's foaming-yellow-waste-water gambit, I say it is remarkably open-handed: consider how many fashionable New Yorkers were, a few years ago, washing their teeth in a certain Mexican beer.

John Mason

San Francisco, California

The rival beer distributor who started that rumor later publicly recanted. Our Coady anecdotes, by contrast, are true.

DEAR EDITORS A defense of Jay McInerney! The book signing that you mentioned in "Oh, and Mr. Faulkner? Could You Make It Out to Sandi?"—Spotting Famous Writers Doing Their Book-Signing Thing [by Peter Heffernan and Elissa Schappell, December] was the third one he had done in Manhattan. He started his promotion campaign for *Story of My Life* at the late, great Scribner's store on Fifth Avenue and sold 200 books.

As a veteran of dozens of signings (I used to be promotional manager at the Rizzoli and Scribner's stores), I've found them painful experiences. I was grateful for the mad performance artist who kept Ultra Violet occupied at her less than successful signing. An hour can go by very slowly when you have no takers for the books, and I couldn't think of much to say to her ("Gee, were the orgies fun? Did you really give Andy all those ideas?").

You always have fanatics for certain authors. The John Waters signing at Rizzoli SoHo brought every *Pink Flamingos* maniac out of the woodwork (I was afraid they were going to start licking the walls or something). One guy presented Waters with a bowl of fake vomit, and another handed over a can of creamed corn.

Signings are an interesting way of watching well-known personalities squirm. William F. Buckley Jr. couldn't wait to head for the door; he seemed embarrassed by the Wall Street clones who spewed unctuous words of praise on him.

Who were the big winners in my two years of setting up signings? Chuck Norris, Lyle Crocodile (an investment banker friend in a reptile suit), Snow White, David Byrne, Elia Kazan. Hardly a heavy-hitting literary list, but then no one's too excited by a book signed by Updike or Bellow these days.

Kathryn Koegel

New York

For more on the life and times of Jay McInerney, see page 66.

DEAR EDITORS Your December Datebook failed to include the most enchanting and alarming event of the month: during the early hours of December 3, the Movie Channel screened a Steve Guttenberg marathon, featuring such runaway blockbusters as *The Man Who Wasn't There* and *Bad Medicine*. I hope a glaring oversight like this one will not occur again in the future.

Mike Silvia

Somerset, Massachusetts

DEAR EDITORS Thanks for bringing the torturous plight of Canadian radio to the attention of your American readers ["Why Northern Pikes Are Still Fish to You," by Randall Bloomquist, December]. One wonders, while listening to Canadian radio, whether the stations are forced to play the vegetable matter they play or whether the programmers simply lack the basics of common good taste. I think it is a combination of the two. Unfortunately, television also must bear the shackles of including "Canadian content" in daily programming, thus forcing most people here to switch to an American channel or consider the possibility of reading a book.

The sad fact is, many Canadians seem rather proud of some of the garbage we produce, and applaud the efforts of the government to coerce us into listening and watching things that seem like the product of a nursery school class project. SPY might be interested in the new Anne Murray museum, located somewhere

amid the pulp and paper mills and fish factories of the Maritimes. How much more can I endure?

Nigel Wright
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

DEAR EDITORS It was wonderful to see the absurdity of Canadian radio regulations exposed in your December issue. However...

In the listing of artists that begins the article, Myles Goodwyn is cited as aspiring to break "through to the American marketplace with the impact of an April Wine." Curious, considering that he was in April Wine (lead vocals, guitar).

As for Frozen Ghost, another band cited, their sort-of-previous incarnation by the name of Sheriff (two members the same, including songwriter Arnold Lanni) had a No. 1 American hit last year with "When I'm With You."

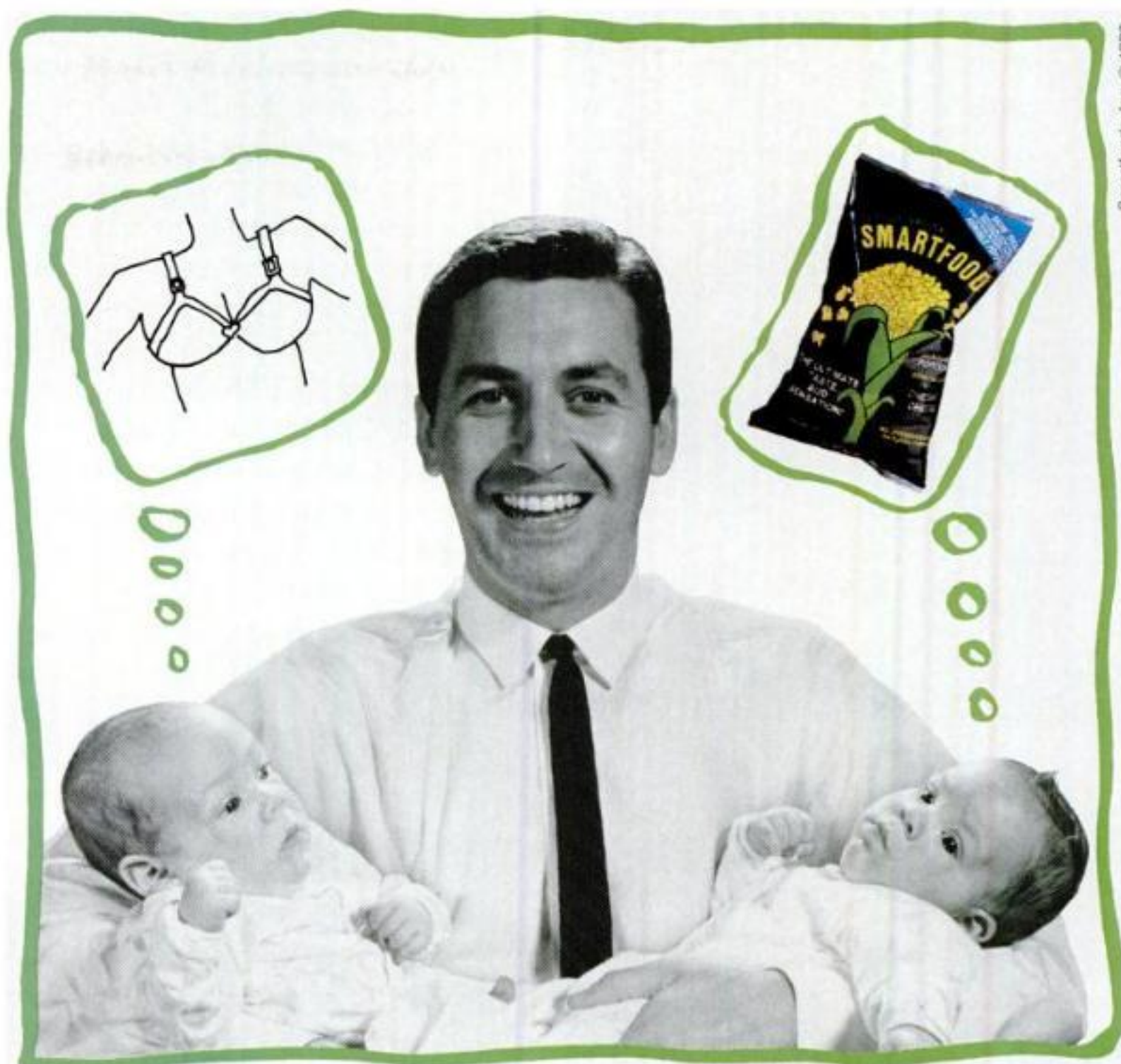
Call them chameleons if you will, but they have each had their three and a half minutes of U.S. radio fame.

The Canadian Radio-Television Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) definition of a "hit" extends only to records that appear in the Top 40 of RPM's Top 100 singles, the *Record's* Top 50 singles chart and the upper 40 percent of the *Billboard* Hot 100. This is more specific than the term used, *music charts*, as each publication publishes a variety of lists for different genres and formats.

If a song were to peak at No. 41 on the *Billboard* Hot 100 — Soulsister's "The Way to Your Heart," for example — it would be considered as much a nonhit as, say, any track off the last Brian Wilson solo album. Of course, its status is defined by where it places on the other two magazines' charts as well. Logic indicates that the song would be played twice as often as Prince and Sheena Easton's "The Arms of Orion," which (at the time I write this seems to have) peaked at No. 39.

In recent years the Adult Contemporary format has been prevalent on Canadian FM for reasons beyond its sheer blandness: since Canadian radio programmers have no ideas to call their own, they find it convenient to follow the American Adult Contemporary Chart, where things like Roy Orbison and Friends' 1989-released live version of "Oh Pretty Woman" have strange habits of appearing.

That would qualify as a nonhit because



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the CRTC considers hit versions and not hit compositions. Peter Frampton's live version of "Show Me the Way" in its hit live version will likely not be played if the studio version is handy. Ergo, the remix or extended version or whatever of a hit, not as it appears on the commercially released 45 or cassette A-side, is a nonhit.

By the way, CKFM, the station that inspired the CRTC to ruin Elvis's 53rd, is a Hot Adult Contemporary station, and not a Hot Adult/Contemporary station.

Remember...no hybrids allowed!

Marc Weisblott

Willowdale, Ontario, Canada

DEAR EDITORS **T**hank you for taking the time to remind us in Canada about our Canadian-content regulations. The Regs (as they are affectionately termed) have been entrenched for close to two decades. Like the school busing program in the United States or the IRA's campaign of terror against Britain, when a particularly long-running program produces no tangible results, it is easy to forget it exists in the first place.

One thing the Regs have given us in Canada is a star system. One thing the Regs have not given us is a yardstick with which to measure these stars.

Canadian radio has always been timid but proud followers of the charts in the United States. With a 30 percent Canadian-content quota, it is now somewhat easier for a Canadian artist to receive airplay on Canadian radio, but what will the listeners hear? It'll be either the same artists over and over or some Corey Hart/Bryan Adams/Loverboy clone who deserves airtime about as much as they deserved to be signed and recorded by a multinational record company in the first place.

Another problem for the Canadian music industry is the multinationals who continue to treat Canada with a branch-plant mentality deserving little respect because the market here is only one-tenth that of the United States. The more different an artist is, the less are his chances of getting signed; the less different, those chances improve dramatically. However, the more derivative the music, the less are its chances of being successful. Since Canadian radio has always marched in lockstep with the U.S. airwaves (albeit a week or two behind), and the American

broadcast industry looks askance at Canadian music purely because of the Regs, it becomes harder for (1) good Canadian music to get recorded; (2) good Canadian music to get played on Canadian radio; (3) good Canadian music to rise on the U.S. charts and playlists; and, therefore, (4) good Canadian music to rise to the top of the Canadian charts. Is it any wonder this country produces more mediocre music per capita than any other nation on this planet?

It behooves a truly good Canadian artist to completely bypass the Canadian branch plants and seek a record deal with the American parent company to ensure success on international charts. A case in point: Alannah Myles, who, having signed to Atlantic stateside, is burning up the charts both sides of the 49th Parallel.

One more thing: The star system in this country is so backward that once a Canadian artist becomes big in the U.S. (this is true of actors and directors as well), the people in this country turn their backs on him. This despite the fact that the artist has been forced to look to the States for a measure of success. Witness Neil Young, Raymond Massey, Joni Mitchell, Paul Anka, John Candy, Leslie Nielsen, Norman Jewison, Margot Kidder, Martin Short, Lorne Michaels—the list goes on and on. So long, in fact, that it feels more like bragging about homegrown talent than it does a complaint about the insecurity of the Canadian psyche.

Headly Westerfield

Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Thanks to Mr. Westerfield and Mr. Wright for their reflections. But we're still reeling from the other letter written about radio by a Canadian male whose last name begins with W. Mr. Weisblott's revelation that Myles Goodwin was in April Wine has clarified everything for us.

DEAR EDITORS **W**hy is it that female celebrities who appear on your cover are referred to as "girls" (e.g., "Victoria Jackson as That Manufactured Celebrity Girl" [January], "Emily Lloyd as That Fun Summer Girl" [July 1989], "Tracey Ullman as That Southern California Girl" [September 1988]), but males who grace your cover are never labeled "boys"?

Scot Stone

Salt Lake City, Utah

In fact, the men are most often called guys, and

we've also been known to use gal and woman. Then there's the irony thing.

DEAR EDITORS **M**y friend and colleague Richard Corliss deserves all the praise extended him by Henry "Dutch" Holland in "Feeling Out the Void" [Review of Reviewers, January]. He is, indeed, a graceful writer with a large gift for metaphor. Still, pride of authorship will out: I wrote the *Time* review of *In Country* in which the phrases that appealed to your writer appeared. Since kind words for a reviewer's prose are so rare, particularly in Holland's work, I'm sure neither he nor Corliss will begrudge my claiming what is rightfully mine—especially since the future holds infinite possibilities for error, and Holland's eye for it is unwearied.

Richard Schickel

Los Angeles, California

Dutch Holland replies, "My apologies to Richards Schickel and especially Corliss for misdirecting the credit regarding that beautifully sustained textile metaphor. It happened because the review had no byline—the result of 'just your standard fuck-up,' as Mr. Schickel told a SPY fact checker—and was surrounded by Corliss reviews. Nevertheless, I should have sensed whose writing it was. Somehow."

DEAR EDITORS **M**ind if I join in on "What's in a Name?"

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THE WHO AND THE ROLLING STONES: THE U.S.A. TOURS

SELLOUT: NONHOT STARS WITHERED ONSTAGE, HUH?

There is no need for you to point out that I have too much time on my hands; I realize that. Give me a break—I'm in college.

Mike Silvia

Somerset, Massachusetts

Way too much time. Didn't you write to us regarding the films of Steve Guttenberg three pages ago?

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Please include your daytime telephone number. Typewritten letters are preferred. Letters may be edited for length or clarity. ☺



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THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

ACADEMY AWARD SPECIAL: THE ALL-TIME OSCAR BOX SCORE

Once again it's Oscar time, the season surrounding that officially glamorous night when much of America casts its eyes toward the movie capital of the world and, with bits of snack food adorning its collective shirt, complains about having to stay up long past its bedtime and endure bad jokes, fake repartee, antiquated production numbers, tacky couture, haltingly read cue cards and obsequious thanksgivings to Mike Ovitz, only to discover that the Oscar for best picture is once again being presented to a self-consciously serious movie not yet available on videocassette. Yes, the magic continues. Along the way, in virtually every living room and almost every seat in the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, movie fans will start thinking, *Say—I wonder how Tom Cruise will stack up in the annals of Oscar history? Will this be the year Michelle Pfeiffer starts approaching Vivien Leigh status or plummets into Carrie Snodgrass-hood? And who, once and for all, are the actors and actresses who are the greatest Oscar competitors of all time?* Now, thanks to SPY's Composite Academy Award Box Score, Oscar fans need never wonder fruitlessly again. ▶

IMMACULATELY WASPY and impossibly successful caterer-lecturer-author **MARTHA STEWART** has become synonymous with middlebrow good taste via the publication of improbably large picture books about improbably grandiose weddings and improbably elaborate snacks. And although this good taste has at times been called into question (she is now a \$5 million employee of K Mart, whose customers Stewart calls K Martians), her perfectionism has never been in doubt. When the craze for farm-fresh foodstuffs demanded her hyperattention, Stewart decided she craved fresh eggs and bought some chickens. Unfortunately, some of the eggs were fertilized, and her home was soon overrun with a flock of noisy and subsequently ill chicks. With the cool dispassion that has long been her hallmark, Stewart gathered up the cute little creatures, loaded them into a bag and put it at the end of her driveway. Then she threw her car into reverse and crushed the little chicks to death.

IT'S BECOMING LESS AND LESS LIKELY that any *National Lampoon* renaissance will occur under the dawdling stewardship of ingratiating actor **TIM MATHESON** (see "Toga! Toga! Toga!," page 76) and the thoroughly producerish **DAN GRODNIK**. The would-be moguls, who have articulated a vision of a multimedia empire to rival Disney's but required a year to locate a human being willing to be their editor, recently received a panicky memorandum from their frustrated new publisher, **MICHAEL CARR**, formerly the ad director of *Playboy*. Upon returning to his office after three weeks away, a horrified Carr discovered that the *Lampoon* was \$90,000 in arrears to newsstand dealers who carry the smutty teen magazine. "I don't have to tell you about the similar problems with our printer and paper suppliers," the publisher's memo added. "Continuing to solidify our current business (much less grow it) is becoming increasingly difficult without any operating capital."

MUCH HAS BEEN MADE of recently superannuated Shearson chairman **PETER COHEN's** erratic, Nixonian behavior during his final days at the helm of New York's second-sorriest investment bank—his paranoid searches for bugging devices, regular dustups with his boss, American Express CEO **JAMES ROBINSON III**, frayed composure and precipitous weight gain. Looking back now, a Cohen acquaintance recalls a sign of Cohen's impending emotional dissolution that passed unnoticed at the grossly elaborate 50th-birthday party thrown by **GAYFRYD STEINBERG** for her overfed husband, **SAUL**: A first course of fricasée de fruits de mer à la crème topped with an ornamental garnish of crayfish was served. The dwarfish Cohen, inexplicably overcome by ravenousness, grabbed the crustacean by its tail, inserted its head—antennae and all—into his mouth and, to the astonishment of fellow revelers and tableaux vivants alike, began to chew unceasingly until, *Splash*-like, the entire crayfish had been masticated and swallowed, shell and all.

A CURIOUS **EBENEZER SCROOGE—BOB CRATCHIT** dynamic between the brothers Trump came to light during a reporter's recent visit to Trump Tower, where he had an appointment to interview tiresome punk infidel **DONALD TRUMP**. The wife-dumping Atlantic City strongman held court from behind his absurdly huge desk, and after the requisite Q&A period, the reporter, aware of younger sibling **ROBERT TRUMP's** status as Donald's confidante and adviser, requested an interview with the less publicity-addicted Trump. The reporter's request was obliged—but not before he was led back out to the reception area, then through a long labyrinth of decidedly unglamorous hallways and finally into a small, airless, middle-management-esque office where the Trump Organization's executive vice president sat. The reporter then realized that his guides had taken him on a circuitous route to an office right next door to the one where he'd just interviewed the Donald.

YOU SAY YALTA, I SAY MALTA, LET'S CALL THE COLD WAR OFF

How to Keep Those Confusing Watershed Summits Straight

Last December, as is their custom every 44 years, the superpowers met to design a new European order. Here is a handy chart—Postwar Superpower Summits at a Glance—that will enable you to tell those meetings apart.

YALTA, FEBRUARY 4-11, 1945	MALTA, DECEMBER 2-3, 1989
SETTING Three statesmen meet at an old czarist summer resort on the Black Sea and take measure of each other	SETTING Two statesmen meet near an old archipelago on the Mediterranean and take measure of each other
MAIN PLAYERS A first-rate patrician president with a second-rate mind; a brutal, manipulative Soviet dictator determined to rebuild his economy; and the British prime minister, who was worried about how events in Eastern Europe would affect his country's status as a global power	MAIN PLAYERS A second-rate patrician president with a third-rate mind; a slick, manipulative Soviet dictator determined to rebuild his economy. They left out the British prime minister, who started worrying about how events in Eastern Europe would affect her country's status as a global pretender
AGENDA To determine who would control the defeated or liberated Central and Eastern European countries now that the World War had ended	AGENDA To determine if anyone could control the "defeated" or "liberated" Central and Eastern European countries now that the Cold War had ended
REALITY By the time the leaders met, postwar disorder was established	REALITY By the time the leaders met, postwar disorder was established
COMMON BOND Hatred of militaristic German Nazism	COMMON BOND Fear of militaristic German nationalism
IN THE AFTERMATH Ferment in Czechoslovakia, Romania and Azerbaijan	IN THE AFTERMATH Ferment in Czechoslovakia, Romania and Azerbaijan
FINAL VERDICT Settled nothing and led directly to the grim, sometimes messy Cold War	FINAL VERDICT Settled nothing and led directly to grim, sometimes messy episodes of mal de mer

—Michael Hainey

Naked City

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

BEST ACTOR

One nomination, one win; winning percentage 1.000:
F. Murray Abraham, George Arliss, Lionel Barrymore, Warner Baxter, Ernest Borgnine, Yul Brynner, Art Carney, Broderick Crawford, Michael Douglas, Richard Dreyfuss, Charlton Heston, Emil Jannings, Paul Lukas, Lee Marvin, Victor McLaglen, Ray Milland, David Niven, Cliff Robertson, Paul Scofield

Two nominations, one win; winning percentage .500:
Wallace Beery, Robert Donat, Robert Duvall, José Ferrer, Peter Finch, Henry Fonda, Alec Guinness, Gene Hackman, Rex Harrison, Sidney Poitier, Maximilian Schell, George C. Scott, Rod Steiger, John Wayne

Five nominations, two wins; winning percentage .400:

Gary Cooper, Fredric March

Six nominations, two wins; winning percentage .333:

Dustin Hoffman

Three nominations, one win; winning percentage .333:

Humphrey Bogart, James Cagney, Ronald Colman, Bing Crosby, Robert De Niro, Clark Gable, William Holden, William Hurt, Burt Lancaster, Charles Laughton, Jon Voight

Seven nominations, two wins; winning percentage .286:

Marlon Brando

Eight nominations, two wins; winning percentage .250:

Spencer Tracy

Five nominations, one win; winning percentage .200:

Paul Muni, Gregory Peck, James Stewart

Six nominations, one win; winning percentage .167:

Jack Nicholson

Seven nominations, one win; winning percentage .142:

Jack Lemmon, Paul Newman

Nine nominations, one win; winning percentage .111:

Laurence Olivier

Seven nominations, seven losses; winning percentage .000:

Peter O'Toole

Six nominations, six losses; winning percentage .000:

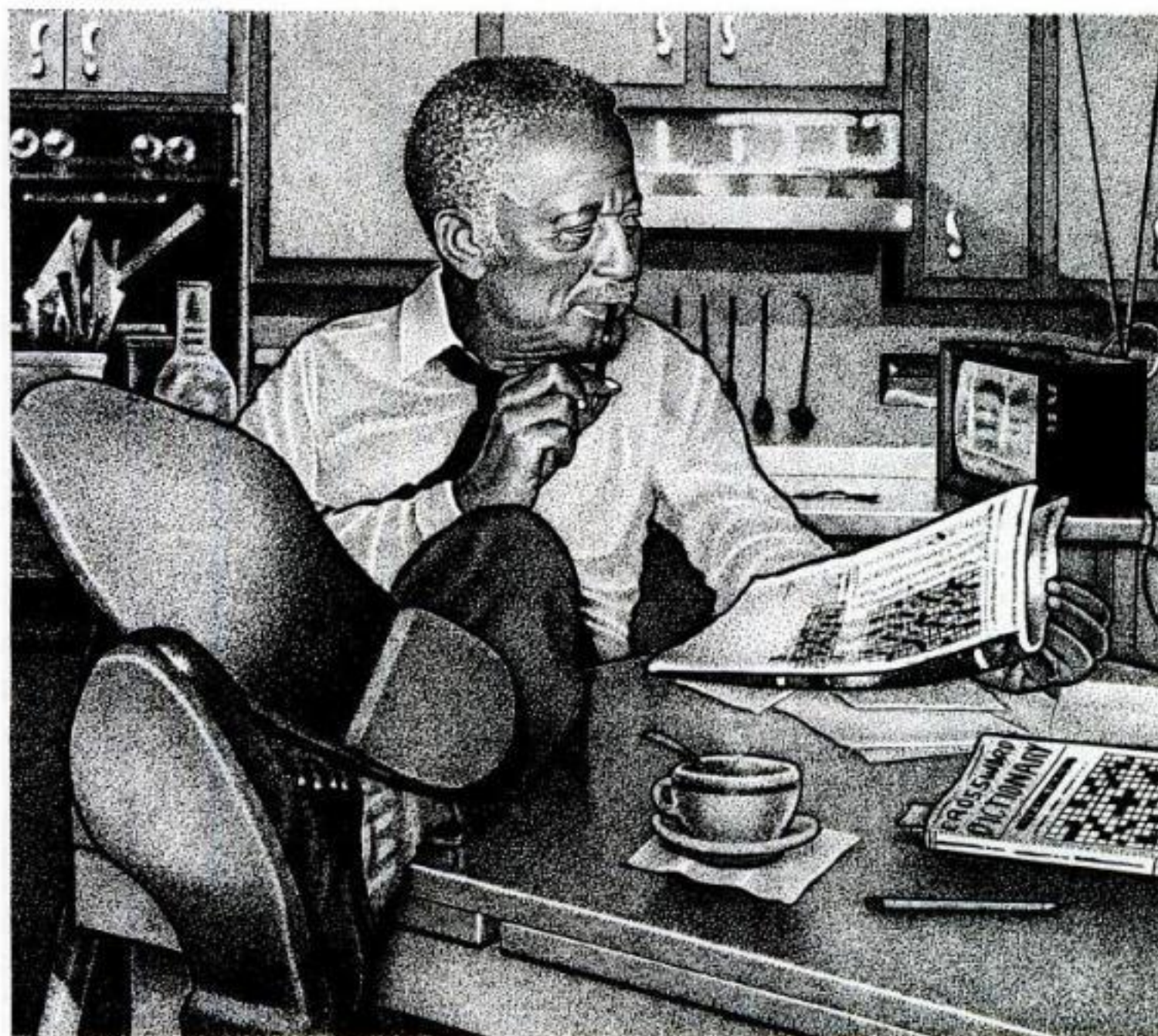
Richard Burton

Four nominations, four losses; winning percentage .000:

Charles Boyer, Albert Finney, Al Pacino

Three nominations,

PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC FIGURES



New York mayor David Dinkins prepares his 1989 tax return.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN

THE SPY LIST

Milton Berle

Kevin Costner

Mick Jagger

Don Johnson

Tom Jones

Tommy Lee

Ray Stricklyn

Rudolph Valentino

BEARDYSOMETHING

The SPY Interview: Ed Zwick, Bearded Auteur



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

three losses; winning percentage .000: Warren Beatty, Michael Caine, Montgomery Clift, Kirk Douglas, Marcello Mastroianni, William Powell

Two nominations, two losses; winning percentage .000: Alan Arkin, Charlie Chaplin, James Dean, Cary Grant, Leslie Howard, Walter Huston, Walter Matthau, Robert Montgomery, Walter Pidgeon, Anthony Quinn, Peter Sellers

One nomination, one loss; winning percentage .000: Woody Allen, Lew Ayres, George Bancroft, Richard Barthelmess, Alan Bates, Jeff Bridges, Gary Busey, Louis Calhern, Maurice Chevalier, Tom Conti, Jackie Cooper, Tom Courtenay, Tony Curtis, Dan Dailey, Richard Dix, Melvyn Douglas, Barry Fitzgerald, Harrison Ford, Tony Franciosa, John Garfield, James Garner, Giancarlo Giannini, Dexter Gordon, Tom Hanks, Richard Harris, Laurence Harvey, Bob Hoskins, Trevor Howard, Rock Hudson, Tom Hulce, John Hurt, James Earl Jones, Gene Kelly, Arthur Kennedy, Alexander Knox, Alfred Lunt, James Mason, Raymond Massey, Steve McQueen, Adolphe Menjou, Ron Moody, Dudley Moore, Frank Morgan, Chester Morris, Dan O'Herlihy, Edward James Olmos, Ryan O'Neal, Larry Parks, Robert Redford, Michael Redgrave, Mickey Rooney, Frank Sinatra, Sylvester Stallone, Lewis Stone, Lawrence Tibbett, Richard Todd, Franchot Tone, Chaim Topol, John Travolta, Max von Sydow, Sam Waterston, Clifton Webb, Orson Welles, Oskar Werner, Stuart Whitman, James Whitmore, Cornel Wilde, Robin Williams, Paul Winfield, James Woods, Monty Woolley

BEST ACTRESS

Two nominations, two wins; winning percentage 1.000: Sally Field, Vivien Leigh, Luise Rainer

One nomination, one win; winning percentage 1.000: Shirley Booth, Cher, Louise Fletcher, Jodie Foster, Helen Hayes, Judy Holliday, ▶

It's disturbing enough that a significant percentage of the American population—and even of the staff of this magazine—believes that ABC's *thirtysomething* is a compelling encapsulation of the turn-of-the-decade Zeitgeist. What's even more disturbing is that the program's creators and executive producers, Edward Zwick and Marshall Herskovitz, apparently see fit to use their show as a forum for Big Brother-like advocacy of facial-hair growth. With startling frequency, Zwick and Herskovitz, both beard wearers themselves, have introduced characters who are both empowered and bewhiskered. Characters such as Miles Drentell (David Clennon), the immaculately dressed mind-game artist who heads DAA, the advertising agency where Michael (Ken Olin) and Elliot (Timothy Busfield) work; Jeffrey Milgrom (Richard Gil- liland), the married lawyer who stole the heart of Ellyn (Polly Draper); and John Dunaway (mellow 1970s folk-rocker J. D. Souther), the environmentalist-attorney with whom Hope (Mel Harris) enjoys a suspiciously flirtatious relationship. Meanwhile, other incidental males on the show—such as the deposed DAA creative director Carl Draconis (Stanley Tucci) and Matt (Timothy Carhart), the hardware store owner whom Nancy (Patricia Wettig) abandoned in favor of her *bearded* husband—are clean-shaven. SPY spoke with Zwick about his and Herskovitz's hidden grooming agenda.

SPY: *We've noticed that some of the more successful semiregular male characters on the show have beards, whereas others—the ones who get shafted—do not. How much does this have to do with the fact that you and your partner have beards?*

Zwick: Exceedingly little, I think. But you're omitting a couple of things. Corey Parker, who plays Lee Owens, the character with whom Melissa has become increasingly entangled, does not have a beard.

SPY: *But he had a stubbly goatee when they first met.*

Zwick: Uh, yes. But understand—we don't do all the casting on the show.

SPY: *Well, when you're creating characters like Miles Drentell, do you say, "You know, I see this character as having a beard..."?*

Zwick: No, never. David Clennon is a guy I directed in a movie called *Special Bulletin* many years ago, who was then beardless. We thought of David as the evocation of the Miles character, and when he arrived to read for us, he'd returned from Nicaragua, and he was bearded. And we weren't gonna tell him to shave. And J. D. Souther has had a beard since about 1968.

SPY: *Nevertheless, it was you who cast him.*

Zwick: Oh, yeah, that's true. That's true.

SPY: *When you're auditioning actors for new parts, do you bring in a mixture of bearded and clean-shaven guys, and then inevitably cast only the bearded ones?*

Zwick: You know, I wish that there were anything like such a master plan pertaining to anything on this show.

SPY: *Is there any chance that Ken Olin will have a beard written into his part?*

Zwick: Um, I don't know. But what you're asking is—let me get this straight—are we consciously promoting a particular hirsute aspect? The only thing I would say is, not consciously.

SPY: *So you're denying that you're writing with a slant in favor of bearded characters?*

Zwick: I deny nothing about my writing. I'm willing to accept responsibility for anything—except volition. —David Kamp

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Our Monthly Anagram Analysis

DICK EBERSOL
EDIBLE ROCKS

MAYOR DINKINS
NONDAIRY SKIM

MICHAEL OVITZ
OH, ZEAL VICTIM
I MATCH EVIL OZ

OPRAH WINFREY
FIRE HARPY NOW
—Andy Aaron



THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

A Monthly Tally

mentioned once every...	
Liz herself.....	2.6
Roseanne Barr.....	4.3
Cher.....	6.5
Clients of press agent	
Jeffrey Richards....	6.5
John Fairchild.....	6.5
Marilyn Monroe.....	6.5
Dawn Steel.....	6.5
Warren Beatty.....	8.6
Joan Crawford.....	8.6
Madonna.....	8.6
Dick Tracy.....	8.6
Tru.....	8.6
Jesus Christ.....	13
Connie Chung.....	13
Malcolm Forbes.....	13
Elizabeth Taylor.....	13
The Plaza.....	26
...days	

COMING NEXT MONTH: The Chronicle Tote Board, a statistical distillation of the new yet already uninteresting gossip column of The New York Times.



Black can also mean good fortune.



PEPSI LIGHT IN AUGUST

A History of Carbonated Beverages in American Fiction, Part I



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Grace Kelly, Marlee Matlin, Mary Pickford, Ginger Rogers

Four nominations, two wins; winning percentage .500: Olivia De Havilland

Two nominations, one win; winning percentage .500: Julie Christie, Marie Dressler, Janet Gaynor, Diane Keaton, Sophia Loren, Anna Magnani, Liza Minnelli, Patricia Neal, Simone Signoret, Maggie Smith, Barbra Streisand, Loretta Young

Five nominations, two wins; winning percentage .400: Elizabeth Taylor

Six nominations, two wins; winning percentage .333:

Ingrid Bergman, Jane Fonda

Three nominations, one win; winning percentage .333:

Julie Andrews, Claudette Colbert, Joan Crawford, Faye Dunaway, Joan Fontaine, Glenda Jackson, Joanne Woodward

Twelve nominations, three wins; winning percentage .250: Katharine Hepburn

Four nominations, one win; winning percentage .250:

Ellen Burstyn, Jennifer Jones, Geraldine Page, Jane Wyman

Ten nominations, two wins; winning percentage .200:

Bette Davis

Five nominations, one win; winning percentage .200:

Anne Bancroft, Susan Hayward, Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine, Norma Shearer, Sissy Spacek

Six nominations, one win; winning percentage .167:

Meryl Streep

Seven nominations, one win; winning percentage .143:

Greer Garson

Six nominations, six losses; winning percentage .000:

Deborah Kerr

Five nominations, five losses; winning percentage .000:

Irene Dunne

Four nominations, four losses; winning percentage .000:

Marsha Mason, Vanessa Redgrave, Rosalind Russell, Barbara Stanwyck

Three nominations, three losses; winning percentage .000:

Greta Garbo, Jessica Lange, Eleanor Parker, Gloria Swanson

Two nominations, two losses; winning percentage .000:

Jane Alexander, Leslie Caron, ▶

Now that the Coca-Cola Company has sold its Columbia Pictures subsidiary to Sony, moviegoers will likely notice a change in the studio's films: no more prominently featured Coke cans. But that doesn't mean the company has given up on product placement as a marketing tool. Even though Coca-Cola owns no publishing houses, the soft drink has begun to appear with unusual frequency in works of contemporary fiction other than those by Stephen King and Ann Beattie. Indeed, the only difference between product placement in movies and in books is that unlike the producers of *Back to the Future, Part II*, who profited by plugging Pizza Hut, Nike and Pepsi-Cola in the movie, the Coke-friendly novelist receives nothing but a mention in this article.

Midnight, by Dean R. Koontz (1989). Coke mentions: 19. Samples:

"She had taken a massive overdose of Valium, swallowing the capsules with several swigs from a can of diet Coke" (page 31)

"Carrying the ice bucket and Coke, a hot blush on her cheeks and cold anger in her heart, Tessa followed him up the north stairs" (page 76)

"Tessa drank diet Coke and tried to watch a repeat of the *Tonight* show, but she couldn't get interested..." (page 106)

"He made three ham sandwiches, wrapped them, and put them in a cooler with several cans of Coke" (page 200)

The Long Dark Tea-Time of the Soul, by Douglas Adams (1989). Coke mentions: 13. Samples:

"In front of him the shape of a large Coca-Cola vending machine loomed through the settling cloud of dust" (page 62)

"Where did a Coca-Cola machine fit into these wild notions about ancient gods?" (page 135)

The Silence of the Lambs, by Thomas Harris (1988). Coke mentions: 9. Samples:

"They had moved into the funeral home's dim back corridor, where a Coke machine hummed and random odd objects stood against the wall" (page 72)

"Mapp had opened two short-bottle Cokes. She handed Starling a Coke and took a half-pint of Jack Daniel's out of her purse" (page 323)

Playmates, by Robert B. Parker (1989). Coke mentions: 5. Samples:

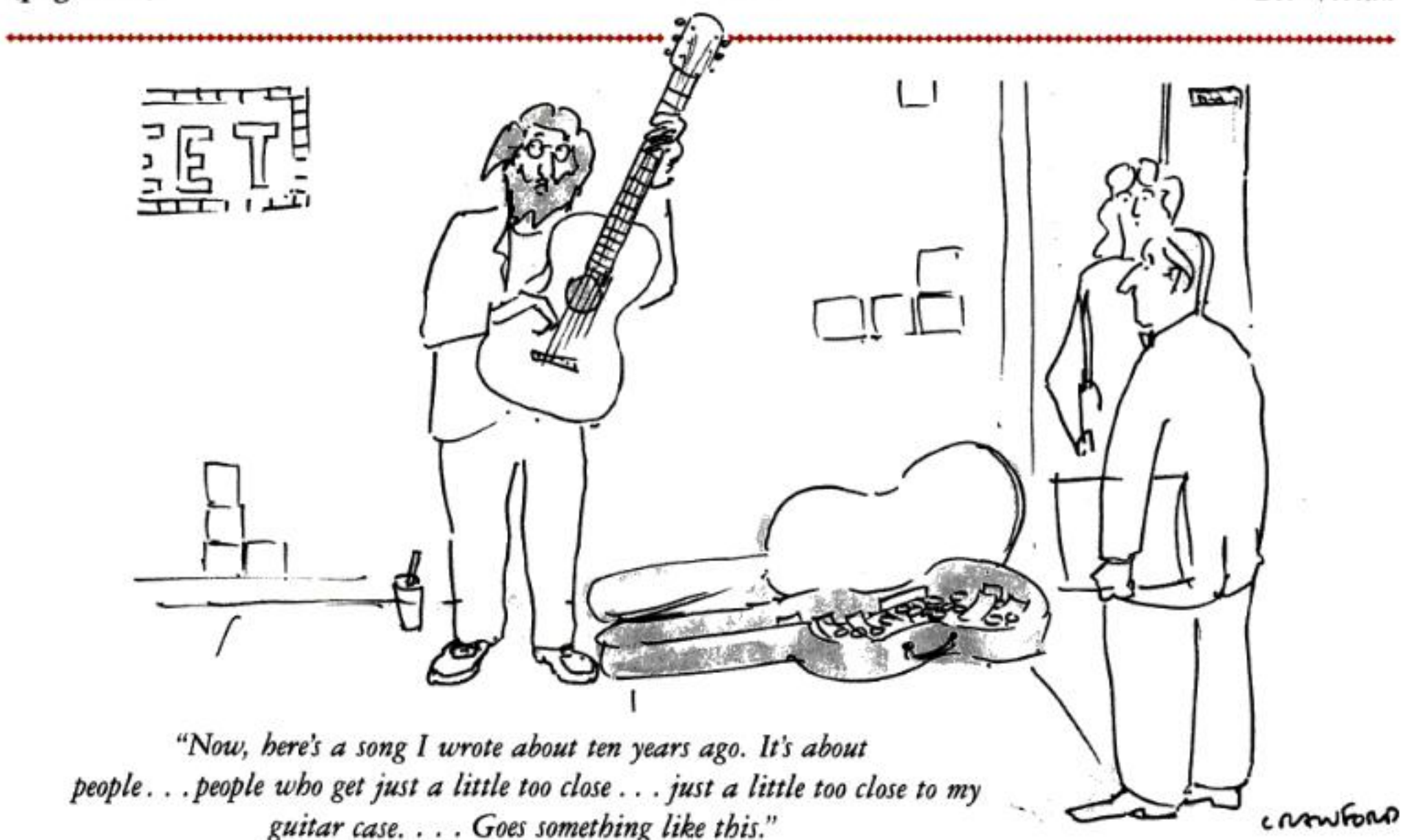
"Dixie was holding the large Coke in his right hand" (page 26)

"We found Dwayne in the spa in the Student Union drinking a Coke in a booth with two other kids" (page 89)

Killshot, by Elmore Leonard (1989). Coke mentions: 2. Sample:

"There was a Coca-Cola bottle on the table and a glass half full she had left, wasting it, not caring" (page 14)

—Bob Vivian



SPY is on the air!

Host:
Jerry Seinfeld

Special Guests:
Victoria Jackson

Harry Shearer

Joe Namath

Coming April 4 to a tv set near you

**SPY the magazine is now
SPY the tv special!**

On
NBC


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SEPARATED AT BIRTH?

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Ruth Chatterton, Jill Clayburgh, Glenn Close, Gena Rowlands, Liv Ullmann, Sigourney Weaver, Debra Winger, Natalie Wood

One nomination, one loss; winning percentage .000:

Isabelle Adjani, Anouk Aimée, Ann-Margret, Jean Arthur, Fay Bainter, Carroll Baker, Marie-Christine Barrault, Anne Baxter, Elisabeth Bergner, Geneviève Bujold, Diahann Carroll, Nancy Carroll, Betty Compson, Jeanne Crain, Dorothy Dandridge, Judy Davis, Doris Day, Marlene Dietrich, Louise Dresser, Jeanne Eagels, Samantha Eggar, Dame Edith Evans, Lynn Fontanne, Ava Gardner, Judy Garland, Gladys George, Whoopi Goldberg, Melanie Griffith, Ann Harding, Julie Harris, Elizabeth Hartman, Goldie Hawn, Wendy Hiller, Miriam Hopkins, Holly Hunter, Celia Johnson, Ida Kaminska, Carol Kane, Nancy Kelly, Sally Kirkland, Piper Laurie, Carole Lombard, Bessie Love, Ali MacGraw, Dorothy McGuire, Maggie McNamara, Melina Mercouri, Bette Midler, Sarah Miles, Grace Moore, Mary Tyler Moore, Merle Oberon, Valerie Perrine, Lynn Redgrave, Lee Remick, Debbie Reynolds, Rachel Roberts, May Robson, Diana Ross, Susan Sarandon, Martha Scott, Talia Shire, Jean Simmons, Carrie Snodgrass, Kim Stanley, Margaret Sullivan, Janet Suzman, Gene Tierney, Kathleen Turner, Lana Turner, Cicely Tyson, Julie Walters, Shelley Winters, Teresa Wright, Diana Wynyard

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR

Two nominations, two wins; winning percentage 1.000:

Melvyn Douglas, Anthony Quinn

One nomination, one win;

winning percentage 1.000:

Jack Albertson, Don Ameche, Martin Balsam, Ed Begley, George Burns, Red Buttons, George Chakiris, Sean Connery, Donald Crisp, Robert De Niro, James Dunn, Barry Fitzgerald, Louis Gossett Jr., Joel Grey, Van Heflin, John Houseman, Timothy Hutton, Burl Ives, Dean Jagger, Ben Johnson, George Kennedy, ▶



Madonna...



and Ayn Rand?



Deborah Norville...



and NBC News president Michael Gartner?



Hunter S. Thompson...



and the Dalai Lama?

LOGROLLING IN OUR TIME

"Yet another peg for the increasingly well-established theme of Nixon as the greatest American foreign policy expert since World War II."

—Kevin Phillips on Richard Nixon's *Real Peace*

"It is must reading not only for those interested in maintaining America's position as the number one economic power in the world but also for those concerned about our leadership and foreign policy."

—Nixon on Phillips's *Staying on Top*

"We're lucky to be living in a world that has Jane Fonda and *Women Coming of Age* in it."

—Gloria Steinem on Jane Fonda's *Women Coming of Age*

"A book that... touches our hearts."

—Fonda on Steinem's *Outrageous Acts and Everyday Rebellions*

"[It] shakes you up, shakes you out, and leaves you shaking hands with yourself."

—Shana Alexander on Gail Sheehy's *Passages*

"Beautifully written, unforgettable."

—Sheehy on Alexander's *Very Much a Lady*

—Howard Kaplan



CELESTIAL HINDSIGHT

Special Former-Friends-of-the-U.S.A. Edition



Subject: NICOLAE CEAUȘESCU

Sign: Aquarius (b. 1/26/18)

Date: December 25, 1989

Notable Activity: Was executed amid popular revolt in Romania

Horoscope: "It's difficult for you simply to let go and let matters take their course. But instead of feeling inadequate and at a loss, accept the inevitable."—Katharine Merlin, *Town & Country*

Subject: MANUEL ANTONIO NORIEGA

Sign: Aquarius (b. 2/11/40)

Date: December 20, 1989

Notable Activity: Was target of U.S. forces invading Panama

Horoscope: "News from a distance could alter your holiday plans."—Laurie Brady, *Star*

Subject: MANUEL ANTONIO NORIEGA

Date: December 24, 1989

Notable Activity: Sought refuge at Vatican mission in Panama City

Horoscope: "At some time during the festive season you must say enough is enough. Also... the coming year will find you making a complete break from the past as far as career or interests are concerned."—Patric Walker, *New York Post*

Subject: MANUEL ANTONIO NORIEGA

Date: January 3, 1990

Notable Activity: Surrendered to U.S. troops

Horoscope: "Allow others to imagine they have scored points or won some kind of victory because their jubilation will be short-lived."—Patric Walker, *TV Guide*
—George Mannes

BOMBAY SAPPHIRE. POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS.



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LAY DOWN YOUR WEARY TUNE

Bob Dylan's Brilliant Career



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Kevin Kline, Jack Lemmon, Walter Matthau, John Mills, Haing S. Ngor, Harold Russell, George Sanders, Joseph Schildkraut, Frank Sinatra, Christopher Walken

Four nominations, three wins; winning percentage .750: Walter Brennan

Three nominations, two wins; winning percentage .667: Jason Robards Jr., Peter Ustinov

Two nominations, one win; winning percentage .500: Hugh Griffith, Edmund Gwenn, Walter Huston, Karl Malden, Thomas Mitchell, Edmond O'Brien

Three nominations, one win; winning percentage .333: Charles Coburn, Jack Nicholson, Gig Young

Four nominations, four losses; winning percentage .000: Arthur Kennedy, Claude Rains

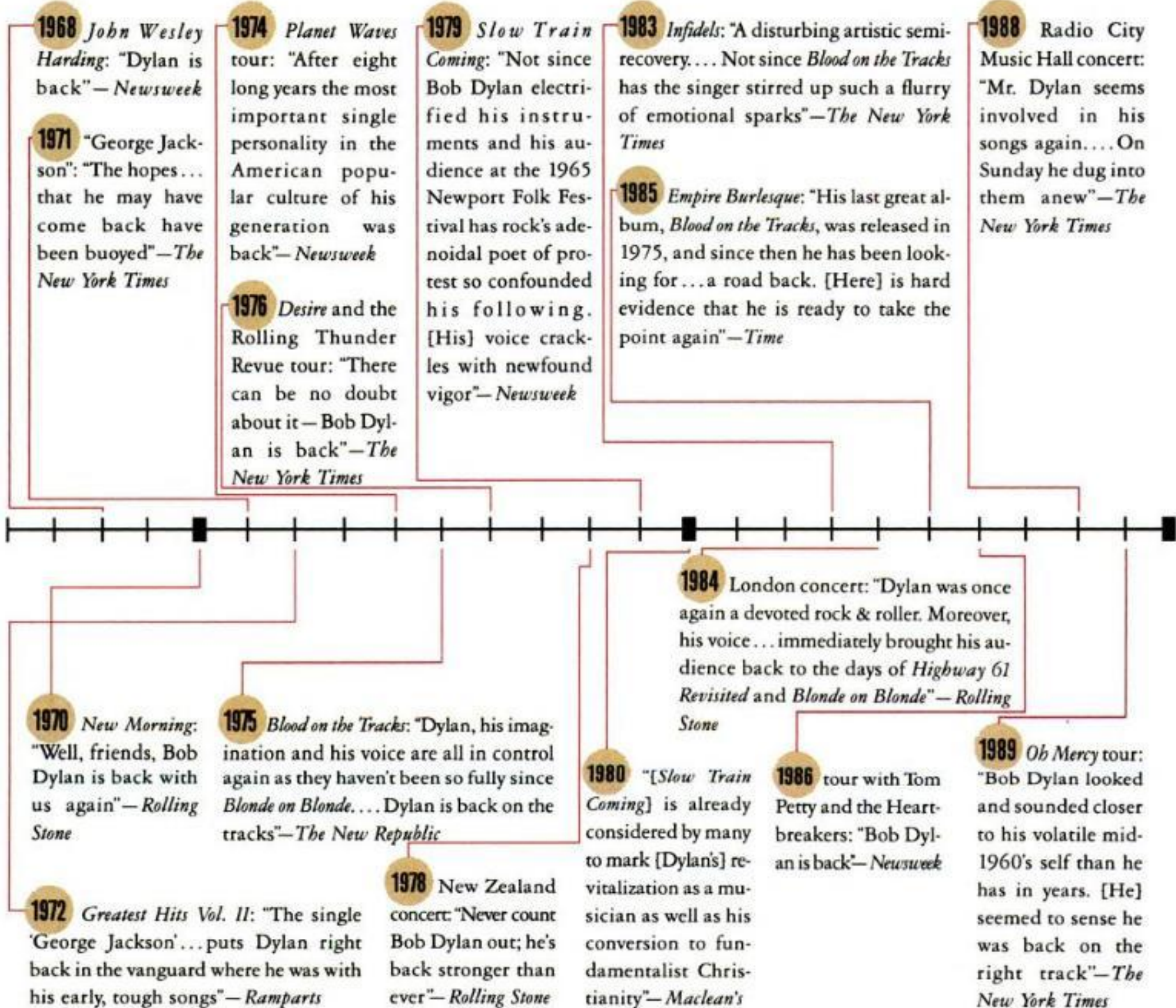
Three nominations, three losses; winning percentage .000: Charles Bickford

Two nominations, two losses; winning percentage .000: Eddie Albert, Jeff Bridges, Lee J. Cobb, Charles Durning, Robert Duvall, Peter Falk, Vincent Gardenia, John Gielgud, Alec Guinness, Gene Hackman, Cecil Kellaway, John Lithgow, Burgess Meredith, Sal Mineo, J. Carrol Naish, Arthur O'Connell, Jack Palance, Basil Rathbone, Ralph Richardson, Mickey Rooney, George C. Scott, Jack Warden, Clifton Webb

One nomination, one loss; winning percentage .000: Nick Adams, Brian Aherne, Fred Astaire, Mischa Auer, Ian Bannen, Mikhail Baryshnikov, Albert Basserman, Ned Beatty, Ralph Bellamy, William Bendix, Tom Berenger, Theodore Bikel, Klaus Maria Brandauer, Albert Brooks, Victor Buono, Richard Burton, James Caan, Adolph Caesar, Harry Carey, John Cassavetes, Seymour Cassel, Richard Castellano, Jeff Chandler, Michael Chekhov, Montgomery Clift, James Coco, Tom Courtenay, Hume Cronyn, Rupert Crosse, Willem Dafoe, John Dall, Bobby Darin, Vittorio De Sica, Brandon De Wilde, William Demarest, Bruce Dern, Brian Donlevy, Brad Dourif, Michael

Since the release of *Oh Mercy* last fall, disc jockeys, reviewers and aging hipsters have been gushing that Bob Dylan is *back*. Granted, after *Down in the Groove* in 1988 almost *any* Dylan album would have been regarded as a comeback. But the fact is, Dylan returns so often that it has become his permanent state of public being.

—Paul Elie



TEN YEARS AGO IN SPY

SPY: Don't you ever worry that the network won't let you grow old in this job?

Pauley: Oh, sure. They'll probably yank me just before I turn 40 and bring in some blond bubblehead named Tammy or Debbie to take my place. But maybe by then I'll be tired of going to work at 5:30 in the morning.

—from "The SPY Interview: Jane Pauley," by David Owen, SPY, April 1980



THE PERFECT RECESS

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Re-cess (Parliament): A unique filter for extra smooth taste and low tar enjoyment.

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Lights



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Naked City



A SPY FANTASY MINI-MYSTERY *The Case of the Mixed-up Records!*

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Dunn, Denholm Elliott, Stuart Erwin, Richard Farnsworth, José Ferrer, Frank Finlay, Peter Firth, Frederic Forrest, Morgan Freeman, Leonard Frey, John Garfield, William Gargan, Michael V. Gazzo, Leo Genn, Chief Dan George, Jack Gilford, Jackie Gleason, James Gleason, Thomas Gomez, Elliott Gould, Sydney Greenstreet, Sessue Hayakawa, Justin Henry, William Hickey, Judd Hirsch, Stanley Holloway, Ian Holm, Oscar Homolka, Dennis Hopper, Arthur Hunicut, John Hurt, John Huston, John Ireland, Richard Jaeckel, Sam Jaffe, Jack Kruschen, Martin Landau, Gene Lockhart, Robert Loggia, Mako, John Malkovich, Joe Mantell, John Marley, James Mason, Daniel Massey, Kevin McCarthy, Victor McLaglen, Jason Miller, Robert Mitchum, Frank Morgan, Noriyuki "Pat" Morita, Robert Morley, Don Murray, Jack Oakie, Michael O'Keefe, Sir Laurence Olivier, Al Pacino, Anthony Perkins, Joe Pesci, River Phoenix, Michael J. Pollard, Robert Preston, Randy Quaid, Anthony Quayle, Eric Roberts, Howard E. Rollins Jr., Robert Ryan, Chris Sarandon, Telly Savalas, Roy Scheider, Maximilian Schell, George Segal, Omar Sharif, Robert Shaw, Sam Shepard, Robert Stack, Terence Stamp, Rod Steiger, James Stephenson, Dean Stockwell, Lee Strasberg, Robert Strauss, Russ Tamblyn, Akim Tamiroff, Rip Torn, Lee Tracy, Henry Travers, Tom Tully, Robert Vaughn, Erich von Stroheim, H. B. Warner, Denzel Washington, James Whitmore, Richard Widmark, Jack Wild, Gene Wilder, Chill Wills, Monty Woolley, Ed Wynn, Burt Young, Roland Young

BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS

One nomination, one win;
winning percentage 1.000:
Dame Peggy Ashcroft, Mary Astor, Anne Baxter, Ingrid Bergman, Jane Darwell, Geena Davis, Sandy Dennis, Olympia Dukakis, Patty Duke, Goldie Hawn, Helen Hayes, Josephine Hull, Linda Hunt, Kim Hunter, Anjelica

here has been an accident at the Record Emporium on Main Street. "Oh, no!" exclaims Miss Johnson, the owner. "I've dropped all the Barry White records and all the Placido Domingo records into a big bucket of paint, and now all I can read are the titles! No one will buy these records now!" Johnny Brown, Miss Johnson's young assistant, overhears. "Don't worry, Miss Johnson. I'm a big fan of both Barry White and Placido Domingo. I'll bet, knowing the titles, I could separate the records by artist!" Johnny dives into the albums and singles and in minutes has them correctly separated. Do you think *you* can separate them?

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. "The First, the Last, My Everything" | 10. <i>I Love to Sing the Songs I Sing</i> |
| 2. <i>Be My Love</i> | 11. "Save Your Nights for Me" |
| 3. "Heart and Soul" | 12. "Can't Get Enough" |
| 4. "Always in My Heart" | 13. <i>The Man Is Back!</i> |
| 5. "Love Is in Your Eyes" | 14. "Love Until the End of Time" |
| 6. <i>Perhaps Love</i> | 15. <i>Just Another Way to Say I Love You</i> |
| 7. <i>The Best of Love</i> | |
| 8. "My Life for a Song" | |
| 9. "I've Got So Much to Give" | |

—R. E. Neu

others are by Placido Domingo
ANSWERS Records by Barry White: 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 10, 12, 13, 15; all

"HE'S A JOKER, HE'S A SMOKER, HE'S A MIDNIGHT TOKER..."

A SPY Current-Events Contest

Who says there are no heroes anymore? More important, who says there are no hero-worshippers? Recently, in a highly publicized article in a national magazine, a respected essayist employed a dozen improbable historical and literary analogies when one good one would've done. Within 1,200 words the writer likened his subject to

Copernicus
Sigmund Freud
Martin Luther
Marshall McLuhan
a Zen genius
a showman



Charles Darwin
Prospero
Ferdinand Magellan
a pope
a magician
a wolf tamer

About whom was the essayist writing? *You tell us!* Name the subject, the author and the publication. One winner will receive a SPY T-shirt.

Answers should be sent to "I Know Who," c/o Michael Hainey, SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. ☛

MAN AT HIS BEST

An Illustrated Supplement to The SPY List



IT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOUR
GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-
GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-
GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER.



The brewmasters of Grolsch have jealously guarded its recipe since 1615. This has enabled it to survive, intact, to the present day, as a purely-natural, non-pasteurized source of enjoyment for at least eleven generations of the world's most discriminating beer drinkers. **Grolsch**

Tastes the same here as it does over there.



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Huston, Shirley Jones, Lila Kedrova, Jessica Lange, Cloris Leachman, Dorothy Malone, Hattie McDaniel, Rita Moreno, Tatum O'Neal, Katina Paxinou, Vanessa Redgrave, Donna Reed, Dame Margaret Rutherford, Eva Marie Saint, Mary Steenburgen, Beatrice Straight, Miyoshi Umeki, Jo Van Fleet, Dianne Wiest

Three nominations, two wins; winning percentage .667: Shelley Winters

Two nominations, one win; winning percentage .500: Fay Bainter, Alice Brady, Ruth Gordon, Gloria Grahame, Eileen Heckart, Dame Wendy Hiller, Mercedes McCambridge, Estelle Parsons, Gale Sondergaard, Meryl Streep, Teresa Wright

Three nominations, one win; winning percentage .333: Celeste Holm, Anne Revere, Maggie Smith, Claire Trevor

Four nominations, one win; winning percentage .250: Ethel Barrymore, Lee Grant, Maureen Stapleton

Six nominations, six losses; winning percentage .000: Thelma Ritter

Five nominations, five losses; winning percentage .000: Agnes Moorehead

Four nominations, four losses; winning percentage .000: Geraldine Page

Three nominations, three losses; winning percentage .000: Glenn Close, Dame Gladys Cooper, Angela Lansbury

Two nominations, two losses; winning percentage .000: Jane Alexander, Beulah Bondi, Dyan Cannon, Melinda Dillon, Mildred Dunnock, Dame Edith Evans, Celeste Holm, Madeline Kahn, Shirley Knight, Elsa Lanchester, Piper Laurie, Sylvia Miles, Maria Ouspenskaya, Marjorie Rambeau, Joyce Redman, Dame May Whitty

One nomination, one loss; winning percentage .000: Norma Aleandro, Sara Allgood, Dame Judith Anderson, Ann-Margret, Anne Archer, Eve Arden, Margaret Avery, Hermione Baddeley, Mary Badham, Barbara Barrie, Barbara Bel Geddes, Candice Bergen, Jeannie

APRIL DATEBOOK

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

1 April Fools' Day. Daylight saving time begins. Thousands of New Yorkers show up an hour late for Sunday brunches and dismiss friends' *What took you so long*s as stupid pranks; hundreds of friendships are needlessly, tragically strained.

3 Birthday of William "Boss" Tweed, the vilified political bully whose Tweed Ring purloined millions from New York City in the 1860s and '70s. His conviction set an example for all New Yorkers and forever put an end to graft by municipal employees.

5 Reminder: call (818) 840-4444 this morning, ask for Brandon, and tell him how much you enjoyed *SPY Magazine's How to Be Famous* on NBC last night at 10:00 (9:00 Central).

8 Macy's Spring Flower Show; Herald Square. Out-of-work actors stroll the aisles dressed as troubadours and giant flowers.

9 Passover. Mayor Dinkins and Governor Cuomo put on yarmulkes for photographers.

16 Income tax deadline and Easter Monday. Second unfortunate double holiday of the month.

22 Peter Frampton turns 40.

23 The Film Society of Lincoln Center honors James Stewart. Spectators grow weary as one testimonial after another concludes with "Jimmy Stewart, yours has indeed been a wonderful life."

26 American Mothers Inc. 55th Annual Convention; Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. A five-day event

celebrating America's leading producers of guilt, culminating in the

announcement of the National Mother of the Year. Convention rules stipulate that the winning mother must

have been married in a legal ceremony.

28 Last day of "Mondo Materialis," an exhibition opened in conjunction with "WestWeek 90," a design-and-business symposium about the "twenty-first century marketplace," more commonly known as L.A.; Pacific Design Center. According to the organizers, L.A. will be a



source of "ideas, inspiration and financial clout of great relevance to the Pacific Century." Meaning that

in ten years, even we Atlantic Century relics will be drinking blush Chablis and wearing thigh-length kimonos. ☛



Walter Monheit
BLURB-O-MAT

Capsule Movie Reviews by Walter "Dateline: The Copa" Monheit™, the Movie Publicist's Friend

I LOVE YOU TO DEATH, starring Kevin Kline (Tri-Star) ☻☻☻☻

Walter Monheit says, "Ladies, say hello to a dish called Kevin! He's Hollywood's fatal-est attraction, and — whoa there, Oscar, put down that kitchen knife!"

CRY BABY, starring Johnny Depp, Traci Lords (Universal) ☻☻☻

Walter Monheit says, "Well, Lords love a Depp! John Waters delivers another kookier-than-thou potpourri of postmodern passion, and the results are just — sniff! — divine!"

THE LEMON SISTERS, starring Diane Keaton, Carol Kane (Miramax) ☻☻☻☻

Walter Monheit says, "Now, here's something for Oscar to suck on! Keaton gives her tartest, juiciest, oooff!-iest performance in years!"

MIAMI BLUES, starring Fred Ward, Alec Baldwin (Orion) ☻☻☻☻

Walter Monheit says, "Don who? Philip Michael what? Miami of the nineties ain't got no room for sockless sissies, so Fred and Alec put the johnson back in vice!"

What the monocles mean: ☻☻☻ — excellent; ☻☻☻☻ — indisputably a classic

How Do You Get From Russia To The Navajo Plains?

Take The Elevator.

One of the most exotic places in the world is right here in New York City. So skip the plane fare and catch a cab to ABC Carpet and Home. From handmade oriental rugs to an International Design Rug Department that covers the globe. Travel through a staggering collection of antiques and

fine reproductions, then retreat to a Bed, Bath and Linen Department that literally sweeps you off your feet. And as for ABC's gigantic selection of domestic and imported broadloom and remnants, don't take the elevator. Just cross the street.



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Broadloom, Remnants & Tile, 881 Broadway, Corner East 19th Street, Manhattan. Tel: (212)473-3000.
Antiques & Linens, Design Rugs, Rug Celler, Orientals, 888 Broadway, Corner East 19th Street, Manhattan.
Store Hours: 10-7, Open Late Mon. & Thurs. till 8, Sat. 10-6, Sun. 11-6.

WHITE WINE, WALKING ON THE BEACH, STACKED BLONDS WHO KNOW HOW TO KEEP THEIR MOUTHS SHUT...

Announcing a Nationwide Search for the New Mrs. Donald Trump!

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Berlin, Karen Black, Betsy Blair, Linda Blair, Ronce Blakley, Joan Blondell, Ann Blyth, Eileen Brennan, Leslie Browne, Billie Burke, Catherine Burns, Ellen Burstyn, Spring Byington, Lynn Carlin, Peggy Cass, Carol Channing, Cher, Diane Cilento, Candy Clark, Patricia Collinge, Ellen Corby, Valentina Cortese, Lindsay Crouse, Quinn Cummings, Joan Cusack, Olivia De Havilland, Hope Emerson, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Nina Foch, Jane Fonda, Jodie Foster, Judy Garland, Teri Garr, Lillian Gish, Paulette Goddard, Bonita Granville, Joan Hackett, Jean Hagen, Grayson Hall, Tess Harper, Barbara Harris, Mariel Hemingway, Ruth Hussey, Martha Hyer, Amy Irving, Glynis Johns, Carolyn Jones, Jennifer Jones, Katy Jurado, Sally Kellerman, Grace Kelly, Susan Kohner, Miliza Korjus, Diane Ladd, Jocelyne LaGarde, Christine Lahti, Hope Lange, Eva Le Gallienne, Peggy Lee, Andrea Leeds, Janet Leigh, Margaret Leighton, Lotte Lenya, Sondra Locke, Joan Loring, Aline MacMahon, Amy Madigan, Marjorie Main, Colette Marchand, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Patty McCormack, Frances McDormand, Elizabeth McGovern, Kay Medford, Vivien Merchant, Una Merkel, Penelope Milford, Juanita Moore, Terry Moore, Cathy Moriarty, Mildred Natwick, Edna May Oliver, Nancy Olson, Barbara O'Neil, Marisa Pavan, Susan Peters, Michelle Pfeiffer, Anne Ramsey, Beah Richards, Flora Robson, Katharine Ross, Diana Scarwid, Talia Shire, Anne Shirley, Sylvia Sidney, Jean Simmons, Lilia Skala, Ann Southern, Kim Stanley, Jan Sterling, Meg Tilly, Lily Tomlin, Susan Tyrrell, Mary Ure, Brenda Vaccaro, Diane Varsi, Lesley Ann Warren, Ethel Waters, Lucile Watson, Sigourney Weaver, Tuesday Weld, Cara Williams, Oprah Winfrey, Natalie Wood, Peggy Wood, Alfre Woodard, Margaret Wycherly, Susannah York.

(Joe Mastrianni and Michael Hatney assisted in the preparation of this column.)

Calling all singles and swingles: are you so much better than a "10" you can't believe it? If so, it's time to set your love fancies free in the most romantic magazine contest ever! SPY is seeking heartfelt essays of 100 words or less on the topic "Why I Should Be the New Mrs. Donald Trump." Anyone of either sex may enter, just as long as he or she is not Marla Maples or an employee of SPY magazine. Each of three winners—to be chosen on an entirely subjective basis—will receive a SPY T-shirt, SPY sunglasses and an unautographed copy of Trump's *The Art of the Deal* (said to be rarer than signed copies!). Send your entry to It's Lonely at the Top, c/o SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003, and be sure we get it by April 30, 1990.

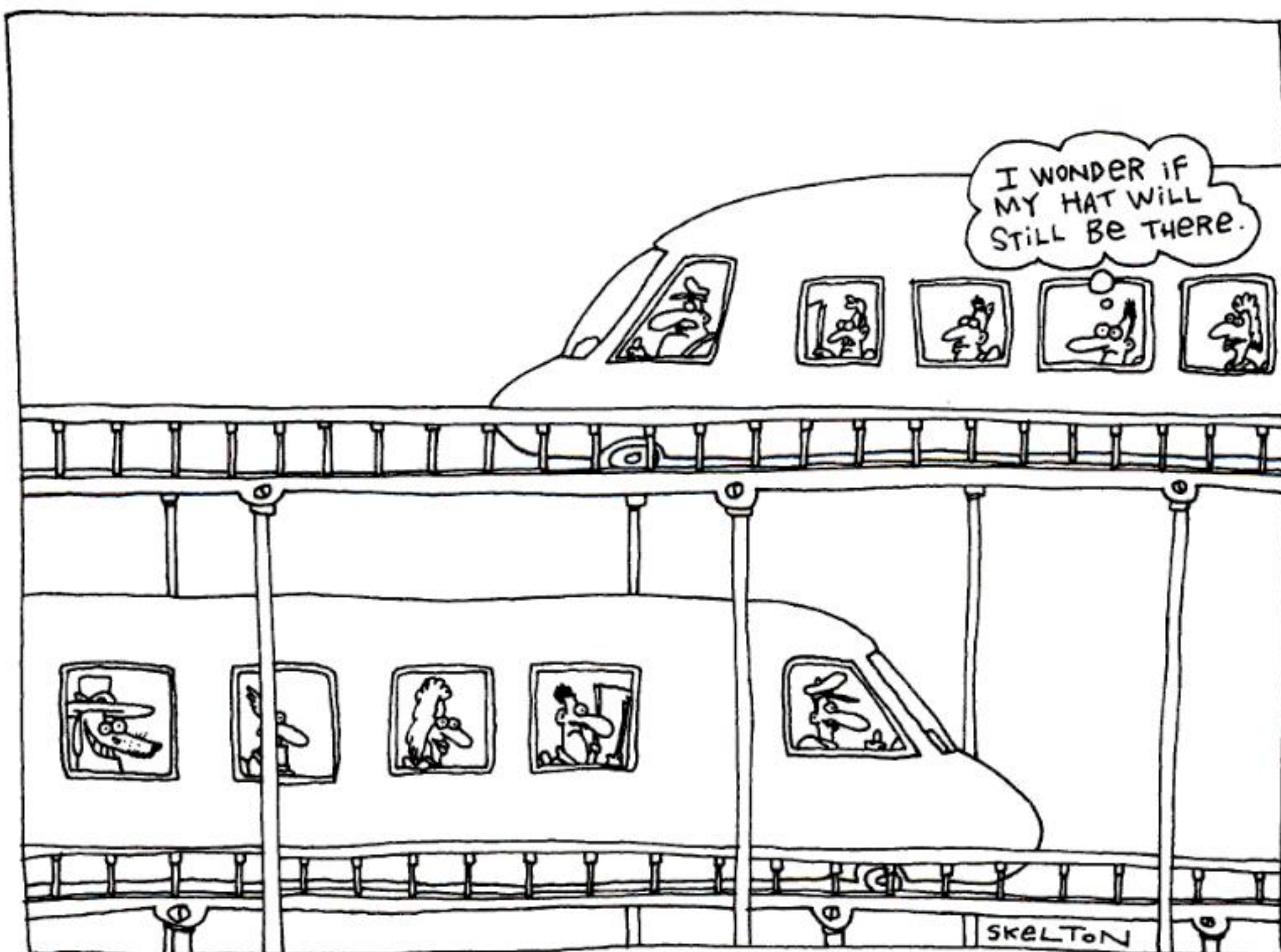
What's the catch? *Possibly the biggest, richest, shortest-fingered catch in town!* That's right: *all* entries will be forwarded via fax machine to Mr. Donald Trump at the Trump Organization. So don't forget to include your phone number, a signed copy of the contract at right and a photograph suitable for electronic transmission. (No nudity, please. Okay, well...a little.)

C O N T R A C T

In the event of marriage to Mr. Donald J. Trump, I, _____, forswear any claim whatsoever to Mr. Donald J. Trump's personal and business holdings—even in the event that he gives me some figurehead job in one or another of his concerns and then shamelessly milks my name and image for public-relations purposes.

(sign here)

By entering this contest, you grant SPY permission to reprint your essay and photograph.



A high-angle, wide shot of a baseball stadium at night. The stadium is filled with a large crowd of spectators. The field is visible, with players in white uniforms positioned around the bases. A large, three-dimensional red logo of "J&B" is placed on the infield grass near the pitcher's mound. The sky above the stadium is dark with some clouds, and the stadium lights are on.

J&B at home.

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SPY periodically publishes *Letters to the Editor* of *The New Yorker* because *The New Yorker* doesn't. Still. Address correspondence to "Dear Bob," c/o SPY, The Spy Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003.

DEAR BOB,

The New Yorker has long been a model of top-quality journalism, and it has never had to bend to whims, fancies or trends. I've been a subscriber for nearly 60 years and would hate to see it changed by overcommercialism.

We must maintain the standards of James Thurber, E. B. White, Wolcott Gibbs, Dorothy Parker, Charles Addams, George Price and others.

Please *don't* let anything happen to Naomi Bliven, an outstanding journalist and the *very* best of book reviewers!

This magazine has always maintained dignity, sophistication, integrity, subtle humor and the highest quality in taste, insight and literary excellence. I pray this

continues, from the delightful covers to the "error quotes" from other publications ("Block That Metaphor!").

Dorothy S. Berg
Portland, Oregon

We phoned The New Yorker and asked someone whether the magazine would continue never to bend to whims, fancies or trends, all the while maintaining dignity, sophistication, integrity, subtle humor, taste, insight and literary excellence, not to mention the standards of James Thurber, E. B. White, Wolcott Gibbs, Dorothy Parker, Charles Addams, George Price and, yes, Naomi Bliven. The New Yorker said, "No comment."

DEAR BOB,

Who has the longest-running subscription to *The New Yorker*?

Eugene A. Bolt
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"There is absolutely no possible way we could

give out that information," said a New Yorker spokeswoman. We'd guess Dorothy S. Berg of Portland, Oregon.

DEAR BOB,

What is going on here? Has *The New Yorker* taken to hiring illiterates? In the October 23, 1989, issue, on page 15, a capsule review of the Blue Note club refers to Sarah Vaughan's "vocal chords."

Chords are groups of musical notes. *Vocal cords* are pairs of mucous-membrane folds that project into the cavity of the larynx. Vaughan may use chords (though she can sing only one note at a time), but what she flexes are her vocal cords.

Leonard Feather
Sherman Oaks, California

Ever generous, we asked The New Yorker whether vocal chords was an error or perhaps a pun. The official word, from Bob himself, is "Whichever you prefer." Is it our imagination, or did he sound testy? D



SUPERLOSER
IN THE 25TH CENTURY

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME, ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT ELSEWHERE

With New York chugging toward the brink of fiscal crisis, a number of our city's most influential citizens—Felix Rohatyn, Mortimer Zuckerman, Congressman Charles Rangel, John Zuccotti and Arthur Levitt Jr. among them—have formed The Committee for the New York, a group dedicated to nurturing and celebrating the city. Recently they held a highly publicized conference at City Hall called "Building the City We Need." Most participants naturally agreed with the group's chairman, developer Richard Kahan, who stressed above all the need to promote the city's economy.



Refreshments were served during the event. The food was provided by The Cooking Company, a caterer from Verona, New Jersey.

—Michael Hainey



How to take a week off work and start a life-long adventure.

It's been said that we travel in order to relinquish control of our lives. That, then, must be why I chose to spend my entire vacation canoeing on the windswept lakes of Northern Minnesota.

I'd been to summer camp; I'd gone hiking as a teenager. But nothing could have prepared me for the experience that was to follow. And no experience to follow could have better prepared me for the rest of my life.

You'd expect such a letter to have been written within a week of some profound, life-altering experience. The fact is it was written a full year after the author completed a 7-day Outward Bound® course.

Indeed, it would be an understatement to say that Outward Bound has a lasting effect on people. Unlike a vacation on the beach, or a week at a golfing resort, Outward Bound leaves you with more than snapshots and warm memories. It leaves you better equipped to handle the day-to-day challenges we all face. At work, and in our lives.

Outward Bound is designed, through the challenges of a wilderness environment, to offer people a chance to test their limits and succeed far beyond their expectations. Eight to twelve people are guided, taught, and advised by qualified instructors through ac-

tivities such as backpacking, dogsledding, white-water rafting, and sailing. In some of the most magnificent wilderness areas of the country.

What Outward Bound took in sheer effort it gave back in peace of mind and inspiration. I filled twenty pages of a journal that had remained empty since college. And I returned to civilization truly revitalized. Nothing I might encounter in the city would match my week on the lakes. I would later call upon these memories, and draw strength from them for the rest of my life.

At times it was a roller coaster of sheer exhilaration. At others it was an experience of solitude and contemplation. It's no magical potion, Outward Bound. But next time I need to recharge the batteries, I know what to do.

There are over six hundred Outward Bound courses in twenty states to choose from. College credit and financial aid are available.

To find out which one is right for you, call us today. Ask for a free color catalog, or just talk with a

member of the Outward Bound staff. We'd be more than happy to answer any questions.

Call toll-free 1-800-243-8520 (203-661-0797 in Connecticut), or write Outward Bound USA, 384 Field Point Road, Greenwich, CT 06830.

It's the first step toward an adventure you'll never outgrow.



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HOW TO BE A MOVIE FAN

HOW TO BE A WOODY ALLEN FAN

Know what anhedonia is and work at having it. Say whenever possible, "The question isn't 'Is there life after death?' but rather 'Is there death after life after death?'" Give a girlfriend a copy of Sartre's *Nausea* for her birthday. When people ask you who your doctor is, ask them if they mean your psychiatrist, your ophthalmologist, your podiatrist, your orthodontist, your neurologist or your ear-nose-and-throat man. Think of pornography as folk literature. Tell people that you heard you are what you eat and so are on a diet consisting exclusively of sacramental wafers. Have allergies. Tell people that you're a big fan of Chekhov's plays but don't really care for the early, funny ones. If friends ask you to go camping with them, tell them you think *Walden* is a horror story. Say that you're looking forward to the colorized version of *Guernica*. If you're Jewish, tell people that you're neurotic not so much because you have a Jewish mother but because she has one, too.

HOW TO BE A FRANK CAPRA FAN

Be from a large family and/or have a large family, and live in an old but well-kept-up wooden house in a small town. Celebrate both Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays. Encourage your son to become a Senate page. If you're a young man, drift around the country doing odd jobs and getting to know all kinds of people. Think of the Depression as a time that proved the resilience and mettle of Americans. Hate the recent Lincoln Center production of *Our Town*. Root for the home team. Believe that money is the root of all evil. Become alienated from the person you love, then decide to marry someone you don't love, but run away from the wedding in the middle of the ceremony, marry the person you love and live happily ever after. While visiting a friend who has never mentioned his military service, accidentally discover a Medal of Honor and a document citing him for an extraordinary act of battlefield heroism. Tell off a slumlord at a city council meeting. Patronize neighborhood merchants, not national chains. Listen objectively to soapbox orators. Vote.

HOW TO BE A FEDERICO FELLINI FAN

Buy all the *fumetti* you can find at a foreign-language bookstore and collect anthologies of the comic-book art of Milo Manara, Guido Crepax, Moebius, et al. Have mixed feelings about *Stardust Memories*. Defend Fellini's gaudy use of color by saying that black-and-white is best left to film noir and neorealism. If you visit Rome and go to the Fountain of Trevi, think about Anita Ekberg in *La Dolce Vita* rather than about Jean Peters, Maggie McNamara and Dorothy McGuire making wishes in *Three Coins in the Fountain*. Admire Casanova. Have plenty of sexual fantasies regardless of how fulfilling your sex life is. Have a nagging suspicion that Antonioni's use of Mastroianni rivals or even exceeds Fellini's. Wear hats with great panache. Complain to a theater manager who puts *Eight and a Half* on the marquee instead of *8½*. Know what *8½* means.

HOW TO BE A JERRY LEWIS FAN

While in France, be unable to squeeze a visit to the Louvre into your busy itinerary of mime shows, Fernandel retrospectives, and Punch and Judy productions. If you can't afford a trip to France, settle for Las Vegas. Enjoy telethons. Have an abstruse theory about why *The Nutty Professor* is as enduring as *As You Like It* and find levels of psychoanalytic meaning in *Cinderfella*. Take a set of plastic teeth with you on a date. Dream about an octoplex Jerry Lewis theater with a different Jerry Lewis movie playing on each screen. Reminisce about the Catskills, even if you've never been there. Get a job as a soda jerk or a movie usher and work out all sorts of wacky routines with your ice cream scoop or flashlight. Don't understand Woody Allen's popularity. Try out your act in the intensive-care unit of a children's hospital. Have copies of *Cahiers du Cinéma* on your coffee table next to *Cracked*. If you have a son, name him Herbie or Irving or Melvin and ridicule him in the presence of others.

HOW TO BE A JOHN FORD FAN

Think of Howard Hawks as the poor man's John Ford and Henry Hathaway as the poor man's Howard Hawks. Collect

arrowheads, Frederic Remington prints and Sons of the Pioneers records. Be Irish and Catholic. If you're a middle-aged man, be a wistful widower, and if you're a middle-aged woman, be a feisty widow. Be able to play "Shall We Gather at the River" on the accordion and/or harmonica. Know John Wayne's real name and how he got the nickname Duke. Enjoy hanging out with old stuntmen and listening to their stories. Remember Pearl Harbor. Send a Christmas card to Ronald Reagan each year. Enjoy riding horses but don't anthropomorphize them. Don't feel any guilt for what we did to the American Indian. Wonder why the hell Ford didn't make more movies with Spencer Tracy. Own an old hound named after a Civil War general. Never turn off the national anthem during a TV station's sign-off segment. Blow the head off your beer. Cut cigars in half with a jackknife while you try to think of laconic answers to questions.

HOW TO BE A STEVEN SPIELBERG FAN

Live in the suburbs, preferably in California, especially in Ventura County. Or be from Cincinnati or Cleveland, visit Hollywood, and be enthralled when you see the HOLLYWOOD sign and discover you can buy copies of the daily *Variety* and *The Hollywood Reporter* from newspaper vending boxes all over town. Watch old *Twilight Zone*, *Outer Limits* and *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* reruns on TV. Make a pest of yourself with your video camera at picnics, parties and family gatherings. Think of Ron Howard and George Lucas as auteurs. Lament the passing of the studio system, but not the star system. Get along well with prepubescent kids and old people and wonder who takes direction better. Go to a Halloween party in a costume bought at the MGM auction. Collect movie memorabilia and have all 87 of the bubble gum cards and 12 stickers in the first Topps *E.T.* set and all 36 of the Bowman Movie Stars bubble gum cards, and pay an exorbitant price for a mint-condition Hollywood Bread label. Stubbornly refer to Mann's Chinese Theatre as Grauman's. Keep a vintage Viewmaster on top of your VCR.

—Larry Tritten

MYTH OR LEGEND the SAGA OF THE JACKALOPE

BY DAN ROBINSON
AS TOLD TO WILL REDD

DEEP WITHIN THE DESOLATE MOUNTAINS
OF NEW MEXICO FROM THE LOINS OF
AN ANTELOPE AND THE SEED OF AN
OVERLY ENTHUSIASTIC JACKRABBIT
(SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE BUT TRUE!)
JACKY WAS BORN...



...CONCEALING HIS IDENTITY
BY WORKING AS A CHEF, JACKY
SAVED ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY A
HARLEY FOR A TRIP UP NORTH
WHERE IT WAS RUMORED OTHERS
OF HIS KIND EXISTED...

... AFTER A FEW MONTHS
OF SELF-ACTUALIZATION THERAPY,
JACKY CAME TO TERMS WITH HIMSELF.
DETERMINED TO MAKE A NAME FOR
HIMSELF AND HIS BREED, HE
DREW UPON HIS KNOWLEDGE OF
WESTERN AND SOUTHWESTERN
COOKING AND THEN OPENED
JACKALOPES!

TO BE CONTINUED!

★ ★ ★ L.A. STAR ★ ★ ★
★ EXTRA! ★

★ IT WAS IN WYOMING
THAT JACKY'S TRUE IDENTITY
WAS DISCOVERED.
PICTURES OF HIM BEGAN SHOWING
UP ON POSTCARDS AND IN
GOSSIP RAGS. JACKY DECIDED
THE ONLY WAY TO PRESERVE
HIS PRIVACY WAS TO MOVE
TO THE ONLY CITY WHERE
HIS LOOKS WOULDN'T BE
CONSIDERED UNUSUAL...
NEW YORK!



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TATTOOING • PALM READING



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THE INDUSTRY



Jon



Peter

**VAIN MAN:
WHY
GUBER-PETERS
MAY BOMB
IN TOKYO**

He's a Sony Man: The Sony Corporation of America has a major public-relations fiasco on its hands, and its name is Jon Peters. The em-

barrassment, of course, stems from the weekly articles that have been appearing in *Variety*, the *Los Angeles Times*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *Vanity Fair* and *Premiere*, among other publications, since the day last winter when Peters, the newly canonized cochairman of Columbia Pictures, swaggered into the studio's Burbank headquarters. Each story has gingerly questioned Sony executives' sanity in spending almost half a billion dollars to spring former hairdresser Peters and his partner, Peter Guber (the "brainy" one), from their contract with Warner Bros. However, it was Aljean Harmetz's disingenuous *New York Times* echo of Peter Boyer's *Vanity Fair* piece that caused Sony to react as if Japan had been invaded.

Within hours of its publication copies of the *Times* article were faxed to Tokyo and distributed throughout the executive floors, where Sony chairman Akio Morita met with Norio Ohga, the Sony president who had been wary of Sony's acquisition of Columbia Pictures in the first place. Ohga reportedly lobbied for putting Peters on a short leash for the time being. Peters's high profile, he argued, wasn't exactly helping Sony's attempts to stanch the reactionary Japan-bashing provoked by Sony's purchasing Columbia Pictures and Mitsubishi's buying control of Rockefeller Center. Morita reportedly agreed with Ohga, saying that Peters must somehow be reeducated to the Japanese way of management, in which company loyalty and discretion come before personal glory—further proof of how

very little Sony understands the movie business.

At Sony's American headquarters at 9 West 57th Street, meanwhile, the mood was equally bleak. The company's calm, capable U.S. vice chairman, Michael "Mickey" Schulhof, was apparently disturbed with the press Peters had been receiving, and he complained about everything from *Radio Flyer*—the script about child abuse that Peters bought for \$1.25-million because Richard Donner was interested in directing it—to Peters's smug-looking photograph in the *Times*.

Apparently, Schulhof called Sony's CBS Records president, Walter Yetnikoff, a principal matchmaker between Sony and Guber-Peters, with his grievances. At first Yetnikoff defended Peters by claiming that Peters's image was exactly right—"tough," "hip," "with-it"—and that it would help make the virtually hit-free studio seem a major player again. Yetnikoff supposedly likened Peters's image to his own "bad boy" persona—to which Schulhof is said to have replied, *Yes, but you were smart enough to keep it out of The New York Times. At least you never made us look foolish.*

Will Jon Peters be fired? Probably not anytime soon. When Sony approached Guber and Peters to run its studio, the pair said that they would need to spend \$30 million to \$40 million to show the movie community that Columbia was a serious player. Schulhof knew about this at the time; he just didn't realize how punishing a process it would be. Having invested almost a billion dollars in Guber and Peters, Sony cannot fire Peters without losing face. On the other hand, if it keeps him, he may very well tarnish the studio's credibility and cost it money. It is a worst-case scenario of the clash between

Eastern and ultra-Western cultures.

Jon Peters, of course, continues to jabber away on his car phone, offering an outrageous salary to his girlfriend, making outlandish deals for commercially questionable film properties, bragging to assistant car valets about his immense power at the studio. Surprisingly, Peters's bullyish bluster seems to be working—Columbia is being taken more seriously than it has been in years. Nevertheless Yetnikoff reportedly did call him to discuss his attitude problem. *Fuck 'em*, Peters is said to have replied, blaming his problems on the press and Hollywood jealousy—and on this count he is probably more than a little right. *Let's talk in 18 months, when my pictures come out*, Peters told Yetnikoff.

Trims and Ends: Time Warner cochairman Steve Ross is Jewish. Warner Bros. executive vice president of worldwide motion-picture production Mark Canton is Jewish. Warner Bros. president of worldwide theatrical production Bruce Berman is Jewish. And yet for all the Jewish executives at Warner Bros.—Ross was even named Man of the Year by the United Jewish Appeal Federation of New York—the company is still distributing Michael Moore's *Roger & Me*. What does one have to do with the other? When Moore went looking for a distributor last year, one of his inviolate demands was that his documentary not be shown in Israel. Although several

distribution companies turned Moore down as a result, Warner Bros. apparently complied. The left-wing Moore, it seems, is adamantly pro-Palestinian and plans to examine the Israeli government in his next documentary. *Yitzhak & Me?*

See you Monday night at Mortons.

—Celia Brady

Peters's high
profile wasn't
helping Sony
stanch the
Japan-bashing
provoked by its
purchase of
Columbia

Madame X by John Singer Sargent, adapted by Mark Hess.

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Having good taste is knowing what tastes good.

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ASK DR. NICK

Timely Advice from an Actual Psychiatrist



Dear Dr. Nick,

I am worried about a friend. In the past couple of years she has done very well professionally and managed to win the hearts of many people despite her problem with obesity, but lately she seems hell-bent on self-destruction. As an infant she was placed in a tiny restraining jacket after she scratched all the skin off her nose. As a child she drilled holes in her doll's head with her father's power tools. She was raised as both a Jew and a Mormon, and as a teenager she spent eight months in a mental hospital. At one time she got down to a size 6 and was enjoying life as a housewife and mother, but then she gained the weight back and decided she could feel comfortable only in California. Her husband and children followed her there, but just as things started going well she left her husband for a cocaine addict. With him she has started behaving more and more outrageously in public. One time, they had sex in a yogurt store bath-

room, and they were asked to leave a deli once because of their lewd behavior. She has exposed her derriere in public and admits proudly that she frequently passes wind in front of large groups of people. Whereas only a year ago she was considered a very popular person, she is now almost universally disliked. She blames her feelings of isolation on the fact that the community she lives and works in is filled with "skinny, chinless, balding latent homosexuals with car phones." She eats six times a day and is a cigarette addict. What do you think—does she need to seek professional help?

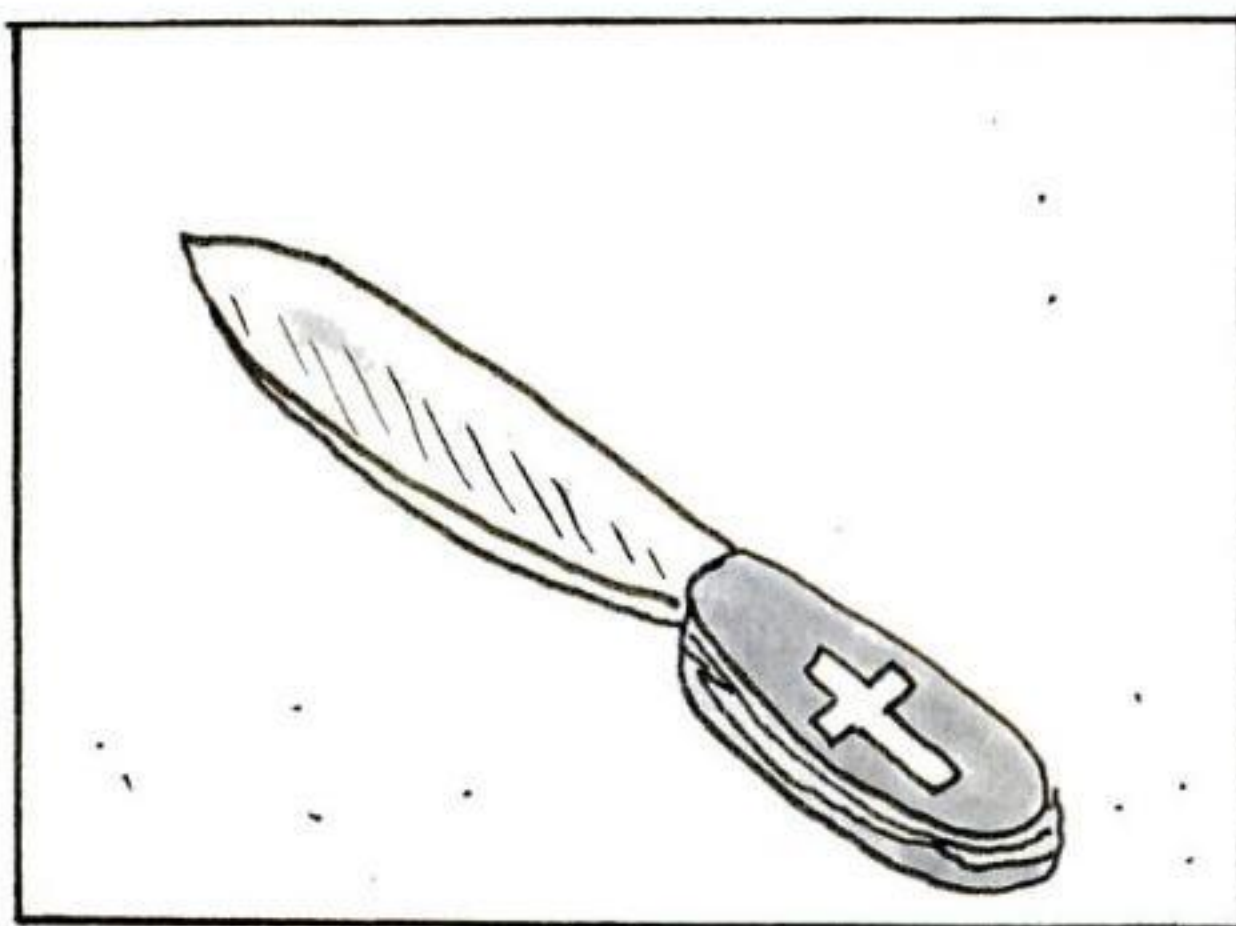
Dr. Nick replies:

*Your friend has certainly had a series of distressing events in her life. The more recent incidents you describe are clearly **exhibitionistic**, and one wonders if these may be related to her career. Is garnering publicity now a part of her work? Even if this is the case, though, there may be more to the story. You mention that she*

*feels isolated and has lost her friends but blames others for this. This is an example of **projection**, a defense mechanism often seen in **paranoid states**. The self-mutilation as a child and the lengthy hospitalization as a teenager suggest **significant ego deficits** early on. A period of seemingly good adjustment as a young mother apparently did not last. **Problems in judgment, impulsiveness, feelings of emptiness, chaotic relationships** and probably **regulation of affects** ensued. These characteristics, along with the sketchy but significant early history, suggest the diagnosis of a **personality disorder, probably of the borderline type**, but more serious pathology cannot be ruled out. The possibility of an **eating disorder** would also need to be investigated.*

(Dr. Nick is the nom de plume of the SPY psychiatrist, who points out that he has never seen or spoken to the subject, and says that it's highly irresponsible of him to offer a diagnosis in a magazine. The subject, Dr. Nick notes, might be just fine.)

THE SHARPEST THING THERE IS:



CHRIST'S POCKETKNIFE

SPY SALUTES THE STARS OF TOMORROW TODAY



TED JONAS



SPY: What is the strategy behind your head shot?

Ted Jonas, Star of Tomorrow: I tried to present myself so that people would see that I was born with a very mobile face, full of expressions—*extreme*.

SPY: What has been your most rewarding professional experience to date?

Jonas: My favorite is doing commercials. I enjoy being a character and selling a product.

TALKIN' 'BOUT MY D-D-DEMOGRAPHICS

A Guide to Music Video Network Advertising

Confused about the difference between VH-1 and MTV? Sure, one network is for baby-boomers who wish they'd gone to Woodstock, while the other is for impressionable youths whose idea of news is what Kurt Loder tells them. But even though the audiences may be different, the videos look sort of similar—scruffy hunchbacked guitar players with tattoos, pretty men with nasal tenors, heavily mascara'd women with teased hair—so it's easy to become disoriented when roaming the channels. Now, thanks to this pocket-size SPY Guide to Music Video Network Advertising, you will never have to be at a loss again. All you have to do is wait for a commercial.



Actual Ads on MTV	Actual Ads on VH-1
Ivory hair conditioner	Sy Sperling's Hair Club for Men
Wrigley's chewing gum	Tempo antacid
A&W root beer	Folger's coffee
Young Miss magazine	Life magazine
Time/Life Music: <i>Sounds of the Seventies</i>	Casey Kasem's Rock N Roll Goldmine: <i>The Sixties</i>
Levi's 501 jeans	Spiegel Catalog
L.A. Gear clothing	Tide laundry detergent
Soloflex muscle-building machines	Allstate insurance
Yo! MTV Raps! T-shirts	Elvis commemorative plates
MTV Record Club	Roy Orbison's <i>Greatest Hits</i>
MTV	MTV

—Kate Walter

PRIVY COUNCIL

Useful Advice from Some of America's Toll-Free Product-Information Hotlines



Denise Irish, consumer relations, Georgia-Pacific Corporation:

"It seems to roll more correctly if it's coming over the top.... It should come off the roll the same way it went on [in the factory].... It's a very precise thing.... They say the probability is about 90 percent that they'll go off if you roll it from underneath. If it's off just a tenth of an inch, by the time you get to the end of the roll, it's off about half an inch."

Ellen Cassidy, consumer relations, Scott Paper Company:

"We design it to come over the top of the roll.... With the paper coming down the back, you'd be seeing white paper hanging down, instead of the flowers hanging down...."

"Once you get used to it one way, you can't go back to the other way. My husband put it in backward recently and I had to turn it around. I said, 'No, no, no, I can't do it that way.'"

Claire Iusi, consumer affairs, James River Corporation:

"It stands to reason that if you purchase one of our SoftPrints, with the flowers on it, that it would come over the top.... But if you're more comfortable with it the other way, that's perfectly acceptable. It's really a matter of personal preference."

"Personally, I like it coming out from the bottom (but I only purchase white). That's just the way I tear.... Old habits are hard to break."

—Mary Roach

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Nice News from Down Under

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—from *The Economist*, December 2, 1989



Dan "Acid" Rather

WHAT BETTER TIME TO TAKE A BREAK THAN DURING THE YEAR'S BIGGEST NEWS WEEK?

'Twas the night before Christmas. U.S. troops, in a massive mobilization unprecedented in the 1980s, were consolidating their hold over Panama. After years of boldly defying Uncle Sam, Manuel Noriega was at his wits' end, just hours away from giving himself up. In a year of dramatic foreign news, the breaking story in banana land was as dramatic as it got—equaled only, perhaps, by the simultaneous cataclysm in Romania. So where were the hardworking CBS executives whose lives are devoted to broadcasting such stories, executives such as News president David "No Leaks" Burke and his rivalrous VP-lieutenants, Don DeCesare and Joe Peyronnin? Executives such as the yogurt-addicted, remarkably pale foreign-news editor, Bob Anderson?

On vacation, of course. *For the week.*

Apparently acting under the delusion that world events would relax along with them as they swilled eggnog and watched the minor bowl games, the lounge-about heirs of the Murrow tradition had left behind as caretaker the permanently-in-professional-limbo David Corvo, former executive editor of the now-Kathleen-Sullivan-less *CBS This Morning*. (Though Corvo presumably has a new title now that he's been kicked upstairs, staffers at CBS were hard-pressed to recall precisely what it is.) Filling out the holiday skeleton crew were Dan "Acid" Rather and his poignantly loyal newsroom ally Tom Bettag, executive producer of *CBS Evening News*, both of whom had—to their credit—canceled their plans for Christmas through New Year's in order to do the jobs they get paid for.

It was not a happy week. Valiantly in-

stalled in front of "Mr. Map"—CBS's sarcastic pet name for the gargantuan graphic aid that dominates the *Evening News* set—Rather delivered the news from Panama while ably hiding his intense displeasure at having to do his job without the usual coterie of timorous, servile executives to blow off at. Off the air, however, the anchor was, in the words of one witness, "incredulous," and overflowed with bitter wisecracks. *I guess our foreign editor doesn't want his job much longer*, he reportedly told a group of staffers, conveniently forgetting his own famous minivacation from the news desk.

Hypocritical or not, Rather's alleged outbursts were based on the highly questionable assumption that CBS's Panama coverage had somehow been *harmed* by the ill-timed desertion of Anderson, Burke and company. In fact, the opposite was probably the case. Days before the invasion, when the news division's upper echelons were still at, shall we say, full strength, the other networks had glimpsed what was coming and sent crews and reporters into Panama. CBS, however, had sent only one reporter. This classic Burkean half measure had the not-unsurprising result of leaving CBS without its own footage from Panama for three full days after the troops hit the ground. To compensate, the network was forced to buy its images of war on the open market, like some forlorn independent station in Boise or Peoria.

As Rather's *Evening News* moves in and out of third place in the ratings the way a coma patient slips in and out of consciousness, rumors are spreading inside Black Rock that the psychedelic Texan will soon be replaced by Ed Bradley, the capable—but curiously piratelike—earring-wearing *60 Minutes* correspondent.

Each of the news-division titans has decided who is to blame for the chaos: everyone but himself. DeCesare blames both Rather—*We have to get rid of that nut*—and Peyronnin, whom he was known to refer to as *that idiot in Washington* back when Peyronnin held a post at CBS's D.C. bureau. Peyronnin, of course, blames DeCesare. According to an observant insider, "They both think the other one is stupid, and they're both right." And whom does Burke blame? It's hard to say. Burke is very rarely seen anywhere near the newsroom, and he certainly doesn't speak to the press.

Silence and invisibility—an odd management strategy indeed, particularly for the head of a once-major news-gathering organization. Some veteran CBS observers see this grim, gray secrecy policy as a personal rebuke to the markedly reporter-friendly bon vivant Broadcast Group president, Howard Stringer, Burke's leak-prone predecessor. Unfortunately for Burke, one of these veteran observers' sources is said to be Stringer himself.

Meanwhile, the march of history continues, waiting for no man. One night in late January slumbering CBS News executives were reportedly roused from their beloved beds and told that ABC had "block-booked" over a thousand satellite hours from South Africa. Fearing its energetic competitor was set to lock up exclusive coverage of Nelson Mandela's seemingly imminent release, CBS dispatched DeCesare on a desperate, last-minute catch-up mission to Johannesburg. *How tiring this business is*, one imagines the awakened executives thinking as they snuggled back under their covers. *Will Easter vacation ever come?*

—Ring Norris

The way some of us perceive
people with AIDS, you'd think you could
get it just by touching this picture.



Contrary to popular belief, children do get AIDS. But you cannot catch
it from their tears, drinking glasses or clothes. Let alone a hug, kiss or a smile.
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THE TIMES



Max



Punch



Abe

The recent and unexpected ascension of Michael Kimmelman to chief art critic of the *Times*—and thus of the entire world—was certain to bump a few noses. And did. To the inbred art community, a circus hothouse frightened of any change that might alter the late-eighties status quo that has enriched its most prominent members to a degree they'd never imagined, John Russell's replacement is an affront. Kimmelman, many of them say, is an amiable lightweight with neither the eye nor the intellect that his newly acquired make-or-break authority would seem to demand. His qualifications: two years at the paper as a classical-music critic (*Hey, isn't art just visual music?*), snazzy degrees from both Harvard and Yale, some editorial experience at the trade magazine *Industrial Design* and, most important, the quick-with-a-yes, ingratiating manner of the classic budding *Times*man.

Needless to say, Kimmelman's passed-over cocritics were also somewhat dismayed by the appointment. Michael Brenson, who was once considered the front-runner for the job, started at the *Times* in 1982 when the intellectually ram-bunctious Hilton Kramer left to start *The New Criterion*. But Brenson, a 48-year-old with the tortured, sullen air of all art history Ph.D.'s, took a curious tack in trying to win the attention of his superiors—his campaign for advancement seems to have been based on promoting the work of black artists. Brenson virtually created a major talent ex nihilo, the all-but-unknown sculptor Martin Puryear. *All I care about is power*, Brenson is reported to have told colleagues. *And if I have to write about black artists to get noticed, I'll do it*. As common as such Machiavellian sentiments are at the *Times*, it is nevertheless

not considered good form actually to flaunt them. When Brenson's too-evident ambition came to the attention of the seemly Anglophile Russell—the English nanny of art criticism—who management had said could choose his own successor, Brenson saw his progress come to an abrupt halt.

After Kimmelman's promotion was announced, Brenson hastily departed for Martha's Vineyard for a week to consider his options, but in the end, after his bosses mollified him with eleventh-hour job enhancements, he decided to stay at the paper. Such was the concern over Kimmelman's appointment that even critics outside the paper were dismayed. Robert Hughes of *Time* and Barbara Rose of *The Journal of Art* even contemplated drafting an anti-Kimmelman petition that would be sent to executive editor Max Frankel.

Russell's anointment of the 31-year-old Kimmelman continues the *Times*'s longstanding tradition of turning, in a single capricious stroke, young, John Doe-ish journeymen into all-powerful arbiters of taste. For whatever reason, the paper has made it a virtual requirement that its most senior critics learn on the job. Successfully so. Frank Rich was 31 and a movie critic when he joined the paper; Paul Goldberger came right out of Yale; and Michiko Kakutani was in her mid-twenties when she signed on at the *Times*.

So highly does the *Times* now value the services of these critics that it has placed them on its new, clumsily conceived in-house honor roll of "senior writers and photographers." These ostensibly coveted new titles and their attendant perks—namely, a two-part annual bonus consisting of a \$10,000 grant as well as up to \$10,000 more, depending on

the paper's profits—were designed to help the *Times* compete with similar fast-track salary structures at *The Wall Street Journal* and *The Washington Post*. The *Journal* and the *Post*, however, do not make public the names of the lucky ones who are drafted into their fast tracks, thereby avoiding the public humiliation experienced by those who are excluded.

The promotions were reported with a curious mix of paternalistic fanfare and grudging awkwardness. The names of the successful candidates were conspicuously posted in the newsroom for all to see. Memos were subsequently sent around referring to the favored writers simply as *seniors*, a term distinctly reminiscent of the petty hierarchies of high school. And as if anyone needed reminding that what Max Frankel grants, Max Frankel can just as swiftly take away, the lucky few were advised that their newly won status was subject to perpetual review.

Russell's
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Kimmelman
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into arbiters
of taste

Niggardly benefactors often make the mistake of overdramatizing their own generosity. The *Times* is no exception. No sooner had the bonuses been announced than the paper sent word to the recipients that it had retained a financial adviser to help them invest their windfall. Apparently convinced that his gullible senior writers were about to fall prey to card-sharps and crooked real estate salesmen, Max urged his hirelings to take advantage of the *one free counselling session* the *Times* was granting them. But when you consider that \$10,000 works out to about \$6,500 after taxes, it becomes clear that this seemingly well-meant gesture is much akin to a father's handing his teenage son a fiver and saying, in all seriousness, *I expect that to last you awhile*.

—J. J. Hunsecker

In 1753, the renegade Cluny MacTavish was tried and convicted of stealing a bottle of Drambuie. And the lesser charge of murdering the coachman.



40% Alc/Vol. © W.A. Taylor & Co., Miami, FL 1989

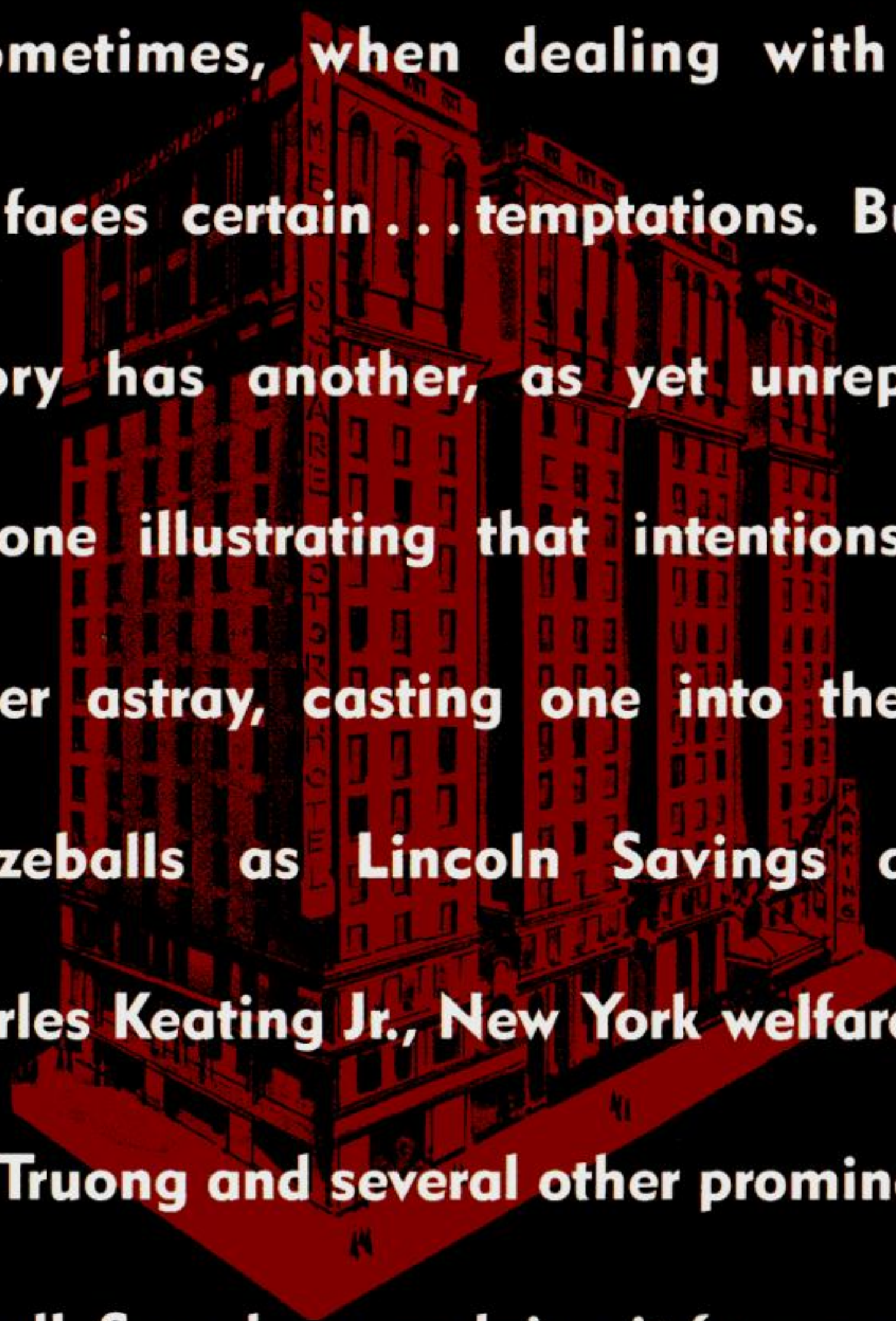
As with most legends, the details here may have grown fuzzy with the years. But one thing remains crystal clear. Drambuie is the unique liqueur flavored with wild heather honey and the finest malt whiskies. So it has a taste that people would kill for. Drambuie. Scottish in origin, distinctive in taste, unchanged since 1745.

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As Covenant House's Father Bruce Ritter knows especially well by now, noble intentions can go astray. Sometimes, when dealing with troubled boys, one faces certain...temptations. But Ritter's seamy story has another, as yet unreported dimension, one illustrating that intentions can go even farther astray, casting one into the arms of such sleazeballs as Lincoln Savings and Loan baron Charles Keating Jr., New York welfare predator Tran Dinh Truong and several other prominent candidates for hell. Sure, he was doing it for a good cause, but was getting rich in speculative Times Square real estate really an end that justified the means?



THE SLUMLORD IS MY SHEPHERD



There was a time not long ago when it would have been all but impossible to find someone who would say a harsh word about Father Bruce Ritter, the Franciscan priest who founded Covenant House and for the past two decades has been its president. Yes, social-work professionals debated some of Covenant House's methods, and yes, many people were disturbed by Ritter's gratuitously severe condemnations of homosexuality. Yet even his critics could not deny the genuinely heroic work he was performing on streets that have been called, without much argument, the meanest in Manhattan.

BY JOHN FAHS AND EDDIE STERN

Because when most New Yorkers think about the bitter, stone-cold world of 42nd Street, its child prostitutes and run-aways and drug addicts, what they feel is fear and heartbreak and deep gratitude at being able to go someplace *else*, where their food is fresh and their clothes are warm and someone loves them. But Bruce Ritter and his colleagues at Covenant House had a more courageous reaction. They went into the streets and offered those troubled teenagers a place to stay, something to eat and, in about a third of the cases, a chance to stop their slide and to climb out of the pit into which they had

PHOTOGRAPH BY JERALD FRAMPTON

APRIL 1990 SPY 51

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fallen. Ritter and his staff plausibly claim to have helped 200,000 children since 1969 at their 16 shelters around the country and abroad. In an age of Swaggart and Bakker and Robertson, Bruce Ritter seemed to be one man of the cloth who earned the vast respect he commanded.

But heroes are seldom simple people, and complex characters tend to take the sugarcoating off almost any story. Last December the *New York Post* broke the news that the Manhattan District Attorney's office was investigating Ritter for the misuse of Covenant House funds. Allegations had surfaced that Ritter spent some \$25,000 of the charity's money on a young male resident of Covenant House who said that Ritter had seduced him and involved him in a sexual relationship. Although there was a swift and forceful attempt to limit damage from the allegations—Father Ritter unequivocally denied the charges; the accuser's father was brought from Texas to New York to describe his son's history as a pathological liar; an editorial

appeared in *The New York Times* calling on the D.A. to get the matter cleared up; the *Daily News* weighed in with a two-page salute to Covenant House's mission; and the *Times*'s Abe Rosenthal offered his mawkish endorsement of Ritter—Ritter's fortunes never recovered. In subsequent weeks accusations of a second affair surfaced, then a third and more, and the D.A.'s investigation was followed by a clerical inquiry by Ritter's fellow Franciscans, who in February ordered him to take a leave of absence to "begin a period of rest and recuperation." On February 27 he resigned. All of the questions focused on the sexual allegations and the attendant misuse of funds—offenses that cannot be condoned but that, given the whole of the man's life, seem worthy

of compassion and understanding.

None of the inquiries delved into Ritter's more cold-blooded experiment in empire building, a venture into Manhattan's speculative real estate market that turned Ritter into a caricature of the money-hungry New York landlord. However honorable Ritter's motives for buying the Times Square Hotel on West 43rd Street might have been, in the end he became just another sleazy landlord running an inexcusably flea-bitten rooming house. What's more, he was deeply in debt to Charles Keating Jr., of all people—the man who became the most infamous deadbeat in America. During the three years that Covenant House ran the hotel, Ritter let hundreds of building-code violations accumulate and finally evicted many people so that he could bring in a more profitable class of tenant. And in the end, he extricated himself from this em-

barrassing, money-losing, altogether sinful situation by averting his eyes, holding his nose and allowing the place to be turned over to Tran Dinh Truong, perhaps the most rapacious landlord in New York, who ran the hotel so far into the ground that the city eventually had to step in and take over operations.

IN 1984 BRUCE RITTER WAS IN HIGH CLOVER. The little shelter he had begun for street kids in 1969 had expanded into a \$30 million international charity with shelters in Houston, Toronto, Antigua and, of course, New York—the center of Ritter's empire. Covenant House owned a large shelter here, as well as an entire block of commercial properties on Eighth Avenue between 43rd and 44th Streets, where it leased street-level space to a Chinese restaurant and a Korean deli and warehoused several apartments. Donations were flooding into the charity thanks to a very slick, heart-wrenching direct-mail campaign based on letters from Ritter about the sad kids whose lives had been saved by Covenant House, and thanks as well to Ronald Reagan, who had just used his State of the Union address to describe Ritter as one of America's unsung heroes.

But for all of Covenant House's success, its mission was incomplete; the world, after all, was an infinitely cruel place. And in keeping with the history of the Roman Catholic church in America, ameliorating the world's cruelty was often predicated on the acquisition of real estate. "Every time he stepped over a kid somewhere, he'd say we had to open up a shelter," recalls one board member. And so plans were drawn up for Covenant House shelters in Boston, Los Angeles, New Orleans and Panama City.

There was just one problem: Covenant House had no endowment. If the charity was to outlive its founder, who was 57 years old and battling Hodgkin's disease—if it was to expand to wherever its mission might lead—it would need a sound fiscal foundation. Then one day Ritter looked up and discovered the solution to his problem literally sitting across the street.

The Times Square Hotel is a drab yellow-brick building just 50 paces west of the New York Times Building. Built in 1922 to house New York's burgeoning bachelor population, the 15-story, 735-room hotel had by the 1980s become the city's biggest single-room-occupancy hotel (SRO). Though it had its odd brushes with history—the novelist William Burroughs may have conceived his only son there; Lee Harvey Oswald spent a night there en route from Moscow to Dallas—its permanent tenants in the 1980s were a motley assortment of old, often physically or mentally handicapped indigents who barely scraped by in their \$200-a-month rooms: a mix of failed actors, aging prosti-



"They were aggressively evicting old, indigent tenants who lived on Social Security," says one housing attorney. "You might expect that sort of behavior from a sleazy landlord but not from Father Ritter"

tutes and unlucky immigrants. But Father Ritter's epiphany in 1984 didn't have anything to do with the tenants. He wasn't even very interested in the 15 stories of space. He was interested in real estate.

In 1982 New York city planners, alarmed by overdevelopment of midtown Manhattan's East Side, changed the zoning laws to nudge development westward. Essentially the city voted to increase the size limit on buildings erected in the area around Times Square and the theater district. At about the same time, the state, vowing to eliminate the crime and sleaze that had blighted two long blocks of 42nd Street, announced plans to resurrect the area with four enormous Philip Johnson-designed skyscrapers. The net effect of these two measures was to set off a frenzy of real estate speculation in the area. It became clear that the true value of the old properties in the theater district lay in their ability to be razed and replaced by something bigger and newer. A building like the Times Square Hotel—200,000 square feet and contiguous with Covenant House's other properties—could eventually form the basis of a package worth \$40 million. And best of all, Ritter could get the hotel for a relative pittance—\$16.5 million.

Father Ritter knew a steal when he saw one. For years he had watched as ambitious developers gentrified the seedy red-light districts he worked in. He had even grabbed a little piece of the development action in Boston, where in 1982 he bought the boarded-up Hotel Avery for \$600,000, ostensibly to open a shelter. After holding the building unused for just over two years, he sold it for \$1.5 million.

Investing in a property like the Times Square Hotel—a building with permanent tenants—was a more complicated affair. Accordingly, Father Ritter commissioned a business plan from the Valuation Research Corporation of Princeton, New Jersey. Most of the 34-page report, released in November 1984, detailed the physical improvements necessary to turn the hotel into a viable enterprise: adding a new boiler, refurbishing the exterior and the lobby, that sort of thing. The most interesting part of the document, however, dealt with improvements in the clientele.

"A certain percentage of residential [*sic*] will move out of their own volition, while others will have to be bought out or otherwise persuaded to seek accommodation elsewhere," the report stated. "The 179 rooms, which are currently rent stabilized and thus unavailable for the more desirable transient and weekly rates, will gradually be cycled into the mainstream of the hotel's income producing rooms."

The people at Valuation Research knew that even a gradual "recycling" might be dicey for Covenant House, which depended on an image of moral rectitude to keep the contributions flowing:

"There has recently been more attention paid by the public, the media, and some politicians to the plight of those who face removal from their residential status at hotels similar to the subject property," the consultants warned. "An operator must allow a certain amount of time and money to accomplish the goal of attaining possession of the space the residents occupy, and he must also face the fact that there will undoubtedly surface some opposition to this tactic no matter how equitably it is carried out."

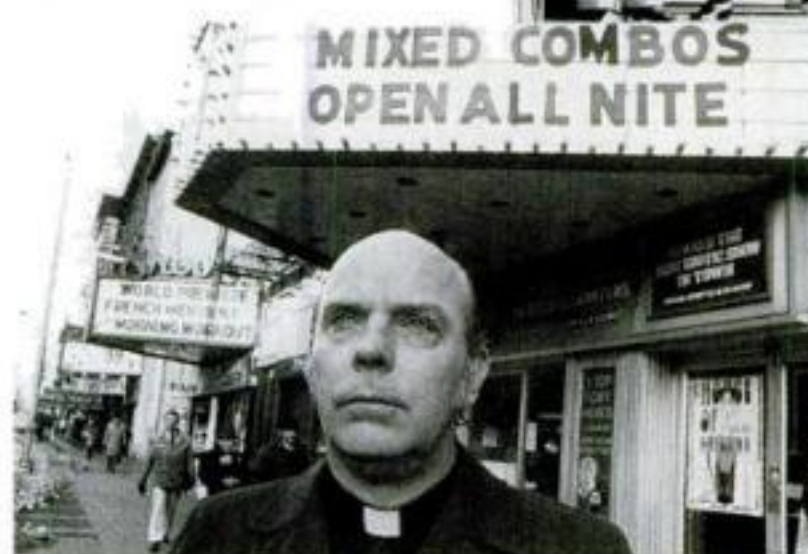
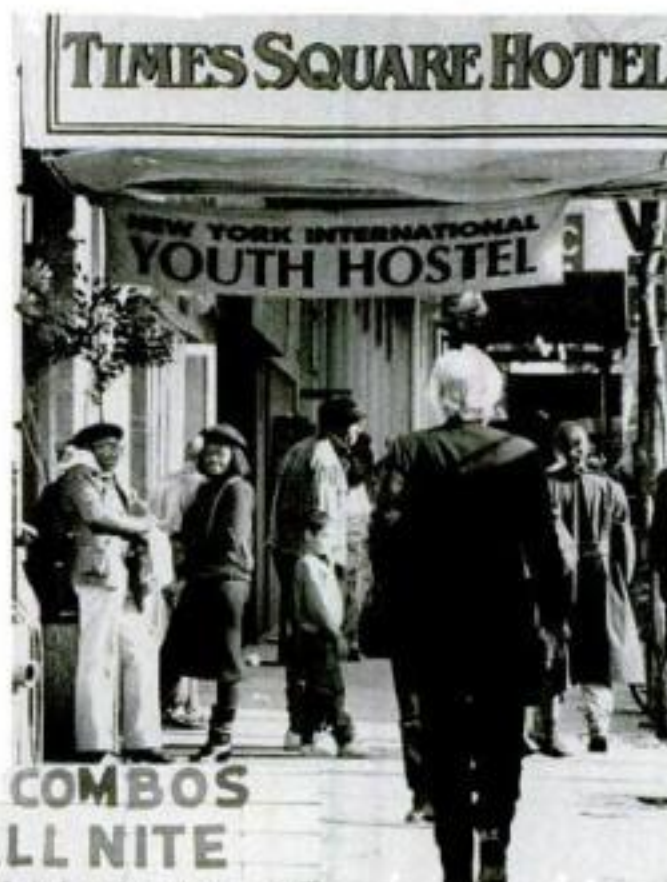
Here, then, is the rub: do you buy a hotel with fantastic conversion value, then turn it over in a few years—earning in the process all the endowment your charity will ever need—and force yourself to overlook the fact that you just might have to cast out a few hundred poor folks who happen to be in residence? Or do you pass?

"We were not looking for an in and an out," says Covenant House chief operating officer Jim Harnett, looking back at a deal that in time would end up costing Covenant House \$6-million, plus the ignominy of getting entangled in three racial-discrimination suits, a couple of rent strikes, hundreds of building-code violations and a long slog through bankruptcy court. "The theory was that the building would have served our charitable and investment purposes at the same time," Harnett says. "We would have been housing kids off of the street and at the same time housing elderly people with fixed incomes.... Making it profitable was not our purpose."

So why did the plan prepared by Valuation Research include all the chilling doublespeak about reclaiming rooms?

"They were assessors," says Harnett, beginning to sound a little disingenuous. "That part of the report deals with what business people call the highest and best use of the property, which means the most profitable. It doesn't necessarily show what we intended to do with it."

But Covenant House certainly wasted no time in preparing for that highest and best use, which meant making the building a comfortable, tourist-class hotel. Ritter added a new boiler, spruced up the lobby and chucked some tenants out of their rooms. Even with empty rooms, though, the building would never shelter a single Covenant House child. But we're getting ahead of ourselves....



Father Ritter's parish in hell: (from top) the ultraprofitable youth hostel at the Times Square Hotel; Father Bruce patrols the Strip; Ritter's direct-mail book of tear-jerking parables, *Sometimes God Has a Kid's Face*

RITTER NOW HAD A PLAN, BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE the money. These were, however, the Roaring Eighties, and what was true for Henry Kravis and Robert Campeau was true for Bruce Ritter: one didn't need money if one had leverage and charisma. Covenant House negotiated with the hotel's longtime owner, John Huber Jr., finally agreeing in November 1984 on a purchase price of \$16.5 million. Huber agreed to give Covenant House a mortgage of \$7.4 million, but how would the charity come up with the other \$9.1 million? Ritter decided to talk to an old friend.

Charles Keating Jr., of course, is currently the most notorious of America's savings-and-loan operators and a man being investigated in connection with an apparent contributions-for-favors scheme involving five U.S. senators. The projected cost of the \$2.5 billion federal bailout of Lincoln Savings and Loan, which Keating ran into bankruptcy through reckless investments in junk bonds and bad real estate, is \$10 from every person in America. Keating himself is now facing a \$1.1 billion civil racketeering and fraud suit.

But until he bought Lincoln in February 1984, Keating was just a quirky southwestern real estate developer who, along with Father Ritter, had a long-standing public grudge against sex. Gail Collins,

a columnist for the *New York Daily News*, remembers a diatribe that Keating delivered in

the early 1960s against the immorality of Bermuda shorts. Keating, the founder of Citizens for Decency through Law, told Collins's high school class a story about a young mother who was run down by a car one day

while taking a stroll with her children. The mother, explained Keating, was wearing Bermuda shorts, creating an impression so sexually provocative that the lustful male driver lost control of his car and plowed into them. Keating continued his antisex crusade well into the 1980s. His right-wing anti-pornography group waged campaigns against Larry Flynt and against an X-rated theater in Santa Ana, California, for allegedly attracting pedophiles to an Orange County shopping center. But the group wasn't exclusively anti; it was *for* things as well. It awarded Ritter the first Charles H. Keating Jr. Award, worth \$100,000, in 1985. Ritter,

whose charity ultimately borrowed more than \$40-million from Lincoln, apparently thought highly of Keating as well, once describing him as a man who "makes you believe in Providence."

So it was Providence, acting through Keating and Lincoln Savings and Loan, that saw to it that Ritter would have \$8.7 million to buy the Times Square Hotel in late 1984, plus an additional \$3 million for improvements. Providence, being nobody's fool, charged Covenant House a hefty 14.5 percent interest. "In the heart of the 42nd Street Redevelopment...An endowment for the future," crowed Covenant House's annual report.

Bruce Ritter, innkeeper of last resort to America's unwanted and intractable children, this generation's Father Flanagan, was now a Times Square hotelier, and Covenant House began soliciting business for his hotel. Clearly the organization was no longer interested in attracting humble Joseph-and-Mary-of-Nazareth-class tourists just looking for a room at an inn. A promotional video (in which a happy couple enjoys a sparkling midtown hotel while Frank Sinatra's "Theme from *New York, New York*" plays in the background) was distributed to travel agents. And more than 50,000 brochures were printed, in several languages.

But it wasn't long before the go-go hopes dissolved and the property became an albatross. In the coming months, the hotel would provoke the flurry of housing-code violations and the three discrimination suits and would fall victim to a new city ordinance that would temporarily kill Ritter's chance to resell it for a huge profit. There were also unseemly encounters between the hotel's permanent and its transient guests. (For example, a tour group of Latin American children one day got on an elevator with a deranged old tenant who liked to expose himself.) The problem to which Valuation Research had alluded reared its head: how do you run a decent hotel *and* carry \$16.5-million in debt, more than half of it at 14.5 percent interest, when 179 of your 735 rooms are supplying you on average with a mere \$200 to \$300 a month?

"We said at the time that we would not ask anybody who had been living in the Times Square Hotel to leave," recalls Harnett of his first meeting with the hotel's tenants, but not everyone remembers things the same way. Joseph Vickery, a former resident of the hotel who was active in organizing tenants at the time, remembers a meeting Harnett called not long after Covenant House took control of the building. "He told us, 'Our church has bought the building. Soon we will be asking people to move out, because of church business.'"

Vickery, a wheelchair-bound Universal Life minister, claims that junkies were allowed into the building to make it untenable. "Within a week of



America's best-connected mendicant mugs for the camera with friends-of-the-homeless (from top) Ronald Reagan, Christie Brinkley, Ed Koch and George Bush.

filing a complaint with housing court, I started getting all these 3:00 a.m. wake-up calls — sometimes two or three a night. That went on over a period of two years or so. They never did say who it was, only that they were going to blow my 'fucking brains out.'... It took them about a month or so [after the calls started] to move on to the really hard-core stuff. First it was permitting junkies to crash in rooms that connected to tenants' rooms by way of the bathroom."

Saralee Evans, a lawyer with the West Side SRO Law Project, an organization that has long represented the hotel's 250 tenants, supports Vickery's thrust. "There is no question that they were heavy-handed," she says, recalling that Covenant House took steps to force the permanent tenants to collect their mail in the basement instead of at the front desk and to require them to use a separate elevator that often didn't work (the management eventually backed down because of tenant uproar). "They were aggressively evicting old, indigent tenants who lived on Social Security," she continues. "You might expect that sort of behavior from a sleazy landlord, but not [from] Father Ritter."

"Ritter," says Doug Kellner, a veteran housing attorney who helped represent the tenants, "didn't care what he did to make money for Covenant House. He had a contemptuous attitude for his legal obligations to the hotel's permanent residents."

"My friend sent me some periodicals published by the Catholic church that featured articles by Father Ritter," recalls 58-year-old Lorraine Allen, a longtime hotel resident. "In one of them he wrote that society places too much emphasis on old people and not enough on the young. Just then he had myself and about 40 other elderly tenants in housing court for eviction." Allen's court battle ended when the judge threw out Ritter's case. At least one judge later believed she even deserved a rent abatement.

Harnett says tenant harassment never happened, but he delivers a classic nondenial denial. "It's interesting that these advocates and critics have not offered to run any programs," he says. "In any building like that, you'll have some tenants who like you and some tenants who don't."

Coincidentally, in *Covenant House: Lifeline to the Street*, Father Ritter's 1987 autobiography, he boasts of his experience in relocating people. Describing how he started his first shelter, Ritter explains, "Sometimes, if the junkies were bothering my kids, and they wouldn't stop... I would hire some friends for fifty dollars to break into their apartments, steal their clothes, steal the furniture, and remove the plumbing. The junkies would come back to their apartment from trying to cop some heroin, realize they were unwanted, and move away. I took over half a dozen apartments that way... It was a kind of, if you

will, muscular Christianity."

Apparently, muscular Christianity doesn't work everywhere. By 1987 Covenant House's treatment of the Times Square Hotel's tenants had become so egregious that three separate tenant unions had been organized there. But they were only part of Ritter's problems. Ritter, now a businessman, also had uppity employees. Evelyn Garcia, the hotel's front-desk manager, filed a complaint with the State Division of Human Rights alleging that two Covenant House-installed executives had told her "not [to] hire Blacks at the front desk [but to] hire pretty Whites." Garcia also claimed that she had been pressured to "terminate a Black female who [was] presently at the Front Desk" and that she herself had been demoted because she was Hispanic. Ten days after filing her suit, she was fired. Another employee, Darlene Williams, later filed her own racial-discrimination suit against Covenant House. Though the court documents are currently unavailable to the public, we talked to a half dozen current and former hotel employees who claim to have seen a memo that passed between Doug McCown and Larry Wenger, two Covenant House social workers who had been assigned to run the hotel. It read in part, "And when Darlene goes on maternity leave next month, let's see if we can't replace her, preferably with someone who is white and good-looking." On November 30, 1987, the State Division of Human Rights found probable cause to believe that the alleged acts of discrimination in the Garcia suit had indeed taken place, and scheduled a public hearing.

As if troublesome tenants and employees weren't enough, the old building itself turned on Ritter. City inspectors found themselves scrawling Ritter's name on hundreds of citations for building-code violations, which seemed to proliferate faster than they could be attended to: dysfunctional elevators, unlit fire exits, inadequately ventilated corridors and public areas, on and on. The problems culminated in Covenant House's discovery that the hotel's fire sprinkler system was substandard and needed to be replaced. At a cost of \$2 million.

By now Bruce Ritter had three tenant groups after him, at least one of which was trying to have him cited for contempt of court. The State Division of Human Rights was looking into plausible allegations of racist practices; several city agencies were accusing him of maintaining a rat-trap. All this, and he was losing \$8,200 a day on his surefire new business. And his problems were just beginning.



Ritter, whose charity borrowed \$40 million from Lincoln Savings, apparently thought highly of Keating, once describing America's most notorious deadbeat as a man who "makes you believe in Providence"

IN JANUARY 9, 1985, JUST TWO MONTHS AFTER Ritter bought the hotel, the New York City Council legislated a moratorium on the demolition of SROs, which, up to that point, were being rapidly transformed from quarters for the indigent into luxury housing for the well-to-do, creating new waves of homeless people in the process. With its purchase of the Times Square Hotel, Covenant House became the owner of New York's biggest SRO. At the time, the organization raised no objections to the new law, which was expected to remain in effect only 18 months. But

homeless people—in the city's view, the building would be perfect for housing prisoners on work-release programs, or the homeless.

The ensuing dustup was quite a spectacle. Ritter outbid Koch by \$3 million; the mayor retaliated with a threat to condemn the building and seize it. Then the media jumped in—on Saint Bruce's side, naturally. Ritter went on television complaining that Koch was "using all the enormous power and authority of his office...to intimidate a private citizen."

The response was classic vindictive Koch. "As a priest he has great credibility, and as a priest who has cancer [Hodgkin's disease] he has great sympathy," Koch said to reporters. Ritter got the huge building, however, thanks to his public-relations savvy and \$33 million more of—yes—Lincoln Savings and Loan's money.

Once the bidding war was over, Ritter found himself in need of a financial miracle. Between its Times Square Hotel investment and its new acquisition, Covenant House in late 1987 was carrying nearly \$50 million of debt. The board had already told Harnett to put the hotel up for sale the previous May, but now things were getting a little desperate. The only problem, as Ritter had already pointed out to the *Times*, was finding someone stupid enough to buy New York's biggest SRO.

One willing buyer was the city, which still needed space for the homeless and prisoners. The city offered \$20 million, but getting approval from the Board of Estimate could have taken a year, and Covenant House didn't have a year. A second prospective buyer was Tran Dinh Truong, the despicable welfare-hotel suzerain, with whom Covenant House was not especially eager to deal.

For a long time the charity weighed its unpalatable options. Then Ronald Mitchell spoke up. Mitchell is a 50-year-old blond Coloradan who for a year had been running a youth hostel on four floors of the Times Square Hotel under contract with Covenant House. Although he radiates an image of incorruptible naïveté that leads many people who meet him to describe him as "earnest" and "squeaky clean," he often told close associates of being detained for six weeks as a (wrongfully charged) suspect in a rape-and-murder case. A 25-year business relationship with American Youth Hostels ended in acrimony on both sides. When Mitchell left that group, he helped found the American Association of International Hostels.* His first acquisition was the derelict Franklin Park Hotel in downtown Washington, D.C., which he bought for \$450,000, refurbished and ran as a quasi-hostel for nine years before selling it for many millions. He eventually presided over 250 of his hostels in other cities, including New York, where he started renting space in the Longacre Hotel on West 45th Street in 1986. Shortly afterward, he says, he was forced out of the Longacre when Tran Dinh Truong

KNOCK KNOCK! "DEPARTMENT OF BUILDINGS CALLING!"

DEPARTMENT OF BUILDINGS

OWNER

Bruce Ritter
460 WEST 41ST STREET
New York, N.Y. 10036

Testamentum
c/o Covenant House

ADDRESS

100 West 41st Street
New York, N.Y. 10018

SECTION

SECTION 27-28

QUEEN

100 West 41st Street
New York, N.Y. 10018

RICHMOND

100 West 41st Street
New York, N.Y. 10018

255-269 WEST 43RD STREET		MAN		5/12/87		16		5		2		5	
CLASS I		78		7815		1							
Description of Violation: <u>① ELEVATOR VESTIBULES NOT PROVIDED, PUBLIC HALLS ALL STORIES. ② Emergency Lighting NOT PROVIDED IN ALL EXITS AND THEIR ACCESS FACILITIES. ③ Emergency Power NOT PROVIDED TO ALL EXIT SIGNS AND DIRECTIONAL SIGNS THROUGHOUT THE PREMISES. ④ NATURAL VENTILATION NOT PROVIDED IN CORRIDORS AND PUBLIC AREAS.</u>													
Remedy: <u>CONFORM TO LOCAL LAW 16 OF 1984</u>													

Antony Carbone

Just a handful of the hundreds of violations that Father Ritter's firetrap racked up: burned-out exit lights; no ventilation, emergency power or working elevators

two years later the City Council acted again, this time passing a five-year moratorium. In effect it sentenced Ritter to five more years of problems, for no developer would pay \$40 million or much of anything to buy an old hotel that not only couldn't be run profitably but also couldn't be torn down without the payment of \$45,000 for each room demolished into a special city fund. This time Ritter squealed. "I'm trapped," he told *The New York Times*, explaining why Covenant House was joining an unsavory group of developers, including tenement razer Harry Macklowe, who were contesting the constitutionality of the new law in court. "Who wants to buy the largest SRO in New York?"

In short order, Covenant House became even more anxious to find an answer to Ritter's rhetorical question. The National Maritime Union Building, a monolithic eyesore on Ninth Avenue at West 17th Street with mock portholes for windows, was put up for sale by the union in September 1987. To an empire builder like Ritter, its 800-bed capacity seemed perfect for new Covenant House programs and offices. The only problem was that Mayor Koch wanted the building, too. The city's jails were crowded, and the streets were full of

*John Fahs, coauthor of this article, was once employed by Ronald Mitchell.

added that hotel to the long list of flophouses he'd acquired.

In March 1987 Mitchell found a new home for his hostel at the Times Square Hotel—which by then was in no position to turn away paying guests of any kind. He was an ambitious tenant. "He would often come into my office and tell me how to run the building," recalls Harnett. Mitchell says that when Covenant House put the building up for sale, he was forced to bid for the hotel in order to save his hostel and avoid a repetition of the experience he had had with Tran at the Longacre. That was just fine with Covenant House, and on the last day of 1987, Ronald Mitchell took away Bruce Ritter's nightmare, ostensibly paying \$21-million for the privilege. As usual, capital proved to be no problem. Mitchell put up \$500,000—just 2.5 percent of the purchase price—in cash. The rest came from Charles Keating Jr.'s Lincoln Savings and Loan and from Covenant House, which lent Mitchell \$4 million of its own money in the form of a mortgage.

"They needed it off of their books by the end of the year," Mitchell remembers. "They were willing to close with anybody who was willing to take it... Lincoln was having so many [business] problems themselves that they didn't care who had the building."

John Kells, Covenant House's PR man, remembers things differently. "I said, 'Mr. Mitchell, I don't know much about the hotel, but it seems kind of stupid—I don't see why you would want to get involved,'" he recalls. "Mitchell said, 'Boy, that's the difference between you and me, and that's why I'm going to be a millionaire.'"

Sure. Mitchell was going to pay off his \$21 million debt and get rich by renting rooms to college kids for \$8 to \$14 a night. It was clearly a nutty idea. Then why did Covenant House lend him the money to buy the building? "We would have loaned to Tran too," Harnett admits.

Mitchell's tenure as owner-manager of the Times Square Hotel amounted to a very short comedy of errors. His vice president was an Indian national who, despite his legal-alien status, would disappear for days at a time when he thought that immigration authorities were closing in on him. His lawyer, Arthur Morrison, was accused of misdirecting funds (he denied his culpability). A former Covenant House employee stole dozens of beds from the hotel and installed them in a motel he had just bought. A mere six months after investing \$21 million of Lincoln's and Covenant House's money in the Times Square Hotel, Mitchell filed for bankruptcy.

The rest of Ritter's dirtiest deal went down quickly enough. Tran Dinh Truong, who had been watching all of the action from across the street at the flyspecked Carter Hotel, another SRO hell-

hole, promptly appeared in bankruptcy court, offering himself as a trustee and future buyer. And although the city, the Legal Aid Society and other organizations concerned with the welfare of the tenants filed motions opposing Tran, the secured creditors—including Covenant House—did not object to turning the hotel over to a man who was sentenced in 1988 to 15 days in jail for failing to fix up one of his other properties and who has been described by *The Village Voice* as one of New York's worst landlords.

Ritter may have been put out of his misery, but the avalanche of indignities set off by his venture into real estate speculation was not over for the hapless tenants of the Times Square Hotel. Once Tran took over in December 1988, things went to pieces in a hurry. Garbage was left rotting in the hallways for weeks at a time; elevators broke down daily; during 1989 at least a dozen mysterious fires broke out, yet almost all of the fire extinguishers were either vandalized or kept in the basement, where guns were allegedly being stored and sold illegally; drugs were hawked in the hallways; and many of the hotel's linens, supplies and furnishings were carted over to Tran's Carter Hotel. Indeed, virtually everything of value that could be moved, including the lobby's grand piano, was taken. Money in the hotel's bank accounts mysteriously evaporated. As a lawyer representing the tenants in bankruptcy court said, "Tran raped the building," even though he was being paid up to \$733,000 a month by the city to house welfare families in the hotel. By February 1990, however, the situation had become so intolerable that the city finally moved in and took possession of the hotel.

In May, by order of a federal judge, the Times Square Hotel will be put up for auction. The City Council's moratorium on conversions has been ruled unconstitutional, and it's quite possible that the hotel's new owner will be someone with deep pockets who can hold on to the property until the city's real estate market recovers. Whoever that buyer is, with luck—or Providence—the person won't be a naive hostel owner without any understanding of what \$21-million is worth; or a contemptible landlord whose personal philosophy seems to be "Life is cheap"; or a beloved priest with a keen sense of public relations whose empire-building ambitions caused him to inflict misery upon several hundred nearly helpless New Yorkers, all because he wanted to make a lot of money to help mankind. ☛



Ritter averted his eyes, held his nose and let the place be handed over to Tran Dinh Truong, whom *The Village Voice* had named one of the city's worst landlords



Devolution: *A Star Is Born*, 1937...



A Star Is Born, 1954...



A Star Is Born, 1976... (The end?)

a STAR

ONE RISES, THE OTHER FALLS: THE ZERO-SUM CELEBRITY

CARL BERNSTEIN, ELIZABETH & BOB DOLE, SNOOPY &



Careers, like continents, are wont to shift. Just ask powerful Hollywood figures like Ron Howard, Rob Reiner and Sally Field — or, as you may know them better, Opie, Meathead and Gidget.

In themselves these oscillations are nothing unusual. However, given that there are only so many Senate seats, so many glossy magazine covers, so many vehicles for exercising celebrity and power, it is logical that for each new star who emerges, an existing star must fade. Generally the two career paths — one up, the other down — have nothing to do with each other. But sometimes they do. Sometimes these power shifts happen to members of a couple — and sometimes in such a way that the ascending partner's every success parallels the previously more successful partner's every failure. When this occurs, even the most enviable, enduring relationship suddenly becomes...*complicated*. Even the most enviable, enduring relationship suddenly brings to mind a certain Judy Garland-James Mason tearjerker (and its Janet Gaynor-Fredric March precursor and its Barbra Streisand-Kris Kristofferson remake). "It's *all* yours, Esther," one can almost hear the fading star wistfully tell his newly anointed partner with a sweeping motion toward the glittering night-scape of the metropolis below. "And I don't mean just the Cadillacs and the swimming pools. *It's all yours.*" Whereupon one instantly intuits the thousand anxious questions coursing through the young sensation's brain: "Will success ruin our love? Will my fame endure longer than his? *Why is he calling me Esther?*"

Sometimes the new star seems to be a more compassionate, more tenderhearted alternative to his or her partner — thus Betty Ford outdistances Gerald, and Barbara Bush becomes more beloved than George. In other cases — Sonny and Cher's, say — one partner simply ages more gracefully or has better access to cosmetic surgeons. And sometimes one partner's achievement of stardom is a function of that person's relative youth. Of the couples on the following pages, we might note that Tina Brown is 25 years younger than her husband, Harry Evans, and Princess Diana 13 years younger than Prince Charles. As the elder's career goes into a long, apparently irreversible slide, the younger partner, having learned from the loved one's mistakes, is ready to take and hold center stage. As Princess Diana told friends in 1987, "When we were first married, I needed Charles at my side to learn the ropes, which were almost completely unknown to me. Now I can cope on my own." Or as Lee Majors says about his former wife and protégée, Farrah Fawcett, "There are times when I think that perhaps I've created a monster."

by Henry Alford

is born 1990

CAREERS OF MADONNA & SEAN PENN, NORA EPHRON &
CHARLIE BROWN AND PRINCESS DI & WHAT'S-HIS-NAME

PRINCE CHARLES AND PRINCESS DIANA



❶ She was a blushing virgin who, according to the headmistress of the boarding school she attended, "was always awfully sweet with the very little ones." He was the randy love-*Meister* and military man first in line for the throne of Great Britain. On the day of their engagement in 1981 she predicted the power shift to come: "Next to Prince Charles," she told a television audience of millions, "I can't go wrong."

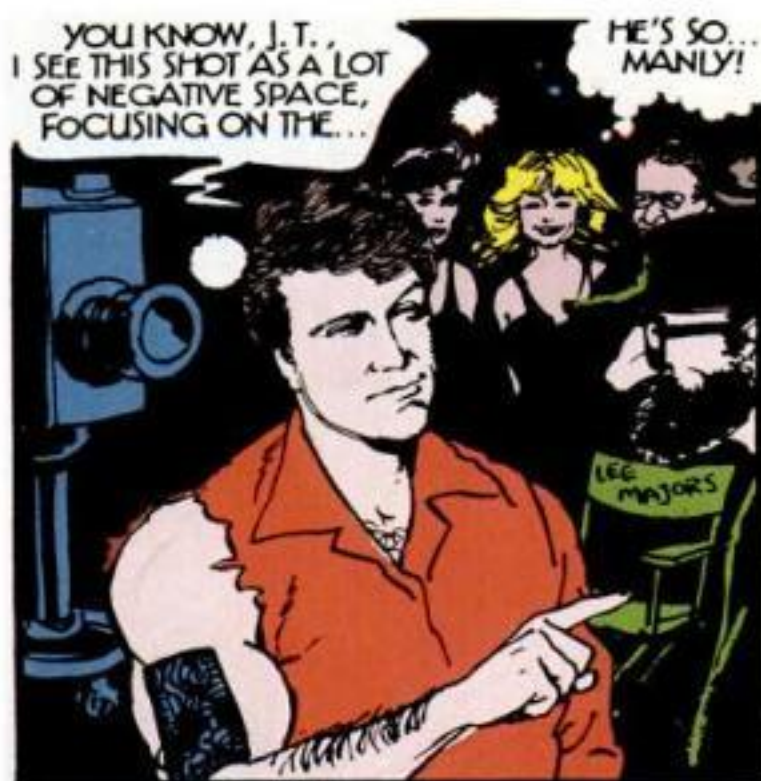


❷ She didn't. The world adored her immediately, and soon her father realized he could charge visitors the equivalent of \$2.30 to tour the 100-room country house where she grew up. In spring 1984 the turnout for her solo appearances in Hampshire was ten times that for her husband's; by 1985 her public engagements actually outnumbered the Prince's; by 1987 she was making more than 250 official visits a year and had been on the cover of hundreds of magazines.



❸ The Prince began to be mocked by his subjects. In 1985 his senior staff became irate when they discovered that he was scheduling his polo matches first and then accepting only those official appearances that didn't conflict. A near-vegetarian in the land of roast beef, he has immersed himself in a kind of anxious New Age cocoon and has tried to summon up the ghost of his beloved great-uncle Lord Mountbatten on a Ouija board.

Diana, meanwhile, was last year hailed by the British press as "the best thing to happen to the Royals...the feminine ideal."



1 He was an established TV actor on the way to becoming a household name. She had been the queen of the Los Angeles Boat Show. They married in 1973. "She was just a little girl from Corpus Christi," he says. "All the mistakes I had made and the lessons I had learned the hard way, I tried to use to help Farrah." When his hit series, *The Six Million Dollar Man*, premiered in 1974, she appeared as a guest star.



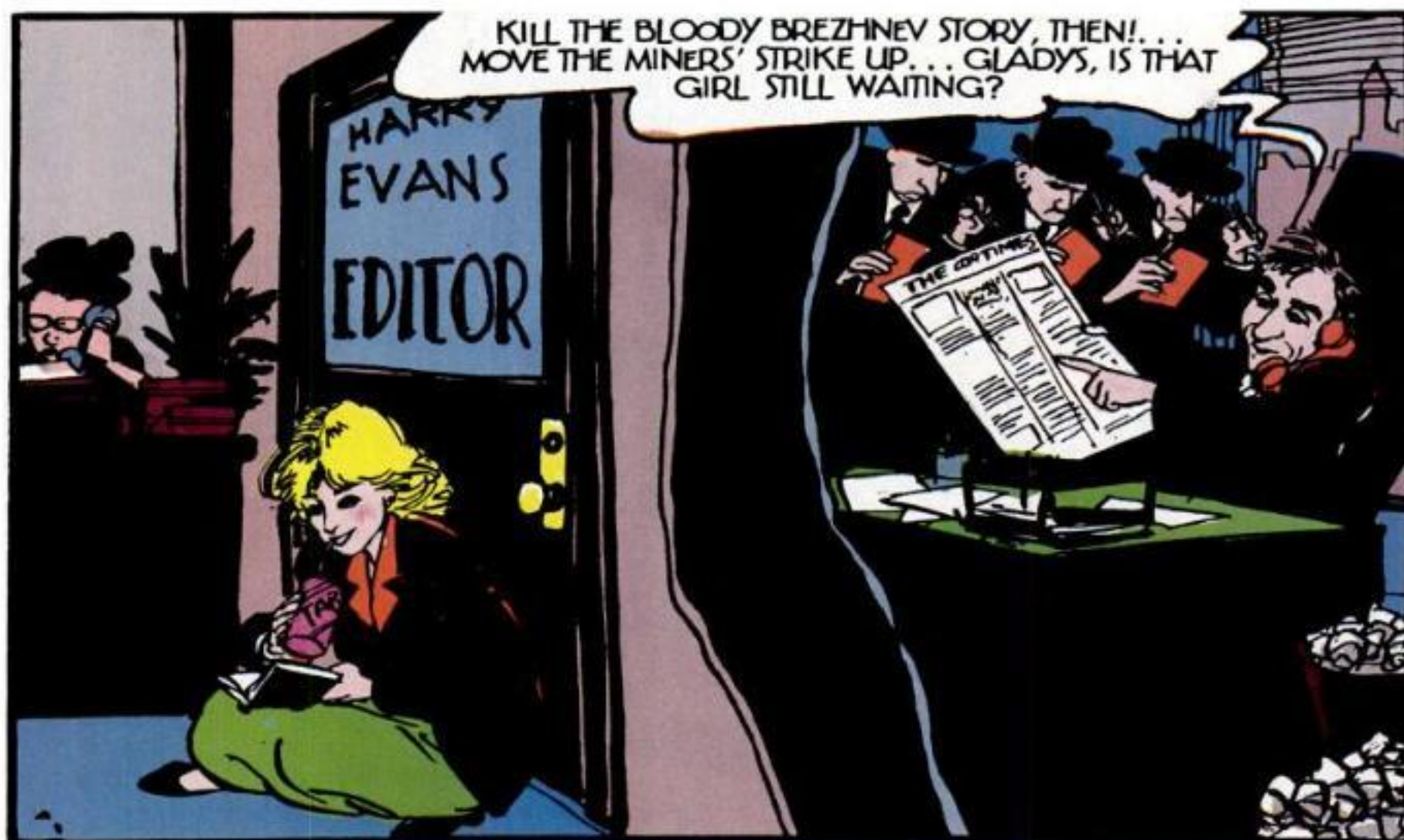
2 Then in 1977 her swimsuit poster sold 7 million copies and her new TV series, *Charlie's Angels*, made her the biggest star of the era. In 1978 she endorsed a line of Farrah hair-care products by Fabergé but turned down an offer to endorse bed sheets bearing her life-size likeness.

In 1977 he convinced her to leave TV for film, and she was paid \$750,000 each for the flops *Somebody Killed Her Husband* and *Sunburn*; he earned \$400,000 for a flop called *The Norseman*.



3 They divorced in 1982. She has made a success of her transition to film, while Majors has appeared in two *Six Million Dollar Man* reunion shows, parodied his bionic man character in the film *Scrooged* and has been known to call himself the man who "used to be the Majors at the end of Farrah Fawcett."

HARRY EVANS
AND TINA BROWN



1 He was the rakish editor of London's *Sunday Times* who, after he became editor of the venerable, 197-year-old *Times* of London, would be named Editor of the Year by his peers. She was a bright, bosomy Oxford coed with a facility for cultivating close friendships with influential older men in the publishing world. At age 22 she had camped outside Evans's office door, groupie-style, and hadn't budged until he'd agreed to see her. Four years later, Evans divorced his wife and married Brown.

**DON JOHNSON AND
MELANIE GRIFFITH**

① She was his lover when she was 14 and he was 22. He costarred with her mother, Tippi Hedren, in *The Harrad Experiment*. They married when she was 18, posed nude together for *Playboy* when she was 19 and



divorced when she was 20, in 1977.

② They stayed friends, and through the 1970s their careers slowly built up steam. She was noticed for her sexy performances in *Night Moves* (1975) and *Body Double* (1984). Between 1976 and 1981 he made five



TV pilots, none of which were picked up. In 1984 he became an international sex symbol and an unwitting spokesman for pastel-colored disco/resort-wear, thanks to *Miami Vice*.

③ His 1986 album, *Heartbeat*, fared poorly (*Rolling Stone* compared him to Bobby Goldsboro). After six weeks of drying out at the Hazelden Foundation, she received an Oscar nomination and a Golden Globe



for *Working Girl* and announced her intention to remarry Johnson. Meanwhile, *Miami Vice* sputtered to the end of its fifth and final season. He moved briefly to films, appearing in *Sweet Hearts Dance* and *Dead Bang*, before officially becoming a relic.



② In 1981 Rupert Murdoch, who had just bought *The Times*, forced Evans out. She, meanwhile, had been named Young Journalist of the Year by her peers in 1978 and the next year was appointed editor of the then-moribund society monthly *Tatler*. He wrote a bitter book about his years at *The Times* (and his dismissal), and she was wooed to New York by S. I. Newhouse to take over the editorship of *Vanity Fair*.



③ He followed his wife to the United States and took a series of quasi-prestigious jobs, such as senior journalist in residence at Duke University and editorial director at *U.S. News and World Report*. In 1986 Brown's boss hired Evans to launch *Condé Nast Traveler*. While he edits stories on iguana stew and sunblock SPF's, she edits the most superglamorous magazine in America and has lunches with the likes of Mike Ovitz, Michael Jackson and Warren Beatty.

ABE ROSENTHAL AND SHIRLEY LORD



① When they met in 1985, he was executive editor of *The New York Times*, the most powerful man in American journalism. She was the ex-wife of England's carpet king, a two-time divorcée of modest cockney origins who edited articles about stretch marks for *Vogue* and wrote undistinguished smutty novels in her spare time. Together they shared a curious, evidently rapturous love.



② They were married in June 1987 at the home of John Kluge, one of the richest men in America. But then Abe was hastily retired from his job, and soon signs of his increasing dottiness began to surface in his shambling, twice-weekly *On My Mind* column (called *Out of My Mind* by his colleagues). Meanwhile, her fame as a glittering rhinestone in the *nouvelle-society* tiara grew, and *W* took to calling her "that great marzipan creation." He continued to slip into dotage, regarded as little more than a slightly rumpled society walker obsessed with the Soviet Union.

SEAN PENN AND MADONNA

① They met in 1985. He was one of America's most promising young movie actors, a compelling combination of snarl and attitude and bad-



boy vulnerability whom *Rolling Stone* called "the next James Dean." She was a novelty-act disco singer who wore black bras. They married six months later.

② Already unable to control his violent moods, Penn was made more tempestuous by his obsession with guarding his wife from her fans, and



of the first five films he made after meeting her, only *Colors* turned a profit.

But all of his snarly antics did nothing to dampen her fame: she was on the cover of *Time* 3 months after their first meeting, her records have sold more than 45 million copies, and she has had 13 consecutive top-5 recordings—a streak bettered only by Elvis Presley and the Beatles. In 1988 Penn reportedly bound Madonna against her will, and they split up.

③ In 1989 he made two flops—*We're No Angels* and *Casualties of War* (critic Stanley Kauffman called his performance in the latter "rankly dread-



ful"). Madonna was on 6 magazine covers, made \$46 million and started a professionally rewarding romance with Warren Beatty, with whom she stars in *Dick Tracy*, this year's most anticipated movie.



CARL BERNSTEIN AND NORA EPHRON

1 He was the irrepressible, indomitable journalism legend who had interred a presidential administration and had gone on to co-write two best-sellers, *All the President's Men* and *The Final Days*. She was a senior editor of *Esquire* with a flair for humorous journalism. They married in 1976.



2 Seven years later she wrote *Heartburn*, a thinly veiled chronicle of their marriage and breakup, which infuriated Bernstein and became a best-seller. He, meanwhile, applied himself to the task of dating the pre-diet-book Elizabeth Taylor.



3 In 1984 *Silkwood*, which Ephron had co-written, opened to strong reviews; that same year ABC did not renew Bernstein's contract as a special correspondent. In 1989 Ephron's *When Harry Met Sally...* made \$75 million, and Hollywood studios began fighting over her future screenwriting services. *Loyalties*, Bernstein's long-awaited 1989 memoir about his parents' Communism, sold a modest 35,000 copies; early this year he managed to get a job as New York correspondent for *Time*.

Ephron, Columbia In Two-Pic Deal

Screenwriter Nora Ephron has entered into a two-pic development deal with Columbia Pictures for which she scripted its latest hit "When Harry Met Sally..." First-look agreement will give Ephron her directing debut beginning with the screen adaptation of "Talking to Young Men."

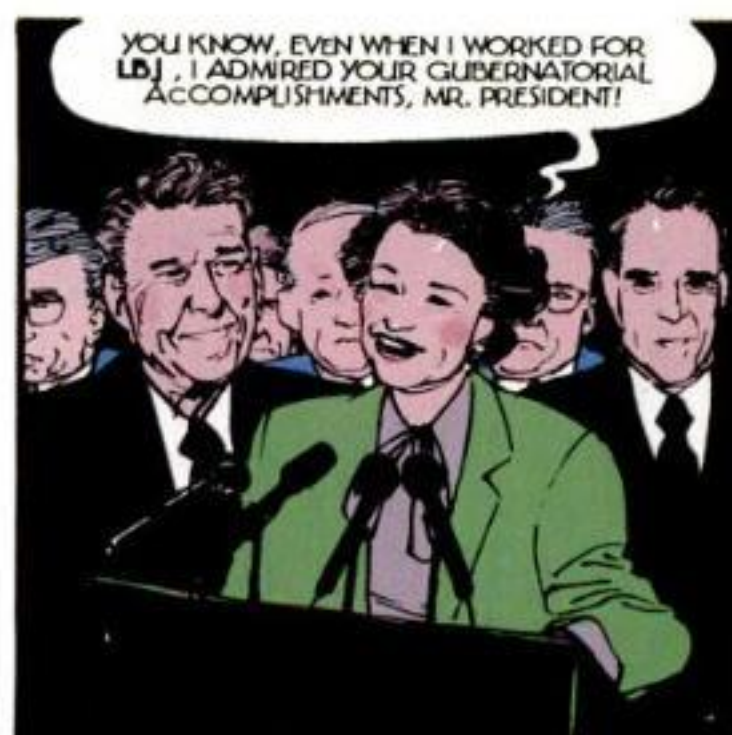


3 Mort Zuckerman now attended the publication parties for her suddenly well-promoted smutty books, and people began scanning them for the dirty parts, hoping the passages would shed light on her and her husband's private life. She introduced him to all of her swell new circle. But he only became increasingly fuddled: at one dinner party, during a toast, his eyes flooded with tears as he thanked her for his swank new friends and swank new life.

ROBERT AND ELIZABETH DOLE



1 She was a deputy director of consumer affairs who walked into his office one day and thought, *My goodness, he's an attractive man*. He was a well-respected Kansas senator who scribbled her name on his desk blotter. They married in 1975.



2 Bob, who has said, "I figure if you don't worry over problems, most of them will just go away," should worry more: in 1976 he led a disastrous campaign as Gerald Ford's running mate, and in 1980 his run for the presidency was an utter failure. Shortly thereafter Liddy became Ronald Reagan's public liaison.



3 In 1983 she joined the Cabinet as secretary of Transportation, whereupon her salary shot up to \$80,000, while his remained at \$60,000. He failed miserably in yet another bid for national office in 1988. She was featured, cheesecake-like, as Woman of the Year in *Esquire's* 1988 Women We Love issue and is talked about seriously as a Republican candidate for president in 1996.



① She was the Oscar-and-Tony-winning actress who, because of her wide-ranging talents, was one of the first persons routinely to be called a superstar. He did hair. They met at a party in Paris in 1974, and she hired him as her hairdresser for her next film. When she showed up 45 minutes late for their first appointment, his words foretold their future: "I don't care what your reputation is or how big a so-called superstar you are. Nobody makes Jon Peters wait."



② At first they worked together on her records and horrible movies: in 1974 he produced her *Butterfly* album, in 1976 they coproduced *A Star Is Born*, and in 1978 he produced *The Main Event*.

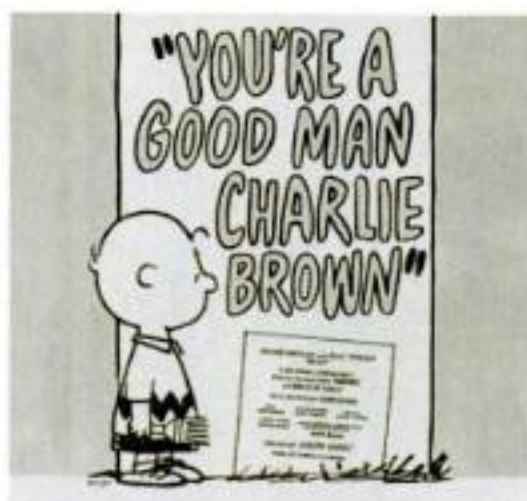
After breaking up in 1983, they turned to their own projects. That year she produced and starred in *Yentl* (studio revenues: a mere \$1.7 million); he coproduced *Flashdance* (revenues: more than \$135 million). In 1985 he coproduced *The Color Purple* (revenues: more than \$49 million). In 1987 she produced and starred in *Nuts* (losses: \$10 million), and he coproduced *The Witches of Eastwick* (revenues: more than \$26 million). He followed that up with *Gorillas in the Mist* (1988; revenues: more than \$9 million), *Rain Man* (1988; revenues: more than \$86 million) and *Batman* (1989; revenues: more than \$150 million).



③ Last fall Peters and his partner, Peter Guber, sold their production company to Sony for \$200-million so that they could run Columbia Pictures. Last fall Streisand released yet another collection of recycled greatest hits, this one with sermonizing liner notes urging listeners to "pressure political leaders, turn off lights, car pool." She plans to appear in an Earth Day TV special this month.

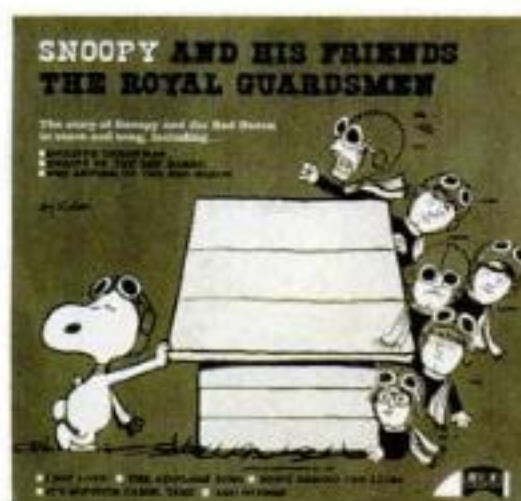
CHARLIE BROWN AND SNOOPY

① Beginning in 1950, he was the downtrodden anti-heroic Everyman of a



comic strip treasured and read daily by millions. Snoopy was his dog.

② In 1965 Snoopy got a sidekick of his own: Woodstock. A year later



the Royal Guardsmen's "Snoopy vs. the Red Baron" made the top 40, peaking at No. 2. In 1968 Snoopy was named mascot for NASA's Manned Flight Awareness Program; the spotlight shifted even more when a Peanuts special was titled *He's Your Dog, Charlie Brown*.

③ This past January the Louvre held a Snoopy exhibition, in which 150 top



fashion designers created a wardrobe for him. Two years earlier, during a *Peanuts* TV series, Charlie Brown had been dealt the final crushing blow: his voice was dubbed by a girl. ☺



1877



1886



1882



1896

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Jay McInerney wrote the stories of their life. Now Merry McInerney, his long-suffering wife, offers her own

PORTRAIT OF THE AR



Days of wine and poses: Merry McInerney (in yellow dress) and her husband, Jay, in happier, high-jinks-filled times

An Ultravoyeuristic Look at the Making and Unmaking

TIPTOP AS A YOUNG



In 1985 *Interview* magazine introduced a Q&A with Jay McInerney as follows: "Currently residing in upstate New York with his second wife, Jay is preparing for the release of his second novel, *Ransom*, and proving that novelists, as well as novels, can still have happy endings."

The magazine's assessment may have been premature.

In the interview McInerney said, "One of the nice things about being a novelist is that you're omnipotent,

you're like God. You move the characters around, make them do whatever you want, say it in whatever manner you want, and nobody—except maybe your editor—has anything to say about it."

Until now.

In the fall of 1981 Merry E. Raymond, a graduate student in philosophy at Syracuse University, met an aspiring writer named Jay McInerney. The couple fell in love and moved in together, and Raymond decided to support McInerney by working two jobs while he finished his first novel. Setting aside a career in academia to become a full-time gal Friday to her writer husband, she typed, edited and proofread his earliest scribblings. She also helped him arrest, she says, his vast appetites for alcohol and cocaine.

In 1984 the couple married, and *Bright Lights, Big City* was published to almost unbelievable acclaim. The novel, which describes a dissolute young writer who is brought back to purposeful existence by a pretty philosophy graduate student, is dedicated to Merry.

The following year the couple moved to New

of America's Most Celebrated Young Novelist

York City. McInerney was now a celebrity—New York Public Library literary lion, “new Salinger,” Hollywood screenwriter, Nell’s regular, instructor at the Learning Annex. Over the next few years, while Jay giddily, compulsively pursued his dashing-man-about-town life, carrying on in the company of fashion models and Farrah Fawcett-haired book editors at voguish restaurants and clubs, Merry was silent, and she remained silent even after the two separated, believing her husband’s intimations that he would someday return to her.

Since leaving his wife in 1987, McInerney has published a variety of thinly veiled accounts of his married life in the form of bad short stories in glossy magazines. When Merry learned that his forthcoming novel, tentatively titled *Tender Offers*, is, in her words, “going to be about our relationship,” she considered taking legal action to secure some proprietary or privacy rights and to stake a claim to the events of her own life. But while the 1987 ruling in a lawsuit brought by J. D. Salinger has made it legally very difficult to reproduce a person’s unpublished correspondence without the letter writer’s permission, there is no effective legal means to prevent a writer from reproducing the bare facts of a person’s life without permission. Having no clear recourse, then, Merry McInerney has come forward with her own side of the story, in her own words.

It is a little astounding that six years after his one good book, Jay McInerney remains by far the most celebrated novelist of his generation. Last summer in *Esquire* McInerney took the opportunity to rebut the writers he feels have misrepresented and exploited him—that is, literary critics. Some months ago Merry McInerney contacted SPY. She said she wanted the opportunity to rebut a writer she feels has misrepre-

sented and exploited her—that is, her husband. A writer who has, in her view, exploited her emotional history and her personal pain. (Merry McInerney, however, did not feel compelled, as her husband did for his *Esquire* piece, to put on a ninja-warrior outfit and jump up and down

holding a sword in front of a photographer in order to make her point.)

Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned. But hell especially hath no fury like a woman scorned who knows people in the media. And from this combination of circumstances has grown a great literary tradition—indeed, a whole genre: the memoirs of literary survivors. Consider Meta Carpenter Wilde’s 1976 book *A Loving Gentleman*, about her long affair with William Faulkner. Or *How It Was* (1976), Mary Hemingway’s memoir of her marriage to the gender-confused sportsman. Eileen Simpson chronicled her husband John Berryman’s slide into abusive alcoholism in *Poets in Their Youth* (1982); Joyce Johnson revealed her highly charged life with Jack Kerouac in *Minor Characters* (1983); Anais Nin showed us unfamiliar sides of Henry Miller in her diaries; and in *Elvis and Me* Priscilla Presley gave the world a glimpse of the King’s unique courtship style.

By offering her own version of the story of her life with the author of *Bright Lights, Big City*, Merry McInerney is but the newest bearer of this standard of published response. And we are pleased not only to play a part in this ongoing tradition but also to add our voice to the

debate over the validity of the biographical approach to literary criticism. Plus, it’s just really, really entertaining to learn all about Jay’s taste for chocolate milk as a hang-over cure and his predilection for urinating into soup tureens.

BABYLON REVISITED REVISITED

Fitzgerald vs. McInerney



“F. Scott Fitzgerald is such a cautionary tale.... People are waiting for me to pull a kind of Fitzgerald in my life and... just burn out. Which is what people believe the myth of Fitzgerald is—that he was seduced by this world that he wrote about, and that he ultimately couldn’t separate his life and his art.”

—Jay McInerney, quoted in *New York* magazine

It’s clear enough that McInerney is no master at separating his personal life from his, uh, art. But so intensely does he identify with his doomed hero that he has unwittingly created another problem for future literary scholars: how to separate the real Fitzgerald from the Fitzgerald manqué.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

JAY McINERNEY

Attended Princeton

Won Princeton fellowship to teach abroad

Became spokesman for his prematurely jaded, thrill-seeking generation

Became spokesman for his prematurely jaded, thrill-seeking generation

Was fond of drinking

Has been fond of drinking and recreational drugs

Published spectacularly successful first novel, *This Side of Paradise*, at age 24; married the same year

Published spectacularly successful first novel, *Bright Lights, Big City*, at age 29; married the same year

Completed his novel *Tender Is the Night* 14 years later, despite interruptions caused by wife Zelda’s mental illness

Is completing his novel *Tender Offers* 7 years later, incorporating scenes of wife Merry’s mental distress

Wrote many failed scripts for Hollywood

Wrote many failed scripts for *Bright Lights, Big City*, the movie



“Jay was sitting with a copy of the Bright Lights manuscript, making corrections in green pencil....He would write dollar signs in certain places—this, he thought, was where we’d make money”

The final critique of the McInerneys’ respective stories, however, will be handed down by two people: Judge Melinda Morris, who was to preside over the divorce proceedings that were to begin March 30 in Ann Arbor, Michigan; and Michiko Kakutani, chief fiction critic of *The New York Times*, who will review *Tender Offers* when it is published by Atlantic Monthly Press next year.



MERRY REYMOND FIRST MET HER FUTURE HUSBAND IN THE FALL OF 1981 AT A MUTUAL FRIEND’S APARTMENT IN SYRACUSE, NEW YORK. MCINERNEY HAD WON A WRITING FELLOWSHIP AT THE UNIVERSITY AFTER MEETING WRITER-IN-RESIDENCE RAYMOND CARVER AT A READING THE YEAR BEFORE. MCINERNEY DIDN’T HAVE MANY FRIENDS AT SYRACUSE, BUT HE WASTED LITTLE TIME MAKING NEW ONES BY MENTIONING WRITERS AND EDITORS HE SAID HE KNEW AT *THE NEW YORKER*, WHERE HE HAD WORKED IN AN ENTRY-LEVEL POSITION FOR SEVEN MONTHS BEFORE BEING FIRED.

Three years later Jay would recall this part of his life in “Jock Strapped” for Mademoiselle: “I was at graduate school in up-state New York, where I fell madly in love with a philosophy Ph.D. candidate who put me in mind of Venus. I invited her



How could Merry prefer curling up with a book by Mark Twain to chatting with Tama and Bret?

to New York for a weekend at the Plaza Hotel that I could ill afford.”

Merry remembers: [Jay] was on a fellowship to study with Ray Carver...and I was a philosophy graduate student....So he

started talking about philosophy with me...I thought he was a name-dropper and I thought he was stoned when I met him—and really pretentious. He was talking about his job at *The New Yorker* all the time. [But] the next fall [1982], we started seeing each other.

I had just broken up with my boyfriend, and I guess Jay had broken up with his girlfriend, because he asked me to lunch....He seemed a lot nicer than I had remembered him, and we had a very long lunch with many Bloody Marys.

[After that] we started seeing each other off and on....I was *really* uncertain about Jay. It was a question of starting a relationship with somebody who I thought was involved with drugs....Jay had a lot of coke, a suspiciously great amount for someone earning \$5,000 a year on a university fellowship.

I had never met anyone so romantic. Once he sent me a card with glitter in it. I opened the card and all these silver sparkles fell out in my lap, and it just said, I LOVE YOU, and P.S. GLITTER ENCLOSED. He would leave baskets of fruit on my doorstep, send me roses and take me to dinner.

Jay kept inviting me to go to New York with him for New Year’s Eve. And I kept saying, “I don’t know.” Finally, at Christmas, I called him....And we drove to New York together. He had rented a room for us at The Plaza, and a limo....We ended up picking up Morgan Entrekin [then an editor at Simon and Schuster], and he was with these two models....One model was butchy, with short, dark hair. The other was very feminine....We went to a party in a loft, and the women started hitting on me....One said, “Sit on my face, and I’ll guess your weight.” Jay stayed by my side after that.

On the way back [to school] he asked me to live with him. I said yes. And when we were back at his apartment that night, we bought a six-pack of St. Pauli Girl and sat on his futon, and he asked me to marry him. And I just started laughing. He had to be kidding. We had had a fairly turbulent relationship and this swell weekend together. But still, it didn’t seem like the moment to ask someone to be your life spouse....We were engaged for a year and a half.

MERRY AND JAY WERE EVENTUALLY MARRIED ON JUNE 2, 1984. BEFORE THAT, WITH LITTLE MONEY TO SPARE,

THEY SPENT THE YEAR AND A HALF OF THEIR ENGAGEMENT ENJOYING A MODEST LIFE OF THE MIND TOGETHER IN SYRACUSE, AND MERRY GOT JAY TO GIVE UP MOST OF HIS BAD HABITS.

"Perhaps she {the girl reading Spinoza} is the one who could make you forget your cares and woes, start eating breakfast, take up jogging."—from *Bright Lights, Big City*, by Jay McInerney

We found an apartment together in Syracuse. It was \$375 a month.... We were really poor, and it was a real stretch, but we decided to take the apartment.... I would usually be on campus all day. Jay would write in the morning in the study.

[Before this he had] worked really sporadically, some at night, some in the morning if he was awake in the morning. I'm not sure he was really all that sober [in the fall of 1982].... He had come from New York, and he had been doing a lot of drugs, and he was really fucked up after his first wife left him and his mother died. When we were first together—I'm very much a creature of habit—we would get up in the morning and we would go running, or we would just settle down to work right away. I didn't force him to work, but I would tell him to work.

Jay read a lot—James Joyce... Thomas McGuane... *The Great Gatsby*. He used to go on and on about how this was the best American novel. [We also] became part of a group of friends.

It was Ray [Carver] and [his wife,] Tess, and Toby [novelist Tobias Wolff] and his wife, Catherine, and Amy and Doug [novelist Unger] and Jay and I. We had dinners together and stayed up late and drank too much together. And it would always end with Toby Wolff lying on the floor of our living room with the speakers on either side of his head singing Neil Young's "Helpless" at the top of his voice.

From January to May [1983] Jay was working on *Ransom*, and that was going to be his masterpiece.... Then I came home one day from teaching and he said, "Merry, I have a confession to make."

And I thought, *Oh, my God, another woman so soon.*

And he said, "I started another novel last week." Then he started showing me all his work. And when I would come

home, he would show me each day's work, and we would fight over it. We had terrible fights over *Bright Lights*.

[For example,] he had two chapters about the main character's having this ménage à trois with these two women. And they were both described in really clichéd terms. The women were the women from our New Year's Eve together with Morgan and Gary [Fisketjon, Jay's editor at Random House and now his editor at Atlantic Monthly Press]. So they both are actually still in the novel. They're the two models whom [the protagonist] meets in a bar, and they end up being in the bathroom together, and he thinks they're doing coke, but they're not. [In the disputed chapters] Jay had them bringing him home, and this fluffing around in pink panties. It was corny.... So we started big fights about whether those chapters should stay in

the novel or not. I won on that one. I won on a lot of things.

I wanted the ending [of the novel] to be the ending of the short story "It's Six A.M. Do You Know Where You Are?" [published in 1982 in *The Paris Review*], where he trades his—originally, he trades his silk jacket for bread, but I wanted him to trade his RayBans. I thought that was a great symbol. I won on that too.

And I came up with the title of the book. [While Jay was writing the novel, I was always listening to] a Rolling Stones bootleg of [the Jimmy Reed song] "Bright Lights, Big City"... Jay was planning to call [the book] some really dumb title, *Dancing at Heartbreak*... or *Daylight at Heartbreak*, because Heartbreak is a club. [Though] Jay did

say in print that the title was my idea... later he told a reporter that it was his idea. He apologized profusely to me for saying that.

Jay started [*Bright Lights*] in May and finished it on June 10, 1983.... He wrote all the time—constantly. We had a lot of fights then. We fought over the names of characters, titles of chapters. He let me title most of the chapters.... And I came up with the Coma Baby dream.

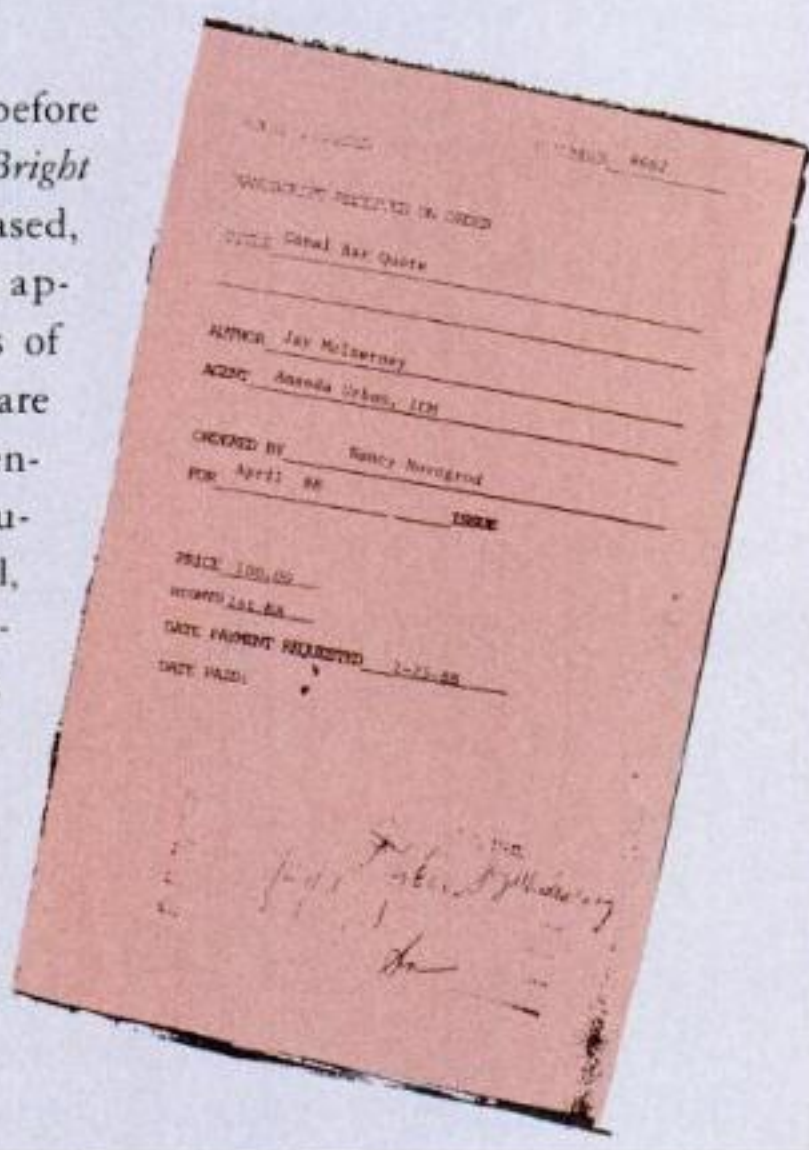
We stayed in Syracuse for the summer. I got two fellowships so I could support [Jay], so he didn't have to get a job. We just worked on the book. I would type each page while he revised the book, [and] he gave it to Gary in September.

After he handed the novel in to Gary, all he wanted to do was play tennis and run.... We had just bought his com-

JUST ANOTHER DAY ON GRUB STREET

Hip Restaurant Tips from the Master at \$100 a Pop
(Whoops! Sorry, Binky—Make That \$90)

In January 1988, just before the movie version of *Bright Lights, Big City* was released, Jay McInerney was approached by the editors of *HG* to help them prepare an article on the then-new-and-trendy restaurant Canal Bar. The deal, brokered by McInerney's agent, Amanda "Binky" Urban, was this: McInerney would say a few slavishly admiring sentences about the place, and the magazine would pay him \$100. ☛





“Everyone wanted Jay to do coke. They wanted him to be the character in the book—healed but still fun”

puter, and I would say, “Just sit down and write. You can’t just wait for reviews or Gary’s verdict.” So he started working on *Ransom* again at that point. He really had to struggle with *Ransom*. I think he felt he was taking a lot of risks. That’s why, I think, I like it better than *Bright Lights*—because he had to work hard at it. If he hadn’t gone back into drugs and shit, he could have been able to really go somewhere after that.

In January [1984] Gary came up for the weekend. He had to leave on Sunday with an edited copy of *Bright Lights*. So we stayed up all [Saturday] night working on it. Gary was sitting with a copy, making corrections in green pencil.... And I’ll never forget, he would write dollar signs in certain places, because this [he thought] was where we were going to make money.

[*Bright Lights*] was published in the fall of 1984. We had a really good time [that year]. [Jay] was working on *Ransom*, and I decided to take the year off and work on Jay’s books with him.

IN 1985 JAY REALIZED THAT HE WANTED TO BE WHERE HIS AUDIENCE AND HIS FICTIONAL MILIEU WERE. SO IN JULY THE MCINERNEYS MOVED TO NEW YORK. MERRY QUICKLY WEARIED OF HER HUSBAND’S ARDUOUS, TEDI-
 OUS SOCIAL SCHEDULE AND SAT QUIETLY BY WHILE THE MAN SHE HAD HELPED REHABILITATE BECAME A CARICATURE OF HIS FORMER SELF.

“{Corrine} watched the late news or maybe The Odd Couple, her eyes filling with tears when she heard the opening bars of the theme—it was Russell’s favorite show—then reading herself to sleep with Jane Austen.”—from “Rise and Fall,” by Jay McInerney, Manhattan, inc., January 1988

We moved to Manhattan because Jay was really anxious to be there. And he was getting a lot of attention. We were living in a brownstone on East 51st Street between First and Second.... Jay started going to a lot of parties, and for the first month I went with him.... But after a while I couldn’t stand the parties any longer...and the drugs. Everyone wanted Jay to do coke. They wanted

him to be the character in the book—healed but still fun. There was something sort of sad for me about being at these parties and watching Jay run into the bathroom with a couple of girls, and me just standing there feeling like, *What the fuck am I doing here? I was studying Wittgenstein a few years ago.*

We were at some party at Carrie Minot’s [sister of novelist Susan Minot]. Morgan and Carrie were going out then. And I just looked around the room, and I thought everyone was so boring. Almost everyone was doing drugs, and everyone was drunk, and I was sober, and so bored, and it was one o’clock. I wanted to go, and I said, “Jay, let’s go.”

And he said, “Well, I don’t really want to go now.”

And I said, “But this is really boring.”

And he said, “Well, I’ll get you a cab.” So he went out into the street, got me a cab, and I went home by myself for the first time.... I couldn’t believe that he would send me home alone. I’d never gone home alone before. And then I started going home by myself a lot.

Jay and I rarely fought, though.... He was always charming and sweet to me, even when he was saying, “I’m not coming home tonight. I’m going out with Morgan tonight, and I can’t tell you when I’ll be home.” And he would get home at nine in the morning.

I had this beautiful soup tureen, and the bathroom in the brownstone was upstairs, and you might wake up the person in the bedroom if you used it. Well, one time I came downstairs at nine in the morning and Jay and Gary were drinking Jack Daniel’s. Obviously they had been partying all night. Well, that morning I came downstairs and my beautiful china soup tureen was filled with piss, and Jay said, “I didn’t want to wake you.”

Jay wasn’t writing very much, but he certainly was enjoying himself.... There were a lot of days when he

didn’t write at all. The day would start with my going out to get chocolate milk, because it was the only thing he could drink when he was hung over.... Around eleven he would stumble out of bed and go to lunch with writers, editors, critics—James Atlas, Frank Rich, Harold Brodkey. (Brod-



It’s 6:00 a.m. Do you know where your husband is? Out with the Pollan sisters (Dana, Tracy and Lori)

key is an undereducated person who thinks he knows a lot about Wittgenstein. We got in a terrible argument about it on New Year's Eve, 1986. He didn't know shit about Wittgenstein.)

[After lunch Jay] would come back and...try to write from two to five and maybe take a nap....He kept very faithful journals...two kinds. One was like a diary, and the other was his fiction journal, where he [would] write down story ideas, names that he liked, events that struck him as witty or poignant. [For example,] he would write,

"A: Where you gonna eat tonight?

"B: We're gonna go to an Ethiopian restaurant.

"A: I didn't know they had food in Ethiopia."

In the evening he would wake up, and then there'd be some cocktail party to go to. He went to a lot of cocktail parties....When I went with him, we'd end up in Park Avenue homes, and I wouldn't know who the hell the host was. We'd see that guy [*Esquire* editor Lee] Eisenberg. I don't think he liked Jay. Maybe he does now. He wasn't very friendly. The same people would be there—like [*Esquire* fiction editor] Rust Hills and Renata Adler. That was about the time Jay started cultivating his friendship with Bret Easton Ellis, whose novel [*Less Than Zero*] was just coming out.

A typical day might wind up with our eating dinner together. If it was up to me, [we would go to] small Italian places in our neighborhood. If it was up to Jay—I mean, this sounds so shallow, I know—we would be at places like Elaine's or Indochine (that was his favorite place).

We would probably be eating with somebody who would want to take *us*, allegedly, but really *Jay*, somewhere after dinner. So he would say, "Well, I'll be home soon. See you in a couple of hours." If we had a limo, the limo would take me home. If we had a cab, the cab would take me home. Then I'd watch something on TV, like *The Honeymooners*, or read.

IN 1986 MERRY PERSUADED JAY TO MOVE WITH HER TO ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN. TAKING OUT A \$158,400 MORTGAGE, THEY BOUGHT A HOUSE IN AN OLDER, WELL-TO-DO SUBURB. BUT JAY, NOT TAKING TO THE FAMILY-MAN LIFE, COULDN'T KEEP AWAY FROM HIS HEROIC EPICENTER.

"[Caitlin and Gary] eventually found a place in upper Westchester. Not exactly the house of their dreams.... Their search propelled them farther and farther out from the city until they

finally closed on a place the realtor called a Cape Cod.... Gary's consolation to himself for leaving the city came in the form of an aging Alfa Romeo."—from "Baby, You're the Greatest," by Jay McInerney, *Self*, May 1989

I don't know if it was the drugs or all the partying or what, but in the spring of 1986 Jay didn't want to be close to me anymore. He'd go out to parties, and I'd stay home. I didn't want to go to these parties with these fans drooling all over him. So I would stay home and watch classic movies on the VCR or read classic novels. I was reading a lot of Twain then.

[In April] I got a fellowship to finish my doctorate in philosophy in Michigan, so I said, "We're going to Michigan." I had this feeling that if we left New York and all the parties and limos, coke and all that shit, everything would get better....So we came to Michigan [that June] and bought a house in Ann Arbor....Jay took a lot of trips to New York in June. And then in the beginning of

July we went to Zimbabwe to do a white-water-rafting trip....I realized in Africa that our relationship was not doing well.

On the way home we stopped in London, and—this was the beginning of his Bertie Wooster period—he shopped for clothes. We never used to go shopping, but we bought all these really lovely things.

[When we] returned to Ann Arbor that fall, I started graduate school again, and Jay went to Scandinavia to promote *Bright Lights*....And while he was gone, the thing that broke us up came my way.

It was a person. I got a piece of evidence, a letter, that he had had some sort of fling with someone....The letter was addressed to Jay and marked PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL. It was from another writer, a friend who had always been very supportive of Jay throughout Jay's early career and later career. And I was really furious, and I got this piece of evidence when he was still in Scandinavia.... Obviously, if he could do something like that, then we were really in trouble, because we were so far apart that we weren't even understanding each other.

When he got home I showed him the piece of evidence, and I said, "Let's go to marriage counseling." He said, "No, this will never come up as an issue in my life again. Nothing like this will ever happen again." And I said, "I don't care—I want to know why it ever happened."

So we went back and forth about it. Then he went to Italy, and when he was in Italy, he bought me tons of presents, called me, wired me flowers. And when he came back to Ann Arbor, I confronted him again with this thing, and I

YOU CAN FIND PUBLICITY IN THE DICTIONARY

*Two Sex Symbols Who Share a Need to Consult Dictionaries
in the Presence of Magazine Photographers*





“Jay was always charming, even when he was saying, ‘I’m not coming home tonight. I’m going out with Morgan, and I can’t tell you when I’ll be home’”

said, “Look, I still want to know what’s going on. Let’s go into therapy and talk about this.” And he said no. And I said, “We have to make a decision. Either we figure this out, or you leave.” And in January [1987] he moved out, back to New York.

I was very, very angry. When Jay moved out, I filed for divorce. [But] at this point there was no definite decision that there *would* be a divorce. That really didn’t come about until [last] fall. We’d talked about it before then, but we’d decided that we didn’t want the divorce. We’d decided that we loved each other.

WHILE MERRY WAITED FOR JAY TO SORT OUT HIS PERSONAL PROBLEMS, HE RETURNED TO NEW YORK, WHERE HE WAS WELCOMED BY HOSTESSES, GOSSIP COLUMNISTS AND THE PARTY-PICTURE PAGES OF SATIRICAL MONTHLIES. MEANWHILE, MERRY WAS GETTING MIXED SIGNALS AND CONTRADICTIONARY PROMISES.

“Some days he thought marriages were like bones, that they could come back stronger after a break, and other days he thought maybe it was like meat: When it started to go, it was gone. Meantime, he was experimenting with dating.... Then he met Lindy, an intern at the ad agency in which Gary worked as an account executive. Twenty years old, she... did some modeling with the Ford agency... and she wasn’t afraid of anything.”—from “Baby, You’re the Greatest”

We continued to talk on the phone every day, and he told me everything. That spring he was seeing this 22-year-old girl, Lisa [Druck]. She is the model for the voice [of Alison Poole, the protagonist] in *Story of My Life*. I just thought it was funny at the time—that he was seeing this 22-year-old girl, and he was 33.

I had heard that he was doing a lot of partying, but this was the first indication I had that anything was going on with Jay and anyone else.

The summer of 1987 Jay was spending in Yaddo [the writers’ colony]. I was studying for my first round of doctoral exams. He said that he was going to see a psychiatrist over the summer, and maybe at the end of the summer we would get back together. He said he would need a car. And we had only one car at the time, so I gave him the car, a black Porsche.

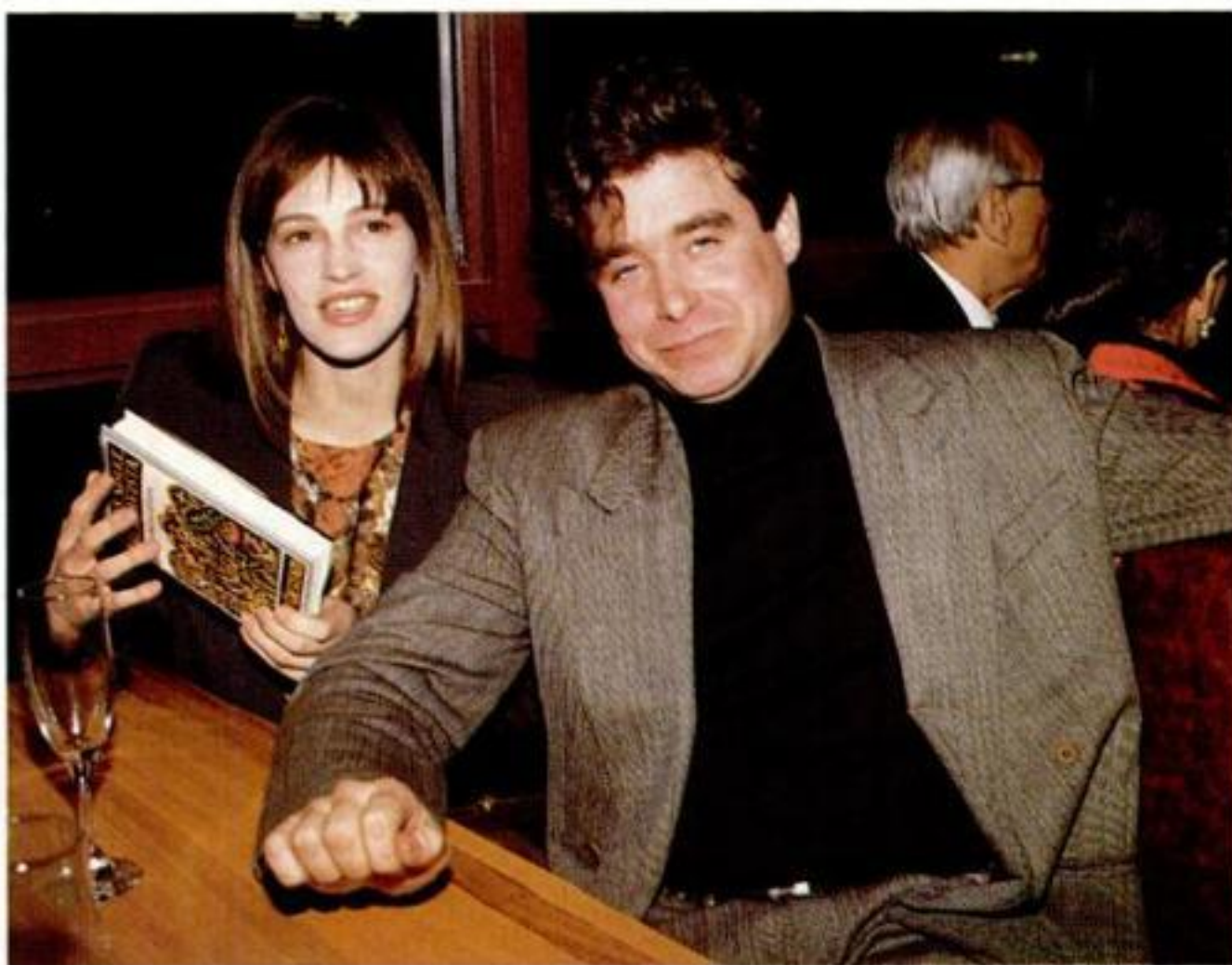
On my birthday, which is July 1, he came out to see me and we went out to dinner. And that night he said, “I just want to warn you about something. I know you have friends in New York, but I wanted to warn you that if anyone mentions an item that appeared in the *New York Post* about me and [fashion model] Marla Hanson, it’s just a bunch of bullshit. I met with her over Peter Max’s Fourth of July

fundraising thing. She’s working for Peter Max, and she asked if I would help out. And we talked about it over coffee, and that’s all.”

And I said, “Okay, thanks for warning me.” He had no reason to lie. We were separated. Then, two weeks before my exams, one of my friends called from New York and said that an item had appeared in the *New York Post* saying that Marla was living in Jay’s apartment [sublet from writer Joan Juliet Buck] and what a hot couple they were.

He was in California at the time, so I called him up and said, “What’s going on? Someone just told me this woman is living in your apartment, and you said there was nothing between you.” And for some reason... he decided to tell me the truth. He said, “Merry, I’m in love with her. I’m not in love with you anymore. I love Marla. I want a divorce.” And I was just devastated.

He brought the car back after Yaddo, and we went to this marriage counselor in early September. I think he went because he felt guilty. We went to only two sessions. In the second session Jay said the following, which I will never forget: “Merry thinks a relationship is like a bone, and if it breaks, it can heal and maybe even be stronger than before. But I think a relationship is more like meat, and once it



Jay talked of a reunion with Merry, but his Marla-centric life in New York told a different story.

rots, the only thing you can do is throw it out.”

So he left, and he moved back in with Marla. He still called me every day from pay phones. He was always saying things about getting back together. He was always saying, “I don’t know if it’s over.”



“I had this feeling that if we left New York and all the parties and limos and all that, everything would get better”

Then the weirdest thing happened. We spent New Year's Eve together [1987–88], and we went to The Boxtree Hotel in New York. It was just very romantic. Then we ended up going to St. Bart's for two weeks at the beginning of February, which he hid from Marla.... We agreed that we would talk and see if we could get back together.

“Has Laura told you she's our best basket-maker?” Eric asked.

*“I'm an arts and crafts hero,” Laura said. “I'm thinking of opening up a crafts boutique after I get out of here. Call it the Basket Case.”—from “Jimmy,” by Jay McInerney, *Granta*, fall 1989*

March and April [1988] were bad months for me. See, Jay had hurt me very, very, very badly when he had this relationship with Marla Hanson. He lied to me about it all through the relationship. And we were supposed to be trying to get back together. It was really devastating to me. And I ended up spending from April to February being treated for depression. I didn't do any basket weaving, but I did do basket stenciling. I stenciled hundreds of baskets. A couple of friends and I joked that we would open up a place called the Basket Case. During the whole time I was depressed, Jay came to see me almost every weekend. He was subletting Dennis Hopper's daughter's apartment in New York. And we were in couples counseling again. He claimed that he wanted us to get back together, and we were supposed to be working on the relationship. And it didn't turn out that that was what was going on in his private life.

I resent the fact that while I was being treated for depression I had to see pictures of him and other women in magazines and newspapers. And I resent the fact that he had the image of a really nice guy who was just this sort of bad-boy playboy, because he's not. In a lot of ways he's very dangerous and not a very nice guy.

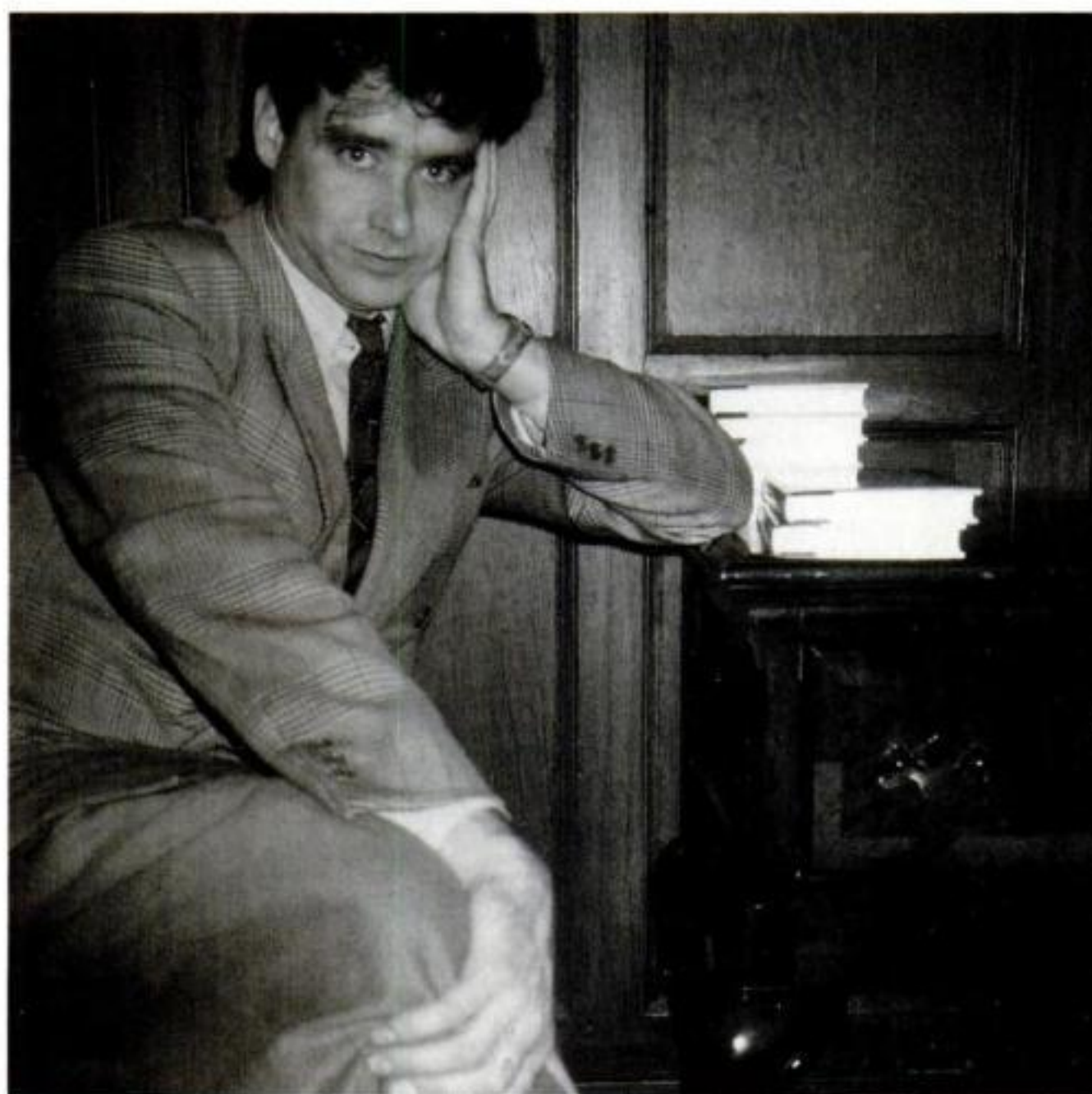
There's a lot to love about Jay. But I resent how he's made it very embarrassing for me to be with my old friends. I resent how he's written fiction about my depression. And

I feel he has exploited me about everything. Specifically with a short story in *Granta* magazine [about an actor visiting his wife in a New England mental hospital]. And this new novel that he's going to be publishing—I resent that it's about our relationship. I don't like to be melodramatic about it, but I have scars up and down my arms from the pain that man caused me. And he was the love of my life.

MERRY MCINERNEY FILED FOR DIVORCE A SECOND TIME, ON APRIL 8, 1988. IN HER SUIT SHE STATED THAT SHE EARNS LESS THAN \$7,500 ANNUALLY AND THAT HER HUSBAND EARNS MORE THAN \$150,000. ON SEPTEMBER 8, 1988, JAY MCINERNEY WAS SERVED WITH A SUMMONS IN SCRIBNER'S BOOKSTORE ON FIFTH AVENUE, WHERE HE WAS SIGNING BOOKS TO PROMOTE *STORY OF MY LIFE*. LAST FEBRUARY 22 A COURT ORDER WAS ISSUED AUTHORIZING MERRY'S NEW YORK LAWYER TO DEPOSE JAY, BINKY URBAN (HIS AGENT), GARY FISKETJON, THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, VIN-

TAGE CONTEMPORARIES AND RANDOM HOUSE. JAY FILED DOCUMENTS LAST APRIL STATING THAT HE OWNS \$5,000 WORTH OF CLOTHES AND \$5,000 WORTH OF FURNISHINGS (THOUGH SIX MONTHS LATER HIS NEW YORK APARTMENT, PROFESSIONALLY DECORATED AT A COST OF ROUGHLY \$30,000, WAS FEATURED IN *HG*) AND THAT HE PAYS MERRY \$7,420 PER MONTH IN LIVING EXPENSES. JAY CLAIMS THAT HE WAS NEVER SERVED THE SUMMONS AT SCRIBNER'S, AND SO ON AUGUST 23 JAY AND HIS ATTORNEY, A DETROIT DIVORCE LAWYER NAMED KENNETH E. PRATHER, FILED A MOTION TO SET ASIDE DEFAULT JUDGMENT. THE MOTION WAS GRANTED.

AS *SPY* GOES TO PRESS, THE MCINERNEY DIVORCE TRIAL IS SCHEDULED FOR MARCH 30, 1990, IN ANN ARBOR. MERRY CONTINUES TO LIVE IN THE HOUSE THE COUPLE BOUGHT IN 1986 IN ANN ARBOR. JAY CONTINUES TO LIVE IN MANHATTAN. **D**



Forever sullen: Lord Byron awaits the publication of book No. 4.

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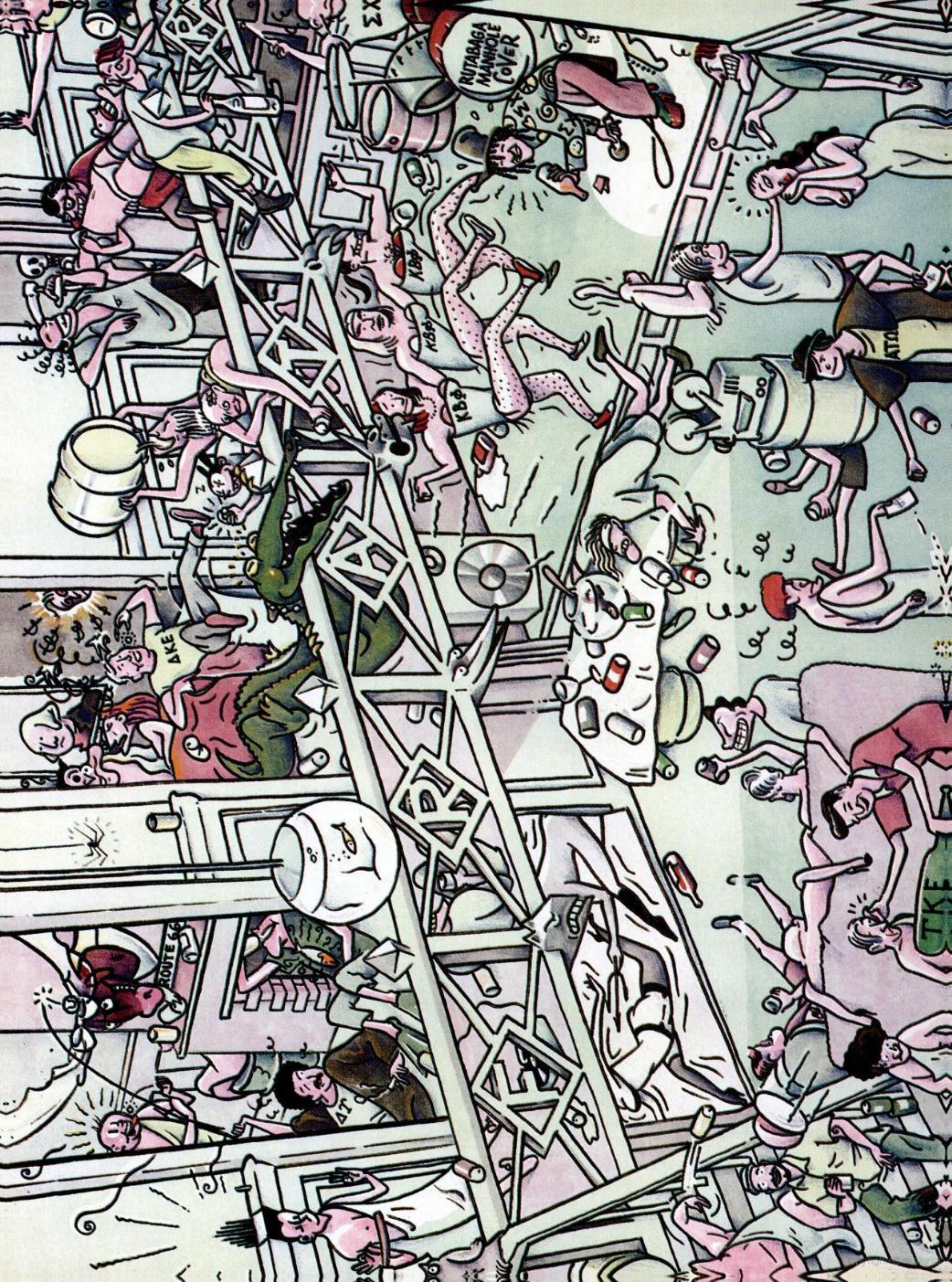




ILLUSTRATION BY CHRISTOPH ABBREDERIS

IT MAY COME AS AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE, BUT ALL THE SWAGGERING JERKS WHO JOINED FRATERNITIES AND SPENT THEIR COLLEGE DAYS OBSESSED WITH DRINK AND SEX AND MAKING ARMPIT FARTS AT MIXERS ARE NOW IN CHARGE OF NEARLY EVERYTHING WORTH BEING IN CHARGE OF. YES, THE LADS WHO DEDICATED THEIR EARLY ADULthood TO THE STUDY OF KEGS AND BEER BALLS, FORGED IDENTITY CARDS, MISOGYNIST RITUALS, STUPID PRANKS, QUICK-BUCK SCAMS, POORLY LIT SMOKERS AND SMUTTY SONGS HAVE ACHIEVED POSITIONS AT THE PINNACLE OF AMERICA'S POWER ELITE. BOB MACK EXAMINES THE TREND AND WARNS THAT WE'VE NEARLY REACHED THE DAY WHEN *E PLURIBUS UNUM* WILL BE REPLACED BY

TOOGA!

YOU'RE SPENDING A QUIET EVENING AT HOME. THE CHILDREN ARE asleep; the retriever has stretched out by the fire. Ella Fitzgerald is

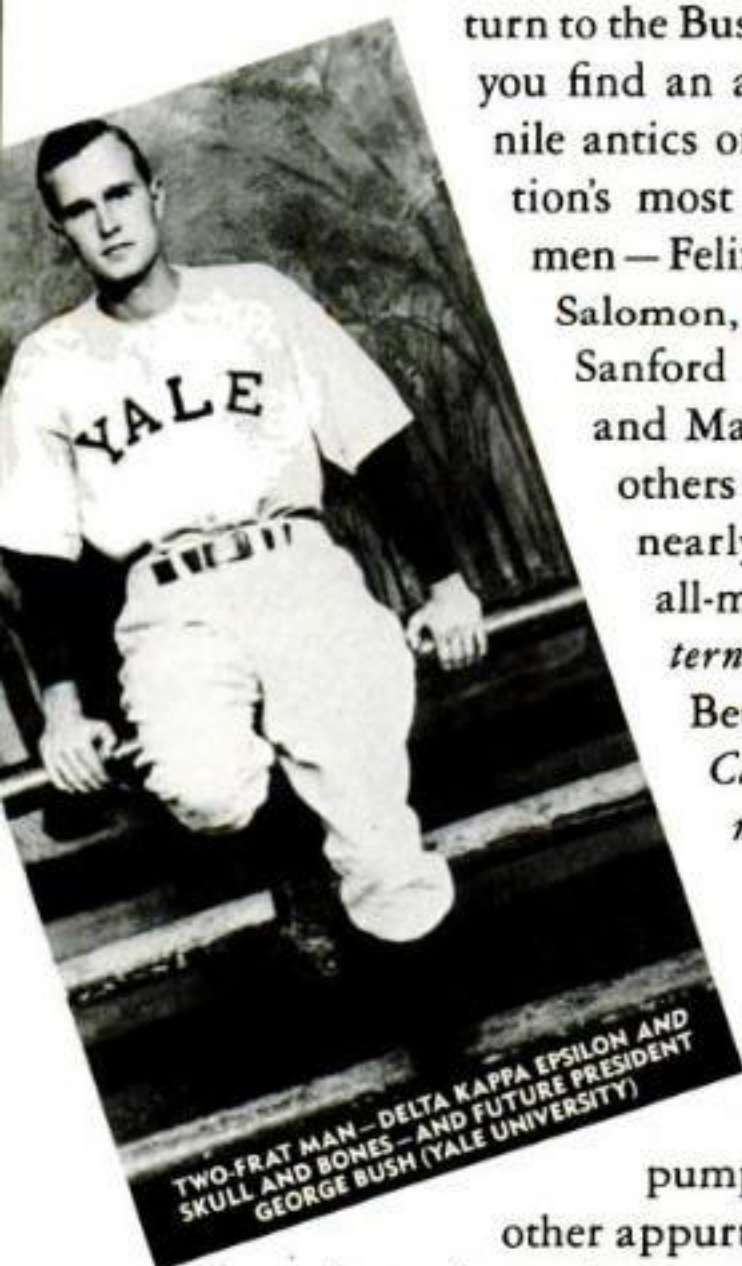
singing "Blue Skies" on CD. Could you be more content? The world is peaceful, quiet, responsibly governed by men of wisdom and sobriety. You settle into your armchair, open the newspaper and begin to read.

In Hollywood, you discover, a power- and secrecy-mad talent agent is nakedly terrorizing one of his clients, a noted screenwriter. Why is Mike Ovitz making life miserable for Joe Eszterhas? Because Eszterhas wanted to change agencies, and Ovitz, a man who has experience administering hazing rituals, did not want that to happen. Ovitz, you think, is motivated by an inordinate sense of what

FROM ANIMAL HOUSE TO
THE WHITE HOUSE—
HOW FRAT BOYS
SUDDENLY RUN AMERICA

he might call *fraternity*.

Taken aback by this tale of perverted allegiance in Hollywood, you turn to the Books page, where you find an article concerning a best-seller about Wall Street called *Liar's Poker*, wherein the author, Michael Lewis, recounts his days at the eminent investment banking firm Salomon Brothers. As you read, it strikes you that the pin-striped firm is run less like a responsible business than like, well, a college fraternity. There's the suffocating chumminess, the schoolboy pranks and the antics of the Big Swinging Dicks, as the investment bankers like to call (and imagine) themselves, who weed out the wimps in their ranks by betting thousands of dollars on a single hand of liar's poker, a trashy instant-gratification game that uses the serial numbers on currency in lieu of cards. You feel a wave of revulsion as you read how Salomon Brothers chairman John Gutfreund—known affectionately by the frat-row-ish nickname the King of Wall Street—challenges his firm's best liar's-poker player to "one hand, a million dollars and no tears." *Aw, come on*, the star trader says, *if we're gonna play for big money, then let's make it \$10 million*, and he grins as Gutfreund backs down.



Cringing at this *mucho-macho* cockiness, you turn to the Business section, where you find an account of the juvenile antics of a group of the nation's most powerful businessmen—Felix Rohatyn, William Salomon, Arthur Levitt Jr., Sanford Weill, Joseph Flom and Martin Lipton, among others—who belong to a nearly secret, all-white, all-male professional fraternity called Kappa Beta Phi. Their motto? *Cantamus et Bibamus*—a phrase they translate as "We sing and we drink." Their preferred frivolity? Donning wigs, dresses, pumps, false breasts and other appurtenances of femininity and unembarrassedly staging an amateur musical for their own amusement. The nickname of their leader, the distinguished investment banker Gates Hawn? The Grand Swipe.

Appalled, you turn to the front page. There you read about the perpetually boyish president of the United States, who seems to be going out of his way to be polite to the leaders of China and to assure them that even though they mowed down their



FUTURE HUD SECRETARY JACK KEMP (ALPHA TAU OMEGA, OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE)

QUAYLE TOOK A ROAD TRIP TO THE DKE HOUSE AT MIAMI OF OHIO, WHERE THE FUTURE VICE PRESIDENT ALLEGEDLY SWIPED A PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

LAND OF THE FREE, HOME OF THE FRAT BOYS WHO'S WHO AMONG AMERICA'S PADDED ESTABLISHMENT

EDDIE ALBERT, CHI PSI
WALTER ANNEBERG, ZETA BETA TAU
ROONE ARLEDGE, PHI GAMMA DELTA
ARTHUR ASHE, KAPPA ALPHA PSI
JOE DON BAKER, SIGMA PHI EPSILON
BOB BARKER, SIGMA NU
MARION BARRY, ALPHA PHI ALPHA
COUNT BASIE, OMEGA PSI PHI
WARREN BEATTY, SIGMA CHI
MELVIN BELLI, DELTA TAU DELTA
LLOYD BENTSEN, SIGMA NU
LEONARD BERNSTEIN, ZETA BETA TAU
DAVID BIRNEY, SIGMA NU
DEREK BOK, PHI KAPPA SIGMA
PAT BOONE, KAPPA ALPHA ORDER
WILLIAM BRENNAN, DELTA TAU DELTA
BEAU BRIDGES, SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON
LLOYD BRIDGES, SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON
JIMMY BUFFETT, KAPPA SIGMA
McGEORGE BUNDY, ZETA PSI
GEORGE BUSH, DELTA KAPPA EPSILON
STEPHEN J. CANNELL, SIGMA CHI
JOHNNY CARSON, PHI GAMMA DELTA
DICK CLARK, DELTA KAPPA EPSILON
TONY COELHO, PHI SIGMA KAPPA
ADOLPH, DALLAS AND JOSEPH COORS, KAPPA ALPHA SOCIETY

students on international TV and then steadfastly denied any wrongdoing, they are nevertheless our friends. For life. No matter what. *I've had super-secret conversations with Li Peng*, the president suggests. *I can't tell you what was said in those discussions, but I can assure you that the Chinese are still our—brothers.*

The threads are suddenly converging. Your world is no longer quite so serene. You realize that President Bush's unjustifiably hasty détente with China was just another example of good old-fashioned old-school-tie politics. You realize that Bush—who succeeded Ronald Reagan, a perpetually boyish man who as soon as he left office took to appearing in public wearing blue jeans, with half of his head shaved, *like some goofball undergraduate*—had wanted to name as his secretary of Defense John Tower, a man best known for boozing, chasing women and running around in a Superman costume. And that he had managed to appoint as his secretary of State James Baker, who, you now recall, replaced George Shultz, *a man who had the Princeton tiger tattooed on one of his buttocks*, and that Baker is a BMOC type of guy who as a law student joined an undergraduate fraternity at the behest of his father and walked around campus for a week with a dead fish concealed on his person. *And*, it occurs to you, *this isn't the half of it!* Bush's drug czar is a man who in college earned the nickname Ram after crashing his head through a door his girlfriend had locked on him! The vice president is a smirky, baby-faced layabout devoid of all conventional credentials except a rich dad and a great golf swing! And the president's most effective political operative is a beer-drinkin', guitar-pickin', ass-grabbin' good ol' boy who jocularly posed for a magazine photograph in his underpants and employed a communications director who, in the spirit of a rush-week slander against a rival house, implied that the speaker of the House was gay!

No longer are you at peace. You have come to see that your entire world is teetering on the brink of a massive food fight.

Welcome to America Gone Greek. You can run, but you can't hide; the frat boys are everywhere. And we don't mean that figuratively. Just to name a few: House majority leader Dick Gephardt; Senate Armed Services Committee chairman Sam Nunn; former surgeon general C. Everett Koop; White House chief of staff John Sununu; senator-with-national-aspirations Bob Kerrey; Chrysler chairman Lee Iacocca; CBS founder William Paley; pollsters George Gallup and Lou Harris; former baseball commissioner Peter Ueberroth;

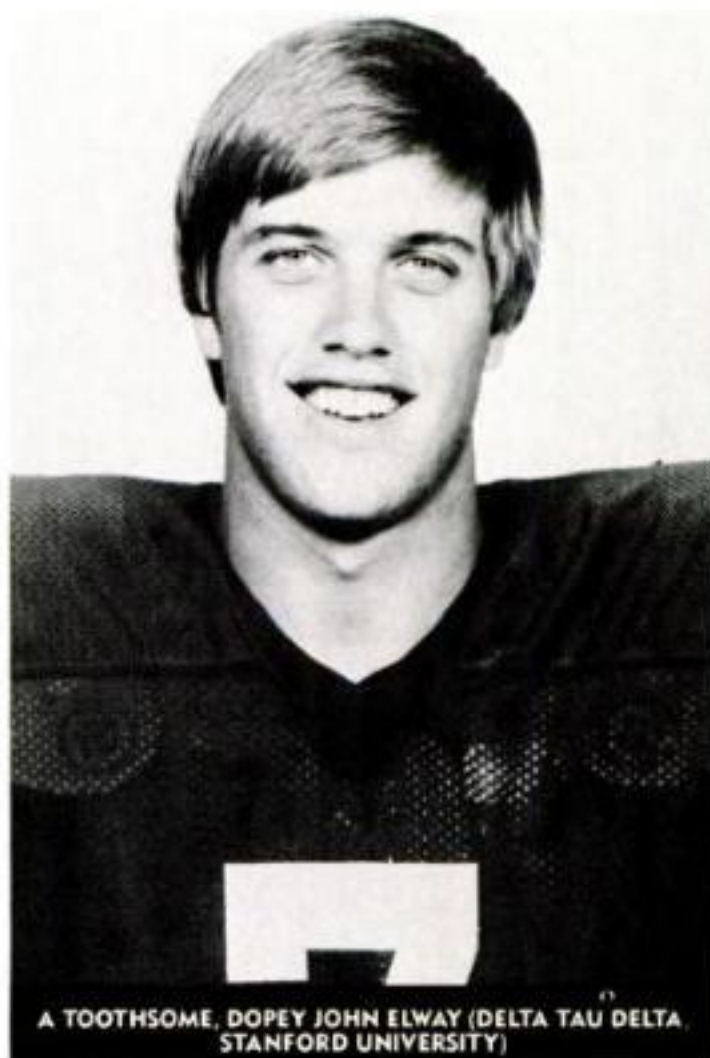


FUTURE TV DETECTIVE FRED DRYER (TAU KAPPA EPSILON, SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY)

perennially Super Bowl-losing quarterback John Elway; perennially Rose Bowl-losing coach Bo Schembechler; defensive end turned actor Fred Dryer; sportscasters Tim McCarver, Dick Enberg, Frank Gifford, Keith Jackson and Howard Cosell; Disney chairman Michael Eisner; religious broadcaster Pat Robertson; television producers Michael Mann of *Miami Vice* and Stephen Cannell of *21 Jump Street*; actor Kevin Costner; film director Steven Spielberg—all have had their understanding of the human condition enriched by keg parties and humiliating hazing rituals.

How have frat boys—along with such sorority sisters as Elizabeth Dole, Jane Pauley, Joan Ganz Cooney, Gail Sheehy and Farrah Fawcett—so successfully assumed control of American life? Hard to say—after all, the ferment of the late 1960s and the apathy of the 1970s appeared to sound the death knell for fraternities and sororities. But due perhaps to the release of *National Lampoon's Animal House* in 1978, or to the neotraditionalism of the Reagan era, Greek-letter organizations—and those who emerge from them—have experienced a surge in popularity. Membership in fraternities jumped from a low of 150,000 in 1972 to a rather alarming 900,000 in 1989, despite the fact that the reputation fraternities are developing is generally that of dangerous, irresponsible, hell-raising cliques dedicated to promoting dissolute, if not homicidal, behavior. Throughout the country pledges have been beaten, buried alive, burned, branded, covered with oven cleaner and drowned. They've fallen off buildings and cliffs, been frozen and suffered exposure, been pelted with 800 dozen raw eggs for 72 hours straight, been poisoned, stabbed and shot. And although 33 states have outlawed hazing, 52 students have been killed in hazing incidents over the last 12 years. And when they're not killing themselves, frat boys are terrorizing the rest of the population: recent frat-engineered atrocities include gang-raping women; holding mock slave auctions, racist strip shows and cross burnings; and, to quote a former fraternity member at Columbia University, "vandalizing the neighborhood [and] beating up local merchants." All of which makes some initiation rites, such as the one at the University of Texas in which pledges were blindfolded with Kotex pads and made to crawl on all fours to the accompaniment of Ravel's *Bolero*, seem innocent, if not witty and life-affirming. Of course, not all fraternities are criminal conspiracies, but the cruddy truth about frat life even at its most benign may be well summarized by the legend on a T-shirt worn by a woman at one frat-dominated institution: COLGATE UNIVERSITY—THE FOUR-YEAR QUEST FOR THE SOBER KISS.

No one, to be sure, is accusing our political, industrial and cultural leaders of precisely these hooliganistic practices. Still, it is certain that the fraternity ethos has profoundly influenced our leaders and inevitably affected the rest of us as well. Unconvinced? Let's see—do frat rats often play pranks that get out of hand? Ask Donald Segretti (Phi Sigma Kappa, University of Southern California, 1963). Do frats often elevate loyalty above all other virtues? Ask H. R. "Bob" Haldeman (Beta Theta Pi, USC, 1945–46). Do frat members place inordinate stock in secret handshakes, secret ceremonies and secrecy in general? Consider J. Edgar Hoover (Kappa Alpha, George Washington University, 1916). Do frats



A TOOTHsome, DOPEY JOHN ELWAY (DELTA TAU DELTA STANFORD UNIVERSITY)



A SMIRKING, DOPEY RONALD "DUTCH" REAGAN (TKE, EUREKA COLLEGE)

encourage a cronyism that, disguised as a helping hand, often becomes a prime credential for employment and promotion in later life? Consider Rutherford B. Hayes, Theodore Roosevelt, Gerald Ford and George Bush, the four Dekes (Delta Kappa Epsilon brothers) who've occupied the Oval Office. One got his job in a brokered election; the others were loyal vice presidents who were promoted after an outside force—death, scandal, the 22nd Amendment—disposed of the man the people had actually elected (consider, further, that Ford loyally pardoned the unindicted co-conspirator who preceded him). No, once a Greek, always a Greek—which makes it not merely interesting but vital that we explore the fraternal past of the American plutocracy in order to better gauge where we are headed as a nation. Fortunately, the former frat boys have concentrated themselves in three highly visible fields.

IN GOVERNMENT

"Mr. Speaker, it's 41 votes for Bud, 15 for Schlitz, and unanimous consent that we buy 6 bottles of Boone's Farm apple wine for the ladies."

Everyone who saw *Animal House* laughed when Bluto went on to become Senator Blutarsky, but in fact this was one of art's more banal imitations of life. Look at Ronald Reagan, whose political career started in the Tau Kappa Epsilon house at Eureka College when he made a speech inciting students not to attend class until the school's conservative president, who prohibited smoking and dancing, was ousted. This may seem uncharacteristic in light of later events, but even then Ronald Reagan was preparing himself to be a Good Times president. Still, he didn't seem destined for leadership. One schoolmate remembers him as being "full of baloney," while another recalls that Reagan's most memorable attribute was his tendency to grab people by the earlobe when he was speaking to them.

Frat life for Reagan was fairly blissful and at times portentous. He would often make-believe-broadcast make-believe football games in the TKE house until the other members told him to shut up. After that he would spend time with his brother, Neil, drinking bootleg liquor or spanking him with his big TKE paddle. (Neil recalls that anytime he heard Ron say, "Assume the position, Reagan," he knew that the future president would whack him "twice as hard" to avoid accusations of favoritism.) Later, Ron would wash the house's dishes or go out to the cemetery with his girlfriend, Margaret, and make out.

As befits a president, Reagan's most scandalous recollections of fraternity life are merely mischievous. One time he attached an electrical wire to the pews of the college chapel in order to give wor-



NEWBERRY COLLEGE ATO
LITTLE LEE ATWATER (LEFT) AND HIS
BLOND FRIEND INTERFERED FOR
STROM THURMOND (RIGHT).

shipers a slight shock. Another time he and some fellow members tricked some freshmen into thinking that an upperclassman had been shot—and then forced the freshmen to walk eight miles in the middle of the night to fetch a doctor. By the time the freshmen and

the doctor had returned another eight miles back to the scene of the "shooting," there was, of course, no one there. Innocent? Maybe, but it was just this sort of tomfoolery that eventually led to the Iran-contra affair. (By the way, *Animal House*-wise, is Oliver North Doug Neidermeyer or what?)

George Bush was another frat denizen—indeed, so enraptured was he with secret societies that he pledged Delta Kappa Epsilon and joined the superexclusive Yale club Skull and Bones. Unlike Reagan, however, Bush was obviously destined for greater things. "Unassuming, modest, friendly" is how one fraternity brother remembers him. "He clearly wanted to enter public service." By the time Bush became a frat rat, he had already married, fathered a child and served in the Navy; like a lot of veterans, he was more interested in getting good grades than in rubbing up against the front of girls' dresses. Still, it shouldn't be assumed that Bush wasn't a regular guy. He has insisted that in the Navy he was not shy about singing an obscene little ditty called "The Fucking Great Wheel," saying, "I do sing it—I did sing it. And how I correct public misperceptions I don't know.... Ask the guys I was with in the Navy.... Go to the oil fields and talk to them. Don't believe the inside-the-sophisticated-boardroom perception." If Bush is saying he can be just as big an asshole as the next guy, far be it from us to disagree with the president of the United States. Besides, the DKE house at Yale "had a reputation for a lot of parties and drinking," according to someone who was a member during Bush's time. And while there was no hazing, neither was there a shortage of extreme silliness. Current Dekes at Yale tell of the time Bush supposedly had to travel to the Bronx Zoo, do some (nonsexual) thing with an elephant and then paint a rendering of the animal, Michelangelo-like, on the ceiling of the fraternity house. Of course, it may all be myth; Bush declines comment and the ceiling has been painted over. But remember: over the years, candidate Bush had to suffer a lot of silly indignities on the campaign trail, and Vice Presi-

BILL COSBY, OMEGA PSI PHI
HOWARD COSELL, PI LAMBDA PHI
KEVIN COSTNER, DELTA CHI
ALAN CRANSTON, SIGMA NU
WALTER CRONKITE, CHI PHI
ALFONSE D'AMATO,
ALPHA CHI RHO
MAC DAVIS, PI KAPPA ALPHA
MIKE DEEVER, DELTA SIGMA PHI
FRED DE CORDOVA,
PHI KAPPA SIGMA
MIKE DITKA, SIGMA CHI
ROBERT DOLE, KAPPA SIGMA
SAM DONALDSON, KAPPA SIGMA
FRED DRYER, TAU KAPPA EPSILON
BOB DYLAN, SIGMA ALPHA MU
JOHN EHRLICHMAN, KAPPA SIGMA
SAM ELLIOTT,
SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON
JOHN ELWAY, DELTA TAU DELTA
DON AND PHIL EVERLY,
TAU KAPPA EPSILON
HARRISON FORD, SIGMA NU
ART GARFUNKEL,
ALPHA EPSILON PI
JOHN GAVIN, CHI PSI
FRANK GIFFORD, PHI SIGMA KAPPA
BARRY GOLDWATER, SIGMA CHI



DEPAUW UNIVERSITY DKE DANNY QUAYLE
(SECOND FROM LEFT)

CURT GOWDY, ALPHA TAU OMEGA
PETER GRAVES, PHI KAPPA PSI
MERY GRIFFIN, TAU KAPPA EPSILON
ALBERT GRIMALDI, CHI PSI
H. R. HALDEMAN, BETA THETA PI
ARMAND HAMMER, ZETA BETA TAU
LIONEL HAMPTON,
ALPHA PHI ALPHA
WOODY HARRELSON, SIGMA CHI
DAVID HARTMAN, SIGMA CHI
MARK HATFIELD, BETA THETA PI
JESSE JACKSON, OMEGA PSI PHI
JOHN JAKES,
SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON
TOMMY JOHN, ALPHA TAU OMEGA
GENE KELLY, PHI KAPPA THETA
JACK KEMP, ALPHA TAU OMEGA
DON KNOTTS, PHI SIGMA KAPPA
C. EVERETT KOOP,
ALPHA SIGMA PHI
TED KOPPEL, PI KAPPA ALPHA
SANDY KOUFAX, PI LAMBDA PHI
THE AMAZING KRESKIN,
PI KAPPA ALPHA
CHARLES KURALT, DELTA PSI
FRANK LANGELLA,
ALPHA CHI RHO
SAMUEL LEFRAK, TAU EPSILON PHI
DAVID LETTERMAN, SIGMA CHI
ART LINKLETTER,
ALPHA TAU OMEGA

dent Bush had to suffer being Reagan's vice president—and he had to learn how to do that somewhere. (One person who might know the facts behind the Bush elephant story is Yale president Benno Schmidt, himself a former Deke at Yale who was known as an ardent gambler and cigar smoker. Indeed, just a few years ago, president Schmidt was seen standing on a table at a New Haven watering hole *tanging* a beer—that is, sucking down ten ounces in a single gulp.)

Like Reagan's and Bush's frat-house pranks, Dan Quayle's fraternity experience at DePauw University's DKE house groomed him for higher office. When Quayle first matriculated at DePauw, the school had stringent rules against drinking, which were enforced by various deans who would raid the frat houses on Saturday nights. Quayle, a member of the campus pan-fraternity council, suggested that he and other students patrol the houses. As a friend of Quayle's explains today, "We had been to

these houses and had a few beers there ourselves, so we knew which rooms were the party rooms. If one of the deans asked what was in there, we'd say it was just the laundry closet. If we barged into some room and saw a girl peeking out from behind the couch, we kind of looked the other way." In other words, frats taught Quayle the important political lessons of lying to authorities and denying the obvious. Frat life may also have taught Quayle the art of diverting funds. One by-now-infamous (and unverified) story has it that a Quayle roommate used DKE treasury money to feed an alligator that they illegally kept in their bedroom. Current members of DKE at DePauw claim not to have heard this tale, and a former fraternity brother of

Quayle's can remember only the time some of the guys borrowed a six-foot specimen from the zoology department and walked into their psychology class with the giant reptile on a leash. Another legend, reported by current Dekes, is that Quayle took a two-and-a-half-hour road trip to the DKE house at Miami of Ohio, where the future vice president of the United States stole an unfinished portrait of George Washington. The trophy reportedly resides in the DePauw DKE attic, though when a posse of brothers from Miami of Ohio came up to retrieve the prize, no painting was found.

According to the Milwaukee alternative newspaper *Shepherd Express*, in 1968 the DePauw DKE

THOUGH HE'S ONLY FIVE FOOT NINE
NOW, PAUL "GUS" NEWMAN (PHI
KAPPA TAU, OHIO UNIVERSITY) WAS
EVEN SMALLER THEN.



house was "unleashed to party without a house mother for the first time and sponsored a frat party known as 'The Trip.'" A caption above Quayle's official photograph in the yearbook explains that The Trip was a "colorful psychedelic journey into the wild sights and sounds produced by LSD." One of Quayle's DKE contemporaries recalls now that while "LSD was not served directly by the fraternity...it most certainly would have been taken by the members." But does all this mean that we have a man one heartbeat away from the presidency—a man who during the 1988 campaign claimed to have spent idle time listening to "Purple Haze" and was accused (by a convicted perjurer)

of being a pothead—who could attain the Oval Office and then suffer some mind-bending flashback? *No, no, no.* Well, probably not.

It will come as a relief to anyone worried about the possibility of a Quayle presidency to discover that he has always possessed at least one unequivocal virtue: niceness. "There were guys who treated you as a pledge and guys who treated you as a person and a pledge," says a former roommate who once had to swallow a mouthful of chewing tobacco but escaped harsher hazing

partly because Quayle "protected" him. Nonetheless,

Quayle could not save the roommate from suffering the standard hell-week hazing ritual that all good Dekes had to endure: wearing nothing but a burlap sack for a week and sleeping in the furnace room. In the humiliating climax, pledges were forced to guzzle gallons of water, then were blindfolded and forbidden to relieve themselves. Warm water was dripped on the youths, who, thinking they were being urinated upon, proceeded to empty themselves in a chain reaction.

Perhaps more than any of his colleagues in politics, Republican National Committee chairman Lee Atwater used his time as a member of a fraternity—Alpha Tau Omega at Newberry College in South Carolina, in his case—to develop tactics that would serve him well in his professional life. Known for throwing the best parties on campus, the ATOs liked to make "special punches with grain alcohol and anything else they felt like throwing in—such as an old shoe," according to Dr. Robert Carley, a political-science professor at Newberry who knew Atwater when they were both undergraduates. But while Atwater too loved to party, and though he especially enjoyed playing rock 'n' roll, what kept him from becoming just another drunken simpleton in a tie-dyed T-shirt was the 1971 summer internship he served in the office of Senator Strom Thurmond after his sophomore year.

"When he first got [to Newberry]," says Atwater's former roommate John Nichols, "he did not know what he wanted. When he came back [from his internship], he was essentially changed." Atwater involved himself in student elections and, according to Dr. Carley, "started a selective polling technique of polling only the people you want and always getting the result you want." Atwater also developed a taste for tawdry spectacle. He charged admission to showings of black-and-white stag movies, and he produced



A SINISTER JOHNNY CARSON (PHI GAMMA DELTA, UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA) AND A HIRSUTE DAVID LETTERMAN (SIGMA CHI, BALL STATE UNIVERSITY) BOTH EXPLOITED THEIR FRAT "BROTHERS."



wrestling shows, availing himself of the opportunity to play the Evil Manager. Dressed in a black hat, coat and cape, Atwater would recruit another guy to be the opposing manager, and they'd hit each other with canes.

IN ENTERTAINMENT

"Okay, Mr. Ovitz, I'll have my pledge call your pledge."

Just as your typical not-so-smart-but-pretty-good-looking frat boy often makes a perfect politician, so is your typical D-average hunk of fraternity beefcake a prime candidate for success in show business.

Of all the frat-boy matinee idols, Paul Newman seems to have been the one most enthusiastically prone to fraternity high jinks. Robert Redford, who pledged Kappa Sigma at the University of Colorado, is reputed (and not all that convincingly) to have done nothing more antisocial than appropriate some of the house's money for a private road

trip. Warren Beatty (Sigma Chi, Northwestern University) seems to have blossomed as a frat boy avatar only after his actual frat days. The apparent highlight of Beatty's college days involved one of his friends, a football player, who, drunk to the point of sickness, called Beatty into the bathroom to view the entire, virtually unchewed dinner that he had thrown up. "Man, I'm too sensitive for this!" the future star of *Ishtar* said. Tom Selleck (Sigma Chi, USC) is remembered as an absolute Milquetoast who appeared twice on *The Dating Game*, losing both times. Kevin Costner had to be practically dragooned into his frat at



STEVEN SPIELBERG (THETA CHI, CALIFORNIA STATE COLLEGE AT LONG BEACH) BEFORE THE BEARD AND GLASSES AND SEVERAL HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

California State University—Fullerton. It seems he went to a rush-week party at Delta Chi, drank two beers, passed out on the couch and woke up a pledge. That touching invitation and the camaraderie that followed must have meant a lot to him, however; in 1987 he arranged for *No Way Out* to be premiered at the Delta Chi house.

Newman is clearly made of sterner stuff. The man who would later win an Oscar for playing a hard-drinking pool



KEVIN COSTNER (DELTA CHI, CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY—FULLERTON) BEFORE THE ONSET OF HUNKDOM



ETERNAL BIG MAN ON CAMPUS MIKE "KING" OVITZ (ZETA BETA TAU, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT LOS ANGELES)

hustler in *The Color of Money* (and other nominations for playing a hard-drinking ex-football player in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, a hard-drinking vandal-convict in *Cool Hand Luke*, a hard-drinking sadist in *Hud* and a hard-drinking lawyer in *The Ver-*

dict) spent four months at Ohio University, after which he served in the Navy. There remains some question, though, as to whether he left of his own volition; some current members of Phi Kappa Tau insist he was kicked out. "There are conflicting reports as to why," says a current brother. "We'd heard that he rolled a keg of beer down some big hill." Hard to believe that was such an outrageous act, unless it occurred during a Passion play and the hill was Calvary. Still, Newman had distinguished himself only as a pool and piano player, a cigar smoker and a beer drinker. He was, by reputation, not much of a womanizer, though an undergraduate girlfriend, Isabelle Brown Dautel, is astonished at this last notion: "You gotta be kidding! No way, that's not so!" she says. (Mrs. Dautel is also pleased to evaluate Newman's claim that he is five foot eleven: "He might be if he were wearing a certain heel.")

After his discharge, Newman enrolled at the then-all-male Kenyon College. Though he wasn't in a frat at Kenyon, Newman continued to act as if he were; he was arrested three times for minor offenses, drank relentlessly and ran a laundry that attracted customers by offers of—what else?—free beer. Unfortunately, the profitable laundry was shut down when, as Newman tells it, "one day, a stallion had the misfortune of standing in front of the laundry. It wasn't long after the Saturday beer had been delivered; one of the college customers had put on a pair of boxing gloves and was seen performing an unnatural act on the stallion."

Johnny Carson and David Letterman have done at least as much as any actor to validate the fraternity sensibility across Middle America. When Carson was a Phi Gamma Delta at the University of Nebraska in the late 1940s, the story goes, he spent a good part of his time trying to squeeze quick cash out of his frat brothers, usually by renting out his jalopy as a necking parlor several times in a single night.

It is somehow unsurprising that Carson maintains no contact at all with Phi Gamma Delta today. David Letterman,



EVENTUAL DROPOUT CHARLES ROBERT REDFORD (KAPPA SIGMA, UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO)

MICHAEL MANN, PI LAMBDA PHI
ED MARINARO, PSI UPSILON
GARRY MARSHALL, ALPHA TAU OMEGA
THURGOOD MARSHALL, ALPHA PHI ALPHA
JERRY MATHERS, CHI PSI
OSCAR MAYER, ALPHA CHI RHO
TIM MCCARVER, KAPPA ALPHA
PAUL NEWMAN, PHI KAPPA TAU
JACK NICKLAUS, PHI GAMMA DELTA
CARROLL O'CONNOR, SIGMA PHI EPSILON
MERLIN OLSEN, SIGMA CHI
ROBERT PACKWOOD, BETA THETA PI
WILLIAM PALEY, ZETA BETA TAU
JIM PALMER, SIGMA CHI
LINUS PAULING, DELTA UPSILON
NORMAN VINCENT PEALE, PHI GAMMA DELTA
GEORGE PEPPARD, BETA THETA PI
ANTHONY PERKINS, KAPPA ALPHA ORDER
T. BOONE PICKENS, SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON
PHILIP PILLSBURY, ALPHA DELTA PHI
JIM PLUNKETT, DELTA TAU DELTA
TOM POSTON, SIGMA NU
VINCENT PRICE, ALPHA SIGMA PHI
RONALD REAGAN, TAU KAPPA EPSILON
HARRY REASONER, THETA CHI
ORVILLE REDENBACHER, ALPHA GAMMA RHO
ROBERT REDFORD, KAPPA SIGMA
JOHN RITTER, PHI GAMMA DELTA
PAT ROBERTSON, SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON
ANDY ROONEY, SIGMA CHI
JONAS SALK, TAU EPSILON PHI
GALE SAYERS, KAPPA ALPHA PSI
ROY SCHEIDER, PHI KAPPA PSI
CHRIS SCHENKEL, PHI SIGMA KAPPA
MIKE SCHMIDT, BETA THETA PI
WILLARD SCOTT, ALPHA SIGMA PHI
TOM SELLECK, SIGMA CHI
DR. SEUSS, SIGMA PHI EPSILON
SIDNEY SHEINBERG, SIGMA ALPHA MU
WILLIAM SHIRER, TAU KAPPA EPSILON
FRED SILVERMAN, ALPHA EPSILON PI
PAUL SIMON (THE LITTLE SENATOR), BETA SIGMA PSI
PAUL SIMON (THE LITTLE SINGER), ALPHA EPSILON PI
RED SKELTON, PHI SIGMA EPSILON
HOWARD K. SMITH, ALPHA TAU OMEGA
TOMMY SMOTHERS, PHI SIGMA KAPPA
STEVEN SPIELBERG, THETA CHI
GEORGE STEINBRENNER, DELTA KAPPA EPSILON
MCLEAN STEVENSON, PHI GAMMA DELTA
JERRY STILLER, TAU DELTA PHI
JOHN SUNUNU, PHI SIGMA KAPPA
STEVEN SYMMS, SIGMA NU
STROM THURMOND, PI KAPPA ALPHA
GRANT TINKER, ALPHA DELTA PHI
RIP TORN, SIGMA CHI
MIKE WALLACE, ZETA BETA TAU
JOSEPH WAPNER, TAU EPSILON PHI
JOHN WARNER, BETA THETA PI
TOM WATSON, ALPHA SIGMA PHI
JAMES WATT, ALPHA TAU OMEGA
ADAM WEST, BETA THETA PI
TOM WICKER, PI KAPPA ALPHA
GENE WILDER, ALPHA EPSILON PI
JONATHAN WINTERS, DELTA KAPPA EPSILON

on the other hand, seems to be extraordinarily nostalgic about his roots. Letterman donated a TV studio to the telecommunications department at Ball State University and funds a David Letterman Scholarship, two acts that seem especially generous for a guy who was described by the school radio station as an "administrative problem" for relying on irreverent jokes during his broadcasts and who went to Ball State because he didn't think he could maintain the C average required by Indiana University.

Letterman's frat life, though not particularly rewarding while it was being experienced, has provided him with a rich source of material. He has said that the motto of his fraternity was "Stupider longer" and that "the big thing was to get as drunk as possible as early in the day as possible." But beyond being sprinkled with Greek-specific jokes, Letterman's entire show is high-spirited frat life live. Consider these bits: Dave calls a guy Fatty No-



BENCH WARMER TOM SELLECK (SIGMA CHI, UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA)

Neck and convinces him to shave his head. Dave views a demonstration on how to eat with your hands, a practice he calls *grueling*. Dave and *Three's Company* star Joyce DeWitt perform in a very amateurish game-show parody. Dave, wearing a tuxedo with inlaid bell-bottom

pants, sings lead in a band called the Rutabaga Manhole Cover, performing a song with the lyric "I was scraping the crud from my cylinder head/ When I first got word that my baby was dead." Segments from a *Late Night With David Letterman* episode you somehow missed? No, scenes from Dave's life as a proud member of Sigma Chi, circa 1968—moments from a frat life spent in preparation for a million-dollar career.

But a frat boy doesn't have to be handsome or talented to get a job in show business—scheming, power-hungry, manipulative frat boys can succeed as well. Indeed, two of the biggest shots in Hollywood, Mike Ovitz of Creative Artists Agency and Michael Eisner of Walt Disney, perfected their management skills in fraternities. Eisner was a member of the Denison University chapter of Delta Upsilon, which not long ago was suspended for the oft-cited *inappropriate activities*. The forgiving and loyal Eisner—an extremely generous contributor to Denison, and a trustee of the school—has suggested to university officials that he would very much like to see his beloved fraternity taken off probation.

No such troubles have sullied the Zeta Beta Tau house at the University of California at Los Angeles, which was a highly competitive fraternity even before Mike Ovitz became the house president in 1967. Of course, one way ZBT has forestalled criticism is by abandoning its ten-week pledge program, the one that used to climax in a hell-week scavenger hunt

around the city that required pledges, Ovitz among them, to perform such community-service-minded activities as stealing traffic signs.

Even as a youth, Ovitz stood out for his aggressiveness. "When he ran for president," recalls one fraternity brother, "he was a funny-looking, squat guy who wasn't that popular. But he actually campaigned, which was considered uncool then." The turbo-dweeb style paid off, however, and he won; ultimately he would be dubbed King Ovitz, self-made star of the intramural football team, boyfriend (and later husband) of the prettiest girl on campus and generally a funny-looking, squat guy too tightly wound to make time for foolishness. "He's the kind of guy who probably would have thought twice about how getting drunk would relate to his long-term goals," according to one frat brother, NBC medical reporter Dr. Bruce Hensel.

That long-term goal has turned out to be the creation of the greatest fraternity this side of the United Nations, CAA. After all, not only was superagent Ovitz's construction of his new I. M. Pei-designed corporate headquarters foreshadowed by frat president Ovitz's supervision of the refurbishing of the ZBT house, but the entire process of attracting clients and keeping them in line is based on a frat model. As a former CAA client describes it, prospective talents are approached as if they were pledges. First they get the corny three-on-one meeting to sell them on the place. Next comes a special breakfast and finally a meeting with second-string top brass—all of it accentuated with plenty of let's-be-popular-together backslapping and *Love to have you aboards*. (There doesn't seem to be anything like hell week before you join.) Appropriately, in classic frat-rivalry fashion, Ovitz's overzealousness has earned him the wrath of the arguably even more loathsome Ray Stark, a producer who has vowed to engineer the fall of

EVEN AS A YOUTH, MIKE OVITZ WAS A FUNNY-LOOKING, SQUAT GUY WHO WASN'T ALL THAT POPULAR. HIS TURBO-DWEEB STYLE PAID OFF, HOWEVER

Ovitz by leaking anti-Ovitz items to gossip columnists such as Liz Smith and *The Wall Street Journal's* Laura Landro. Sometimes those who live by the paddle die by it.

IN LITERATURE

"I can imagine the reviews: 'The panty-raid scene was so poignant.'"

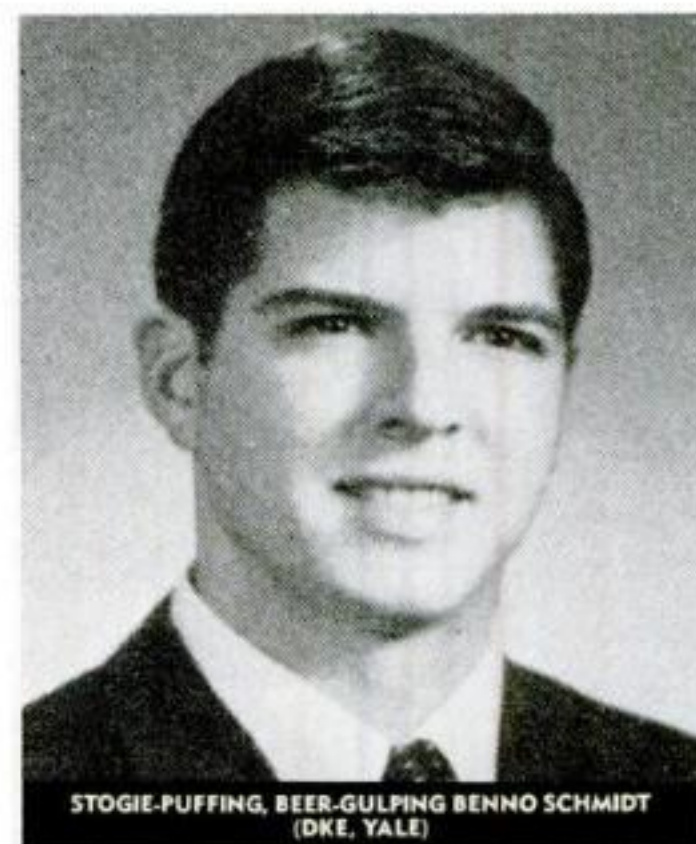
America has long been rich in frat boy authors. Thornton Wilder, Tennessee Williams, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Robert Frost, E. B. White, James Thurber, William Faulkner, Robert Coover and Philip Roth all sharpened their aesthetic sensibilities with secret handshakes and candlelit rituals, as did more middlebrow writers such as Horatio Alger, Allen Drury, Robert Ludlum and John Jakes. Of course, some writers do not discover until later in life the wisdom of going Greek. Norman Mailer, for example, might have advanced his head-butting techniques significantly had he entered an environment where he could have developed them as an undergraduate. Others, like Gay Talese, go through the formality of pledging a frat but do not fully avail themselves

of the opportunities presented, and end up reliving the frat experience in adulthood. Talese (Phi Sigma Kappa, University of Alabama, 1953) is remembered as something of a nerdish type who was the victim of pranks. Not until he began his priapic research for *Thy Neighbor's Wife* did he evidence the true frat boy esprit that had so long lain dormant.

Of course, some jump right in. Kurt Vonnegut (Delta Upsilon, Cornell University, 1942–44) distinguished himself by frequently attending five parties a night dressed in a full-length bearskin, engaging in revelry until he passed out. His preferred spot to sleep off a drunk was a fireplace. When he and his roommate wanted some exercise, they played "tit polo," a game of their own invention that involved trying to bounce a tennis ball into one of the cups of a bra they had stretched between a set of moose antlers on their wall.

Richard Ford's memories are somewhat more glum. In *Esquire* the only critically acclaimed writer to emerge from the Sigma Chi chapter at Michigan State University recounted the initiation rites that every frat house thinks are uniquely its own (picking up an olive off the floor by sitting on it naked, depositing it in a Dixie cup and then being blindfolded and forced to listen to *Bohemia* for six hours). Ford also mentions "one boy... I sucker-punched at a party, reshaping one of his nostrils forever—I forget precisely why."

Of course, that's just the way arguments will be settled from now on in Frat Boy America. Sucker punches will replace lawsuits. Financial decisions will be made by the house treasurers, the chuckling cross-dressers and the Big Swing-ing Dicks of Wall Street. Our fiction will be written by frat brother wanna-bes like party guy Jay McInerney (see page 66 for his wife's story of her own hell years) and edited by his brothers-for-life, the nightclub-hopping, bimbo-dating de facto frat boys Gary Fisketjon and Morgan Entrekin. Our journalism will be written by frat brother wanna-bes like P. J. O'Rourke, *Rolling Stone's* carousing correspondent, and published by pledge-week party girls like Christie Hefner. (*National Lampoon* will continue to be owned by Otter.) Newspapers will be edited by good ol' boys like Shelby Coffey (Delta Psi, University of Virginia), presidential debates moderated by Ted Koppel (Pi Kappa Alpha, Syracuse University) and family values shaped by America's preeminent doctor of education, Bill Cosby (Omega Psi Phi, Temple University). And now that the Cold War has ended, America, governed by a collection of frat council stalwarts, can become the head of a great fraternity of democracies throughout the world. Are we ready for that responsibility? You bet! Now listen up! Pledge Noriega, front and center! All right, assume the position. . . .



STOGIE-PUFFING, BEER-GULPING BENNO SCHMIDT (DKE, YALE)

WRITER RICHARD FORD BEFORE HE RENOUNCED HIS DAYS SPENT AS A SIGMA CHI AT MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY



PURRFECT

NONSENSE

America's cat writers need a new pun

BY HENRY 'DUTCH' HOLLAND

A steady diet of John Simon, Peter Travers and Liz Smith will eventually wear down the hardest of constitutions, and it was on doctor's orders that I decompressed for several weeks recently, limiting my reading to a stack of specialized publications meant to soothe, or at least numb. How specialized? The closest I got to *Newsweek*, spectrumwise, was *Emergency Librarian*. In my attempt to get away from reviewers—all reviewers—I temporarily joined readerships composed of mercenaries, surfers, cops on the beat and cat obsessives.

In the end I found some contentment, but no peace. It turns out that even in publications created for mercenaries, surfers, cops on the beat and cat obsessives, there are people who are paid to write reviews.

Barbara L. Diamond and Dorothy Holby are the Siskel and Ebert of *Cat Fancy*, published in Mission Viejo, California. They have a rating system for feline-oriented videocassettes, ranging from four cute little cat faces ("Best in Show") to just one ("Hisses and a hairball"), and they don't disappoint by always agreeing. When Diamond, for example, gives high praise to *Dr. Bob's First Aid for Cats*, Holby is there with a chilly rebuttal: "Barbara, although you say this video is No. 1 on your wish list, it is not ranked that highly on mine." *Brrrr*.

The sharpest exchange in one recent issue comes during an evaluation of—this is not easy for me to type—*Pottycat Video: We've Purrfected the Art of Cat Toiletry*. "My understanding is that a cat being trained to use the toilet has to be confined to a bathroom for several weeks," Holby writes. "I am not certain that all cat owners would care to do this." Diamond, perhaps smarting from the wish-list episode, is merciless in her reply: "Dorothy," she begins, patient but stern, as if talking to a recalcitrant cat, "nowhere on this tape is the cat owner instructed to confine his or her pet to the bathroom at any time."

Holby owns nine cats. Diamond owns seven cats. Whom should we trust? It's hard to say.

What a pity the *Police Times* critics choose not to sign their reviews—their

assessments of books and videocassettes are refreshingly unadorned. In considering the merits of Chuck Klein's *Instinct Combat Shooting: Defensive Handgunning for Police*, the Miami, Florida, magazine says, "Packed into the specialized handbook is how to prepare for a face to face shootout under combat conditions. Where the other guy may be already shooting or is coming at you with intent to kill. Klein has cut out all the bull and gets to the point. What kind of weapon is best for you? How many weapons should you carry as back ups?" You want the book? So get it. You don't want it? Then move along, bub.

If you like your weapon-oriented reviewing a bit more gothic, turn to *Soldier of Fortune*. There you'll find Dana Drenkowski—personal, enthusiastic and evocative, the Clive Barnes, really, of the occupying-forces set. "It hits you between the eyes like an AK-47 round: fast, hard and lethal" is how he opens his review of Mark Berent's Vietnam memoir, *Rolling Thunder*. For those readers who have never been hit between the eyes by an AK-47 round, Drenkowski is the fellow to tell you how it feels.

"I could smell the sweat, gunpowder



ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN GUARNACCIA

and shit, hear the sharp *crack* of incoming rounds, feel the sweat trickle down my back and face—and feel the anger and fear as I relived combat through this book. You'll know when you're halfway through what it's like to 'see the elephant' or 'hear the eagle scream,'" writes Drenkowski, and suddenly a life spent attending symposia on feline toiletry and then haggling over how many cute little cat faces to award *Pottycat Video* seems like a life spent sensibly, and well.

Happily, *Soldier of Fortune* does not have a monopoly on evocative prose. Not while Thomas Fisher is writing for *Progressive Architecture*:

Such relationships may not be immediately apparent when looking at the building. But the richness of their allusions suggests that, by restricting a building's context to the structures and open areas around it, we overlook larger connections that can offer us greater insight. By suppressing the non-visual and essentially literary aspects of architecture, contextualists may not go far enough in responding to a setting.

And again:

By humbling us and displacing us, it makes us wonder if, in fact, we ever really controlled the forces of nature or of the Third World. A similar idea underlies [architect Peter] Eisenman's rejection of functionalism. The demand that function takes priority in buildings assumes that the satisfaction of our needs is not only of central importance, but above challenge.

So there you have it: the great building is the one that dares to be nonfunctional.

Equally incomprehensible but in a very different way is Ben Marcus, reviewing a videocassette called *Wave Warriors IV: On the Loose* for *Surfer* magazine, published in San Juan Capistrano:

Keep your eyes peeled for Derek getting tubed *backside* at Off-The-Wall lefts. He takes off switchfoot, grabs a rail like big brother, then swivels his legs around to kick out frontside. Why? Why not?

And again:

No Can Handle by Les Potts is the perfect score for the wipeout sequence. Todd Holland's backside over-the-falls during the

Billabong is pretty gruesome, but doesn't compare to the all-time nastiest: Rabbit Bartholomew's Sunset Beach decapitation in *Wave Warriors III*.

I don't know *what* Fisher and Marcus are talking about, though I absolutely believe them both. But as to which of the two I'd rather read, hour after clueless hour, there's no contest. *Kawabunga!*

Recipes for Flesh, a cheerful volume of animal-rights poetry by James Strecker, gets the thumbs-up in a recent issue of *The Animals' Agenda*, a magazine from Monroe, Connecticut. "Deceptively pleasurable to read, these poems can be as hard to stomach as a picnic in a slaughterhouse," writes Mark Mathew Braunstein, sounding a tad melodramatic for a man who wrote *Radical Vegetarianism*. Forget about meat—the poetry quoted is enough to put me off vegetables, fruit, even air. Strecker describes a restaurant in which "the smoke of dead flesh flows rancid into tomorrow." (That's a sonnet, isn't it?) Man, Strecker says, is "the user of woman and earth, the killer of lamb." (Fair enough, though I probably wouldn't have placed *killer of lamb* quite so high on

a list of male characteristics. What's wrong with *inventor of baseball*, for example, or *wearer of spats*?) Matadors deserve "a darning needle driven hard through [their] own testicles." Then the poet laments, "Would it be that poetry carried a loaded gun." Ah, but that's not necessary, reviewer Braunstein observes. (*Matadors? You can come out now.*) Strecker's "missives are enough," says Braunstein, and he "need kill no carnivores. With cholesterol and salmonella, with cancer and heart disease, they are killing themselves." And also, he might have added, with subscriptions to anxiety-producing magazines like *The Animals' Agenda*.

(In terms of preaching to the converted—Strecker to Braunstein to *Agenda* readers—this is the most efficient matching of subject, reviewer and audience I've seen since a movie review written by a psychiatrist for a journal called *The Psychiatric Times*: "*Fatal Attraction* is a deconstructionist's dream, one of those intriguing pictures that unravels around uncomfortable, subliminal assertions of the very vision of the feminine it seeks to suppress.... But the 'conscious' movie seeks to undo its own latent recognitions

by portraying Alex as a possessive lunatic with a giant Electra complex...." No rating system for the movie, but the review gets three analyst-couch antimacassars, maybe three and a half.

Two book reviewers from the quiet pages of *Chess Life* come under discussion now. Don Maddox favors the more reserved style, but he's also capable of moments of real soul baring, as in his review of Andy Soltis's *Bird-Larsen Attack: A Complete Opening System With 1.F4 Then 2.B3*. "I have known a number of players who have made a career out of playing the Bird's Opening, and I have successfully flirted with it myself," he admits scandalously.

Maddox's more frantic colleague Alex Dunne is the sort of chess reviewer, I imagine, whom one either loves or hates. "OK, OK, I'll admit it," he writes of W. John Lutes's *Danish Gambit*. "The Danish Gambit? No master plays it, right? Wrong!" Dunne turns out to be so impressed ("Hey! This opening is for real") that he ends his review with what, based on its structure and cadence, appears to be an example of chess humor. "I think I might just try a Danish or two in my next tournament," he says slyly. "But first I am going to have to check out those unevaluated lines." Ba-dum-bum.

Finally, here's a description of the year 2015 as depicted in *Back to the Future, Part II*, from *Valley Life*, a Studio City, California, weekly:

We'll all be aerobicized to the max wearing unisex unitards and driving jet-cars high in the sky amidst the noticeably smogless sky. Hey, that doesn't sound *that* bad.

And from a *Valley Life* book review:

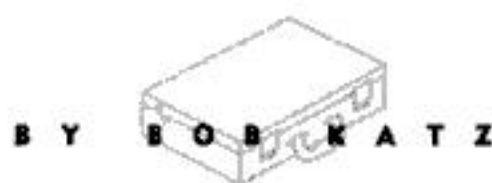
The secrecy surrounding the publication of this book... has been, let's face it, ridiculous. I mean, *rilly*. So he wants a private life and no photographs and nobody to know his home address. I can dig it, I can relate to that.... But for his publisher to withhold reviewers' copies... now that's truly weird, bad craziness, give it up.

Sorry. Owing to a typesetting error, the preceding paragraph, an excerpt from Salman Rushdie's review of *Vineland* in *The New York Times Book Review*, has appeared by mistake. The ensuing filing and cross-indexing chaos in the nation's reference rooms will probably be dealt with in a future issue of *Emergency Librarian*. ☛

PLAYING TO

WIN

*How to succeed in business
the Fran Tarkenton way*



"If you don't believe in your product," says Notre Dame football coach Lou "The Competition Is Ourselves" Holtz with unvarnished conviction, "you don't have a chance **BUSINESS** in the world of being successful!" His forum is not a locker room but a chandelier-lit hotel function room; his congregation is not a huddle of endomorphic young men jacked up for grid-iron combat but a roomful of drowsy middle managers, sales reps and assorted other white collars bound together only by their passion for the dollar bill. Nonetheless Holtz lets rip with a torrent of hoary, win-one-for-the-Gipper platitudes.

"You've got to get up when you get knocked down!" he beseeches his inert army. "Success doesn't always come easy!" It is this special talent for imbuing the mundane duties of commercial activity with the drama of Super Bowl XXIV that has catapulted jock-evangelists such as Holtz to a stature nearly rivaling that of tycoon-evangelists Lee Iacocca and Donald Trump, and evangelist-evangelists Jerry Falwell and Robert Schuller.

The fact that Holtz and brethren orators including former Wheaties pitchman Bob "The Best Is Yet to Be" Richards, Pat "Togetherness" Riley and Fran "Winning Isn't Everything" Tarkenton are enjoying a boom-time popularity at meetings of *Fortune* 500 companies and prestigious trade associations—each of them gives dozens of speeches a year for \$5,000 to \$20,000 a pop—is

one of the strongest indicators of the incipient demise of American capitalism. The jock-evangelists specialize in illuminating the myriad ways athletic metaphors instruct us in that larger, altogether more serious (though perhaps less lucrative) game of business. Their theme tends to be, in a word, *success!*—or, in the preferred vernacular, *winning!*

The year was 1967. As Coach Holtz tells it, he had just been dismissed as an assistant coach at the University of South Carolina. It could have been farewell to sunlit-Saturday-afternoon brass-band heroics and hello to some cheerless, lunch-bucket desk job.

But did he throw in the towel like some sniveling excuse for a human being? No, sir! At least not publicly. He retreated to his desk like Moses to the mountaintop, eventually coming up with a list of his life goals—all 106 of them. That refusal to wallow in aimlessness set Holtz on the glorious path that today qualifies him to preach his insights to district sales managers far and wide.

He has, Holtz tells his listeners, achieved many of those 106 goals. He *has* played the ten greatest golf courses in the world. He *has* been a guest at the White

*"Can you imagine hitting the ball,
walking up to the green and
discovering no hole there?" Coach
Holtz asks. "That's not life!"*

House. He *has* appeared on *The Tonight Show* (though *The Tonight Show* doesn't remember him).

Holtz hastily adds that he has failed to achieve some of those goals—he's never hit a hole in one. Which brings him back to his theme. "Can you imagine playing golf," he crows with that banty self-assurance that warns you a Holtzian epiphany is around the bend, "hitting the ball, walking up to the green and discovering no hole there? That's not life!"

Bob Richards, the 1952 and '56 Olympic pole-vaulting champion, makes

Holtz sound like a nihilist. "I'm going to talk sports," Richards confesses, almost apologetic for employing such a red-blooded metaphor, "because I see in sports...the precursor of the human race. What these boys and girls do in the Olympics, what they do on these fields, what they do on these courts, is a symbol of what you and I can do in life!"

It's no surprise that many of these jock-evangelists are coaches. Experienced in using hyperbolic, all-or-nothing rhetoric to effect a crucial upsurge in human potential, they come ready-made to preach the gospel of motivation, teamwork and goal-directedness. Their backgrounds suggest that once upon a time they accomplished something certifiably real and can therefore claim credibility in matters pertaining to *winning!* The irony that seems lost on audiences is that this evanescent glory on the playing field failed to guarantee permanent residence on financial easy street. In other words, the evangelist needs this gig.

Richards recounts epic tales of Olympic feats (stalwart Babe Didrikson, who won gold medals for the 80-meter hurdles and the javelin throw in 1932; Shun Fujimoto, the Japanese gymnast who helped his team win a gold with a broken leg) and then extracts the relevant homily: "What is possible for the human race when a person is willing to hurt a little?" Deftly modulating his rich baritone from a reverent hush to a huddle-rattling roar, Richards has wowed them at IBM, AT&T, Control Data, 3M, General Mills and GE. "Get a specific goal," he commands, "and go for it; I don't care how impossible it is!"

On the other hand, Pat Riley, as befits a man who single-handedly took the hairstyle associated with Eisenhower-era teenage delinquency and skillfully reshaped it into a symbol of Reagan-era laissez-faire corporate cowboyism, addresses his audiences in a voice that is calm, mildly laryngitic, slightly imperious.

"Selflessness, blended with personal initiative and rule-following, combined with split-second improvisation" is Riley's message. "It's all summed up in one word: *teamwork*." He offers an example from his days as a player with the Lakers. The team was down by one with only a few seconds remaining. He had the ball. Jerry West was open on the wing, but Riley ignored him and launched the shot.

Naturally, he missed.

In the locker room, Wilt Chamberlain gave Riley a severe dressing-down for not passing the ball. That Wilt, who once scored 100 points in a game, was perhaps the most notoriously selfish and vain-glorious athlete in the history of team sports is a contradiction Riley declines to acknowledge. The anecdote may also be his own subtle way of administering another lesson particularly useful to men buried in their pecking orders: Don't step on the toes of the Big Guy.

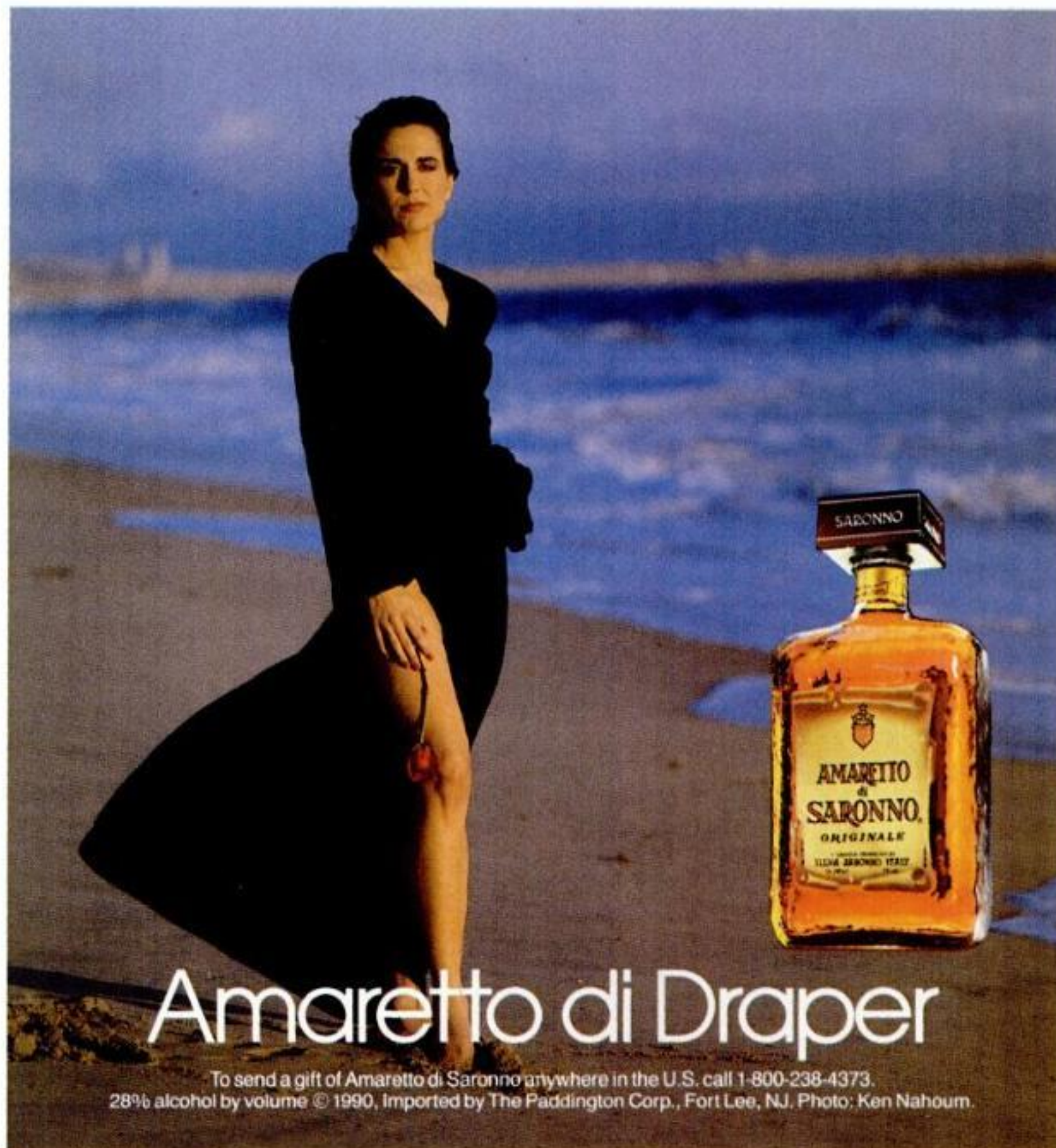
Fran Tarkenton's presentation to business groups is built around the infamy of his record-tying three *defeats* as a Super Bowl quarterback. He has shrewdly judged that the glut of speakers extolling *winning!* has opened up some territory for the "Winning Isn't Everything" camp.

"Unfortunately, society has said that the only acceptable outcome is winning and that losing is failure," Tarkenton says, his soft southern lilt goosed up to sound like Jimmy Carter remonstrating with Menachem Begin. But "a person who works to find the profit in his losses will never be a failure." (Note: Tarkenton here deviates radically from the orthodox,

Vince Lombardi-inspired view that losing is a wretched, pathetic, to-be-avoided-at-all-costs state well deserved by the sissies who continually find themselves experiencing it.)

Space limitations, not to mention the prospect of redundancy (haven't these guys heard of Joe Biden?), preclude examination of the presentations of Mike "Guts Is Not Stopping Till It's Done" Ditka, NFL referee Jim "Your Five Fingers Are That Much Stronger When You Bring Them Together in a Fist" Tunney, Rollie "The Harder I Work, the Luckier I Get" Massimino and Jim "A Motivated Person Can Accomplish Anything" Valvano.

It's the bottom of the ninth, two out, match point, third and long, fourth quarter, the Big Clock is ticking, and the end of the century is upon us. Who better than a jock-evangelist of salesmanship to get us to be the very best we can be? "Your business and mine," lectures Jim Valvano, winner of but one national basketball championship in more than 20 years of coaching yet revered as an authority on *winning!*, "are not that dissimilar." So get out there and win one for Horvath in marketing. **D**



Amaretto di Draper

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UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS

11. *He plus gel.*
12. A goose egg, in sports, is a zero.
13. This is just about as simple as a clue in this kind of puzzle can be. *Just* means "fair," and so, in another sense, does *so-so*.
15. *Minks* and *oo* rearranged ("wild") to form a word for which "wraps" is a brief definition.
17. As in "Tyrants squeeze the people" and "I'd like you to meet my main squeeze."
20. *In plus Hal and Ed.*
21. To belt is to *sock*, as in to hit.
22. Gore Vidal authored the best-selling historical novel *Burr*, about Aaron Burr. A burr sticks with you.
23. About is *re*; 51 is the Roman numeral *LI*; 100 is *C*.
26. The same kind of clue as 10 Across.
27. *Free* followed by *blaze* rearranged ("chaotic"), and then the definition. Speaking of *blaze*, I was reminded by the recent movie *Blaze* that I once had my head between Blaze Starr's breasts. She was dancing in her club on the Block in Baltimore back in 1966, and for reasons I can only guess at, she chose my head (among all those confronting her along the runway) to flomp her voluminous and congenial breasts around. After inviting me to lean forward. I not quite realizing what she had in mind. It was like being caught between two—well, three, counting her sternum—large people in an elevator. Large, congenial people. Earl Long was long dead by then. He never authored a book, I believe, but he was the subject of a wonderful book, A. J. Liebling's *The Earl of Louisiana*. On the whole, I believe that is the most suitable role for a politician in literature.

DOWN

1. A reference to Robert Penn Warren's novel (about Earl Long's brother, Huey) and to Humpty Dumpty.
2. The singer k. d. lang, who lowercases herself as e. e. cummings did (but R. D. Laing didn't), has an album out entitled *Absolute Torch and Twang*. The head of *tomboy* is the letter *t*. And have you heard the joke about who was the first computer expert? Eve, because she had an Apple in one hand and a Wang in the other. Ho ho!
3. Opus was the penguin in *Bloom County*.
4. John Irving, Washington Irving, Irving Howe. Authors all.
5. King Arthur, Chester A. Arthur and Ar-

thur Schlesinger. In part, perhaps, because he was no author, it is scarcely remembered today that Chester A. Arthur was an appealing president. He went in as a machine politician but became a reformer, carried on gallantly despite the pain of kidney disease, gave great parties and, according to *The President's House*, a book about the White House, "on a table in the transverse hall he set up a little easel and placed there a photograph of a beautiful woman, ordering Henry Pfister, the head gardener, to make certain that fresh roses were always laid before it. The gossips spied the romantic image, and Washington buzzed with speculation, until someone recognized it as that of the President's wife, Nell, who had not lived to be First Lady."

6. Add *-ians* to *Christ*. Fleming and Frazier: authors named Ian. Frazier's *Great Plains*, incidentally, cites a biography of Doc Holliday by an author named John Myers Myers. Isn't that an interesting name? Have you ever heard of a person who had the same middle name as last? I have racked my brain, but I cannot think of another. Was his father a Myers who married a Myers?

7. *N* (northern leader) plus *on*, plus *par*, plus *eil*, which is *lie* backing up.

8. *Dickens* is a euphemism for the Devil, as in "What the dickens" or "You little dickens." *A Tale of Two Cities*.

16. *Magic's* (reference being to Johnson of the Lakers) *how* ("in what way").

24. Don DeLillo's novel *Libra* is about Lee Harvey Oswald. Odd sort of title. I am a *Libra* myself, along with such authors as Jimmy Carter, Oscar Wilde, Damon Runyon and Graham Greene. Generally speaking, *Librans* are too evenhanded (conspiracy theorists take note) to shoot anybody. Greene dabbled in Russian roulette but never even managed to shoot himself.

25. What we hear is *Eco*, and an *echo* is what we hear again. As in John Myers Myers. I have never heard of anybody else whose last name was the same as his or her middle. Wait a minute! I just thought of one! Eleanor Roosevelt Roosevelt. An author, to boot. D



THAT'S

ITALIAN!

*Great food, good prices, and
the obscene abuse is on the house*



Looking for a modest neighborhood bistro serving simple but authentic Italian cuisine at a reasonable price? Where you

bring your own wine or beer, peer up at the wall for the bill of fare and settle in among local regulars in an atmosphere convincingly reminiscent of those out-of-the-way places (for natives only) you pride yourself on discovering in Rome, Florence and Milan? Where the decor is unaffectedly plain, the pasta unfailingly al dente, the sauces uncommonly rich and hearty? Where if you bring children or babies the chef will, at no extra charge, unleash a torrent of obscene and vitriolic abuse at you, slamming pots and snarling about "garbage" until, leaving concerns about how to be a grown-up for reflection at some future time, you bid a fond farewell to your half-eaten meal and beat an ashen-faced retreat?

Look no farther than Carmine Street in New York City, where a small, snug restaurant promises "Italian Home Cooking" and delivers it with a vengeance—first comes the cooking, then the vengeance. Surely all Italian homes aren't like this? With Papa snarling *fuck*-peppered oaths, preparing delectable green noodles in meat sauce (my selection, still vivid in memory) with one hand as he bangs skillet on the stove with the other?

Such, at any rate, was our recent experience. And yet, were we entirely without blame? Did we provoke the man, by failing to be grown-ups? The reader is re-

quested to follow closely this admittedly squalid account, the better to judge for him- or herself.

Our party was originally six: three adults (self, wife, friend), two children (one ours, one of friend, both approximately four years old) and one infant (ours, the recently born Gillian). We stuffed ourselves into a table in the rear, promptly offended the house by commandeering an additional chair and filled the air with the good-natured chaos of our logistic confusion. Our youthful waiter was a bit tight-lipped and impatient, but who isn't nowadays? The adults ordered respectable but eating-lighter-these-days quantities of food — pasta and a salad, soup and a salad — while the kids split an adult-size order of spaghetti.

Yes, already things are demeaningly picayune — but I'm struggling to be even-handed. We ate, and were voluble in our approval. Even Nathaniel "World's Cutest Human" Weiner, who normally rejects solid food in favor of photosynthesis, had a hearty tuck. Then two events occurred that may have initiated the transition from an unpretentious but delicious meal to an experiment in terror: First, the baby started to cry; her mother di-

Iis invective, in serviceable

English, included "If you want to have sex, go ahead, but don't bring your garbage in here!"

vined that she needed changing, and so they went to the bathroom in the rear, did the job and returned. (Afterward, mother would report that the cook, a lean old buzzard in his fifties wearing a white apron, had "glared" at her as she passed.) And then, with perfect discretion, mother opened this and hiked up that, positioned the babe horizontally with respect to the surface of the earth and fed her — and not, it must be said, on the chef's sublime ravioli and meat sauce, no, on...oh, you know.

Nothing untoward happened. We

burbled on. Then friend's husband arrived, as per plan, and it was decided that his wife and child would "take a walk," or a break, or a powder, or something, while he took wife's seat. The waiter arrived with alacrity and asked if wife and child were through. They were not. Did husband want to order something for himself? "No," he said affably, "I'll just share what's still here."

This was the cook's cue to appear and fly into a rage, ranting about all of us but — and here was an irony worth savoring — directing the tirade at the recently arrived, perfectly polite husband. The invective was mainly in nonfluent but serviceable English and included something very much like "If you want to have sex, go ahead, but don't bring your garbage in here!" Apparently his theme was, if only implicitly, *This is a small place, you don't come into a place like this with children, and you certainly don't order nothing when you do.*

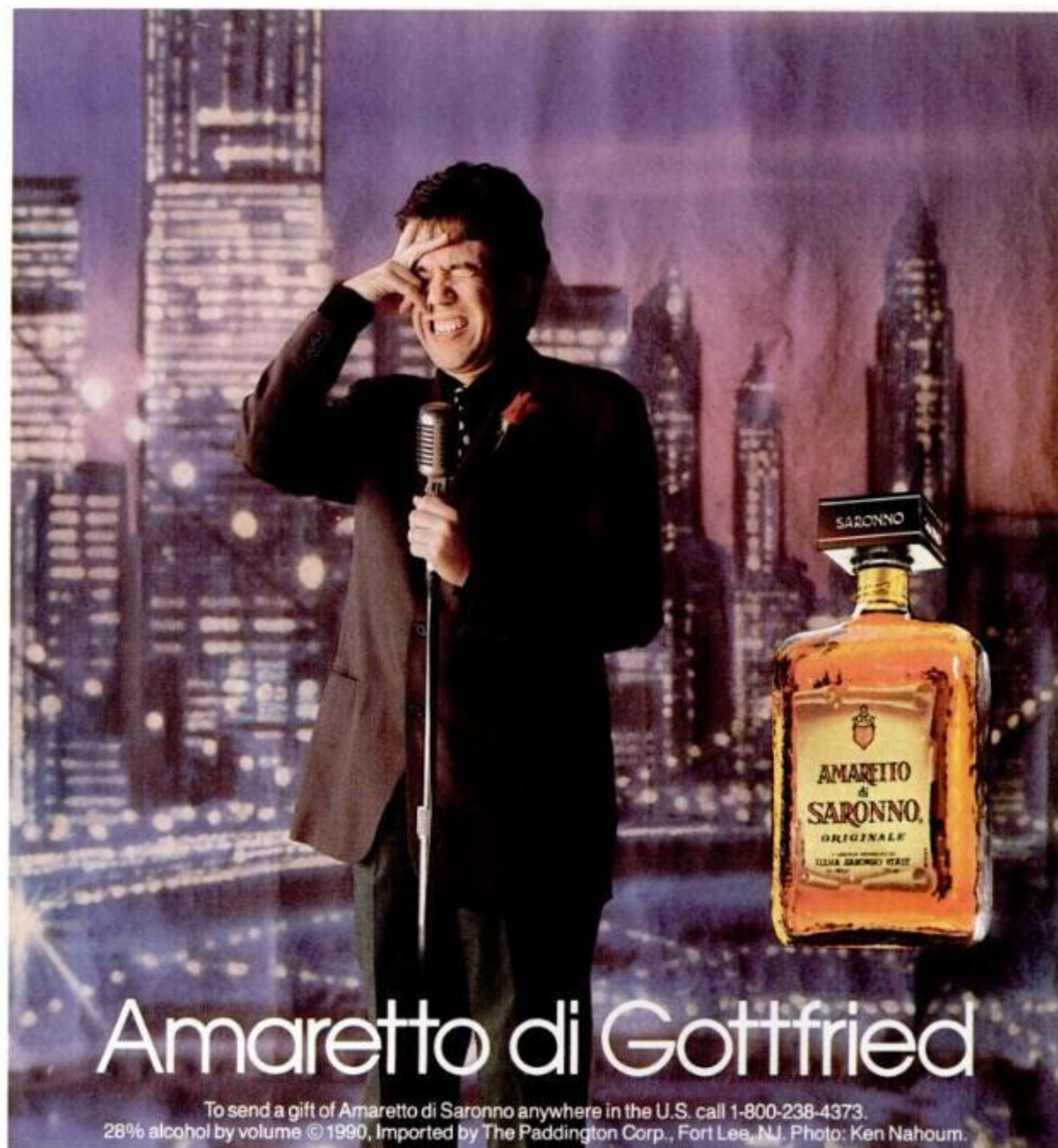
Which, when argued calmly, is arguable. But did he need all that fury, all that vituperation — all those *fucks*? Immediately I resolved to be a grown-up about it, to salvage what remained of our dignity while granting him the kind of honest

response due any person who is not insane. I gave a slightly supercilious laugh, looked him squarely in the eye and said, "O-kay... You don't have to be nasty about it."

In this attempt at being civil I proved to be out of my own feeble mind: the comment really set him off and stimulated more snarling, as well as the percussive display of utensil pounding mentioned above. My wife, wearing her I-just-lost-my-sense-of-humor face, murmured that we had to get the children away from this person, lest we end up making headlines in the *Times* (FRACAS AT A VILLAGE RESTAURANT), the *Daily News* (COOK CHOPS YUPS, TOTS) and the *Post* (OUTRAGE!!!).

And so we did, rising with nervous expressions, fumbling with our coats and waiting a horror-comic half minute while Nat, in an inspired bit of stage business, decided that for the first time in his life he had to have thirds, and kept shoveling it in. All the while our friend (the husband) was talking soothingly to the chef, who muttered to himself as he returned to the stove. He was still muttering, and banging, as we paid and left.

Yes, paid. The reader, perhaps, does



Amaretto di Gottfried

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not believe that we forked over good money for half a meal and a tongue-lashing. In retrospect, I don't believe it, either, and believe me, the next time I most definitely will not pay. At the time, though, it seemed the right thing to do. So advanced was my state of shock and disbelief that I must have assumed we were all victims of this...is *lunatic* too harsh, or libelous, a word? That is, the restaurant itself was not to blame, and we had eaten, if not all, certainly most of our orders... Anyway, we paid.

"I wouldn't have paid," said one diner as we left. But what of the other patrons, and the waiter, and the rest of the staff? They watched in silence, like a gang of siblings glad only that they're not the ones getting in trouble this time. Weeks later, a friend who lives near the place acknowledged that yes, the old man was prone to such outbursts, which he indulged in maybe two or three times a month. The quiet woman at the register who took our money without a word of apology was his wife. The customers were probably regulars from the neighborhood, unwilling to jeopardize their access.

Regulars, perhaps—but were they grown-ups? And were we, ourselves, worthy of laying claim to that most coveted—okay, that occasionally vaguely aspired-to—title? Had one of us spoken fluent Italian, he or she could have done the most effective thing: either crooned placatingly with appropriately delicate hand gestures or shouted back at the madman until the staff was forced to intervene. I'd call both grown-up, if a bit show-off-ish. Equally grown-up would have been to ignore the cook and simply continue eating—but not with all those kids present. No, under the circumstances, our discreet exit was about as grown-up a response as was available to us; what a pity, though, that we marred it with the craven act of paying.

As for the others, well, the staff qua staff could have displayed a grown-up-ish regret (shrugging apologetically and refusing to accept payment, say), but since they are employees—sons and wife, even—of the old man, their options (like their allegiance) were far narrower. And our fellow diners? Let's be reasonable. They were simply innocent bystanders, of whom nothing grown-up could fairly be demanded or plausibly be expected, the cowardly, cringing swine. ☹

AUTHORS

IN OFFICE

Are we sure we're ready

for leaders we can read?

BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

I'm giving away 1 Across, because it's just a cheap verbal gag. If there's any type of person in the world who wouldn't be an authoritarian, surely it would be an author.

THE UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE Well, of course Hitler was an author. So was Julius Caesar. Mussolini.

Khomeini. Lenin. Mao. Ho Chi Minh. And I believe these men actually wrote the books they were authors of (unlike Ronald Reagan, author of one of the most shamelessly titled books in publishing history—*Speaking My Mind*, a collection of speeches written for him by speech writers).

But you know what I mean. Those guys weren't *primarily* literary persons. Vaclav Havel and Mario Vargas Llosa, on the other hand, are. Havel is an *absurdist*, for heaven's sake; and in Vargas Llosa's novel *Aunt Julia and the Script-writer*, the characters get all intermingled with characters in soap operas written by one of the characters in the novel, if you follow me. And Havel is the new president of Czechoslovakia, and Vargas Llosa may soon be president of Peru. Courageous and high-minded, both of them, but what do these qualities have to do with appearing to run a country?

This emergence of the writer as presidential timber comes when I'd about decided writers generally don't even make good *authors*. What is needed to put a book across is a nonbookish author. Where the author is already established as an actor or politician, the problem is solved: the author appears on TV, and

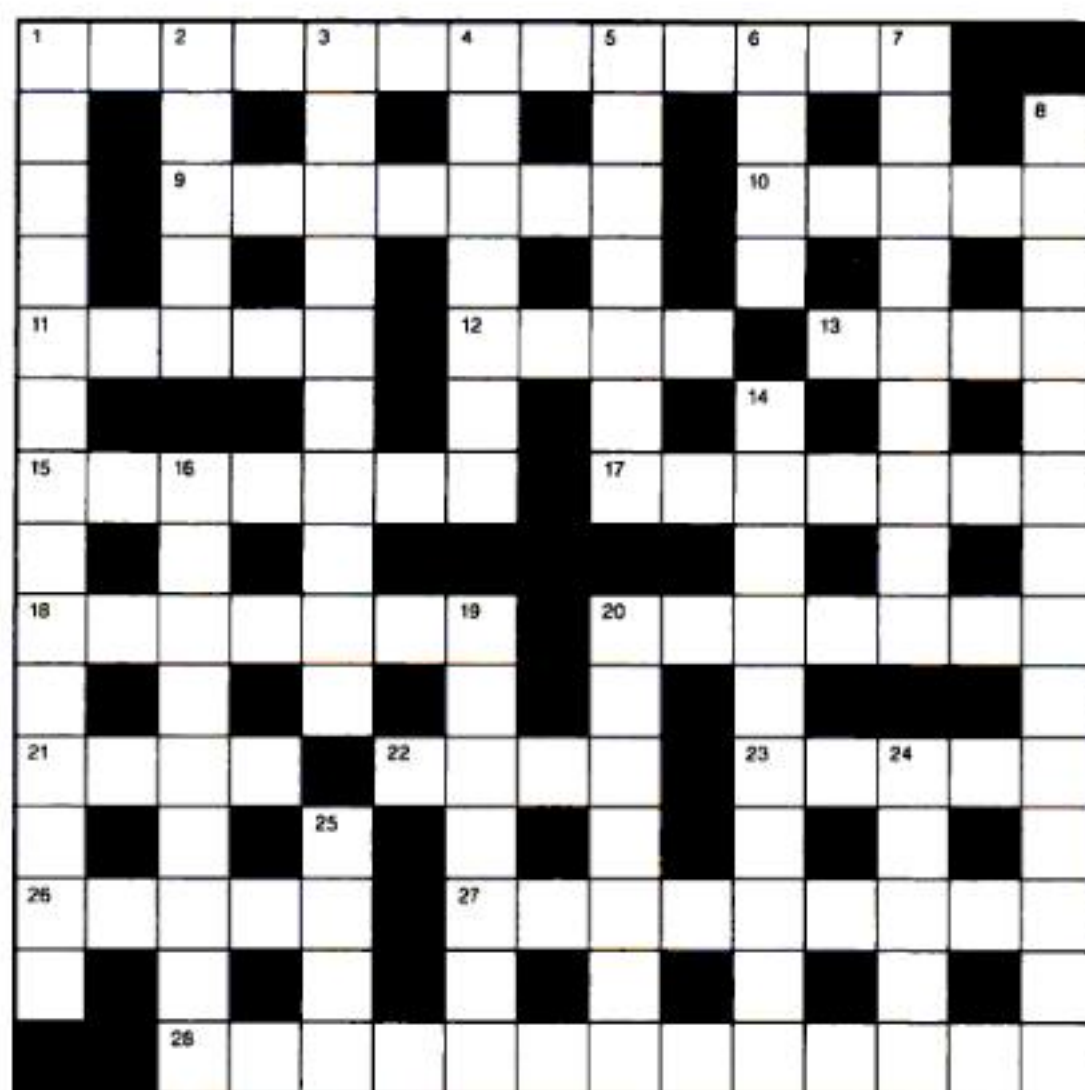
whoever actually wrote the book remains quite properly a ghost. In the case where the author's an authentic writer (or dead), however, the need for a promotional presence is glaring.

The writer-author's value to a book is severely limited by the belief, all but openly endemic among writers, that no one worthy of being addressed—no one, that is, who can read—ever bought a book because the author was good on TV. Writer-authors may also find it onerous to repeat crucial selling points ("Interestingly enough, my book *How to Become Famous by Feeling Better About Yourself* is not so much about how to become famous—though it has been endorsed by Nancy Reagan, Wayne Newton, Donald Trump and many other famous people who feel good about themselves—as it is about feeling



better about yourself") 200 times in a monthlong promotional blitz.

Such authors, I had thought, should plainly be portrayed by actors. Simulated authors. *This-is-a-dramatization* authors. If current events can be re-created on TV, why not contemporary authors? If necessary, the person who wrote the book could write the actor's lines, but writers of books are not always good at even this element of self-portrayal.



It would probably be best if a whole new profession were to spring up—and therefore a whole new course of instruction in the media departments of up-to-date universities. People who write books could support themselves by teaching "Writing the Dramatized Author-Appearance Script 101."

I had thought. But now I'm feeling guilty, as a writer, because it never occurred to me to propose that David Rabe or Toni Morrison run for president. It is at least partly my fault, then, that the current holder of that office delivered this public utterance last November 1:

We had last night, last night we had a couple of our grandchildren with us in Kansas City—six-year-old twins, one of them went as a packet of Juicy Fruit, arms sticking out of the pack, the other was Dracula. A big rally there. And Dracula's wig fell off in the middle of my speech and I got to thinking, watching those kids, and I said if I could look back and had been president for four years: what would you like to do? And I'd love to be able to say that I'd found a way to ban chemical and biological weapons from the face of the earth.

This is the kind of absurdism that works for heads of state, I had come to believe. Then the people of Czechoslovakia elected an absurdist who, in his New Year's address to them, said, "I assume you have not named me to this office so that I, too, should lie to you . . .

"Our country is not flourishing."

That tack sure didn't go over for long over here when Jimmy Carter tried it.

ACROSS

1. The form of government a book writer may be expected to impose? (13)
9. Ava, quit messing around and drink! (7)
10. One of Beethoven's symphonies found in "Down in the Boondocks." (5)
11. Author of *The Phenomenology of Mind*, he uses a hair-fixing product. (5)
12. Every third word in this sentence is a sister swallowing a goose egg. (4)
13. Just so-so. (4)
15. Wraps minks? Oo, wild! (7)
17. Oppress lover. (7)
18. Cancels northeast openings. (7)
20. Fashionable couple of guys sniffed. (7)
21. Belt goes on foot. (4)
22. Gore made this a best-seller—it sticks with you. (4)
23. Old survivor, about 51 to 100. (5)
26. Moral code in the thick and the thin. (5)
27. Liberate before chaotic blaze can be turned to ice! (9)
28. A problem with James Fenimore Cooper's work (if not, indeed, Ved Mehta's): used to advertise cigars. (6,7)

DOWN

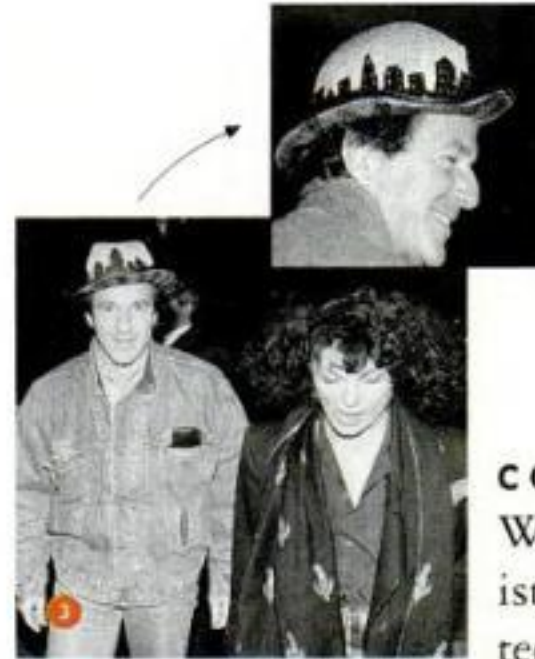
1. In Warren's novel they couldn't unscramble an egg. (3,3,5,3)
2. What k. d. lang has, along with absolute torch and tomboy's head and penis. (5)
3. Penguin duration? People may say it doesn't matter, but just to make slim-volume authors feel better. (4,6)
4. John Washington, and Howe! (7)
5. King Chester A. Schlesinger. (7)
6. What Christ's followers need: Frazier and Fleming. (4)
7. Peerless northern leader on par with crawfishing lie. (9)
8. Prince and Satan wrote revolutionary French novel. (7,7)
14. Sanctioned, or autographed by the writer? (10)
16. Disappearing act is Johnson's? In what way? (5,4)
19. Pigs spoil elf's fun for truffles. (7)
20. The kind of author Amos Oz is, is Shakespearean king rising on ego. (7)
24. In DeLillo novel, woman's supporter supports Chinese leader. (5)
25. *Name of the Rose* author is what we hear—again! (4)

Answers appear on page 88.

IF THE SHOE FITS, IT'S PROBABLY NOT GLAMOROUS ENOUGH At the Hilton, postfeminist sex magazine editor Helen Gurley Brown demonstrates that only mouseburgers wear comfortable shoes to a party. Note how the superswank, forever young Brown stows her sexy high heels in a Louis Vuitton vinyl bag and, ducking into a corner, slips them on after arriving.



WHERE SELDOM IS HEARD A DIS-WORD (1) At a superdecent themed fundraiser for gossip-New York Literacy Volun-



COURAGING Wild West-ist Liz Smith's



feels more acutely than Liz the pain of illiteracy—high-strung photographer Jill Krementz and low-slung coffee-bean heiress Page Morton Black watched in amused concern as the rootin'-tootin' writin'-fightin' cowgal herself grabbed the nearest door frame for support.



What was bothering Liz? (2) Was she weak-kneed at seeing her archaeologist-socialite chum Iris Love in a fetching Indian-squaw ensemble (a look Liz Iris's walker, art world hanger-on Harry came as a pirate? Or (3) was she embar- normally dressed date, Diane Von ball western hobo look? *Let's see a side spangles buff Pat Kennedy Lawford, missed the fashion cues, too, in top* herself has occasionally affected)? Or distressed that Bailey, got his historical references mixed up and rassed, as make-believe editor Mort Zuckerman's Furstenberg, evidently was, at the profoundly dinky demi-billionaire's goof-view, Mort—thanks! (4) Although his date, pressed-blue-jeans-and-didn't seem to mind, thin-skinned, thick-waisted novelist Norman Mailer hat and vinyl ski parka that probably last zipped up in the late 1960s.



Has fleshy Lorimar founder and former CEO Merv Adelson taken up public whistling, or is he just mortified by his wife's fashion homage to Vincent "the Chin" Gigante?



SWAK At the National Book Awards, perma-mod Random House adult-book publisher Joni Goldfinger Evans clenches her teeth and prepares to apply a smidge of frosted lip gloss on brother-of-the-boss Donald Newhouse.

We should have sensed something was amiss. Donald might have tolerated a high-strung, loveless marriage, but *wasting money*? The shiny Pepe Le Pew look that Ivana wore to a Metropolitan Museum gala obviated thousands of dollars worth of Trump-subsidized surgical craft.



CITIZEN SCHNABEL At a party for *Interview* magazine, not-at-all-self-effacing painter Julian Schnabel amuses guests with his impersonation of Orson Welles in repose, a party trick that has been especially successful since the artist adopted Norman Mailer's new, impossible-to-button-coat look.



habilitated boy wonder Eric Breindel learned the very natural, very obedient facial expression that is his trademark—he learned it from a fellow damp, anxious boy wonder, New York City Council president Andy Stein! After some sideline coaching at a dinner honoring Breindel's boss Peter Kalikow, Stein shows Breindel and his wife how to do his trademark "*Like me, like me*" jaw clench. Across the room, *right*, not smiling, is Breindel's quasi-boss, *Post* editor and doughnut buff Jerry Nachman.

YES, MASTER—THE SEQUEL Finally, a clue to where the *New York Post*'s miraculously re-



SYSTEMS DOWN At the City Ballet gala, the *Daily News*'s Billy Norwich and *New York* magazine's Julie Baumgold take a breather from rigorous socializing and demonstrate the grim, low-energy mode that they assume whenever there are no rich or famous people within bowing and scraping distance.

Now that the ponytail has become a fashion favored primarily by Egg-reading males, women's groups have mobilized to reclaim the look, but with a twist that is decidedly feminine. (1) Former *Gilligan's Island* siren and current skin care professional Tina Louise wears her ponytail pseudogirlishly on the side of the head. But (2) leave it to former fatgirl and fashion-world fixture Dianne Brill to wear her ponytail where the pony wears it.



A crossover entertainment tradition continues: Crawford, Garland, Russell, Channing, Midler and now... *Wintour*.

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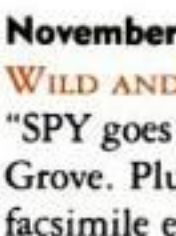
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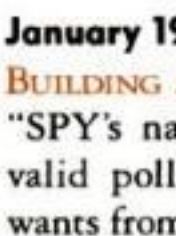
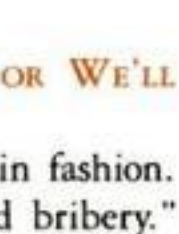
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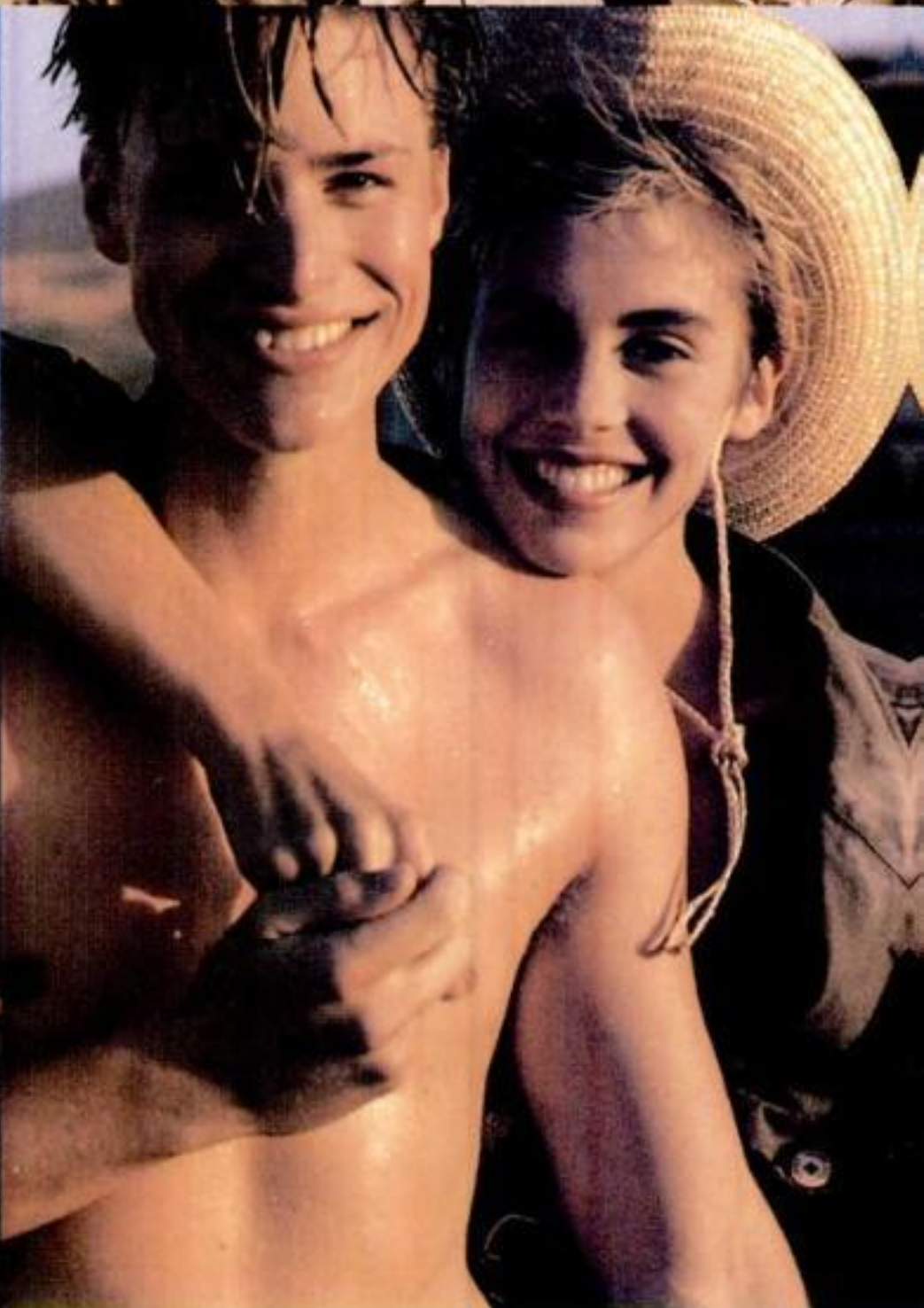
Mohammed Noughou was still a kid when he joined his first caravan to Timbuktu. He told us about the camel called Ben D'Our, a special male, who is chief of the caravan. What impressed him most of all was the beautiful sight of men and animals marching in a long, orderly line, and the sounds of camels cropping the grass around the camp in the silent, starry night. He runs the Café du Sud and owns some of the finest camels (they're all dromedaries, actually) to be seen around Merzouga.

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